MARVEL
VENOM
TOOTH AND CLAW

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INTRODUCTION

There are certain characters that seem like natural antagonists, even if they are from different segments of the all-encompassing Marvel Universe. Our striking symbiote, Venom, hails from the Spider-Man real estate, while our wild and woolly Wolvie is from the mutant slice of Marvel geography. Way back when, I knew that somehow these two renegades would find a way to mix it up big time. Voila! We've got that sparkling gem from the mid-1990s right here, leading off this cataclysmic collection of Venom limited series. This stunning three-part powerhouse, *Venom: Tooth and Claw*, gives you rabid Venomaniacs one to savor, as our awesome alien confronts the ol' Canucklehead, as he's affectionately known, in a no-holds-barred brouhaha. It's the type of tale that fans of epic confrontations dream about. Yet this is hardly some mindless slugfest. *Venom: Tooth and Claw* is a highly imaginative romp that takes you from the cozy confines of planet Earth to bizarre realms of other-dimensional space.

To make such a story work on multiple levels requires a real craftsman at the helm. Well, you lucked out, True Believer, as your guide through this tangled web is former *Wolverine* scribe supreme Larry Hama. Mr. Hama is one of those people you're comfortable calling a professional's professional. Later, in this very collection, is a story in which I, as Spider-Man editor, partook of the Hama magic when I assigned him the lengthy "Bad Day at the *Bugle*" (originally printed in the comic *Spider-Man: The Venom Agenda*). Larry had a stellar run a few decades back as writer of the *Wolverine* comic with penciler Adam Kubert and others. His plot structure is sound enough build a skyscraper on. And his turn of phrase is exceptional. That's why it was such a thrill to see Larry kick it into high gear and prove he's no less adept at scripting our scintillating symbiote, so you're in a for a real treat. Mention must also be made of the psychedelic art of Joe St. Pierre, whose powerful figures seem to leap off the page, and whose wild layouts will draw you right in. Much was asked of Joe here and much was delivered. Everything from Quark Emulation Disruptors to Warp Chamber doors are given vibrant visual interpretation. The real kinetic feel to every page will simply electrify you. I wasn't really familiar with this gentleman's art before this titanic trilogy, but I quickly became a fan.

While the estimable Mr. St. Pierre is only represented in our initial offering, our main man Larry bookends this collection as well as contributing much in between. We're much the richer for it. I've known Larry since the 1980s, when he was a very smart hire by then-Editor in Chief Jim Shooter. Not only did he edit some of the finer titles Marvel published during that era, but Larry also left an indelible mark on our much-lauded *G.I. Joe* comic. When I spoke with him about scripting what became "Bad Day at the *Bugle*" he was right on the mark with every plot point. All I had to do was sit back and watch the wonderment occur. Larry was also familiar with the penciling end of the business, so he knew exactly what an artist would require to make the most of the plot, graphically. He gave penciler Tom Lyle a real opportunity to strut his stuff. And Tom did.

One of the great things about this collection is that it is far more than just a select sampling of Venom limited series. It takes the symbiote to totally unexpected places, both physically and psychologically. There is a definite destination for the Venom-ous one that plays out so beautifully in our final three-part story. But let's concentrate on the second arc, whose title says it all: *Venom: On Trial*. It's here that the talented Mr. Hama begins to peel away the layers of personality and temperament that make up the fascinating Eddie Brock/Venom relationship. Guest-starring Spider-Man, Daredevil and the nastiest symbiote in the barrel, Carnage, this is a powerful piece of prose that leads to Venom becoming an agent of—that would be telling. The actual trial is masterfully handled as Eddie Brock poses a question that lies at the heart of the tale: "Those super-powered vigilantes who infest this city, dispensing justice while wrapped in cloaks of self-righteousness? What makes them better than us?" These are the words of an imprisoned, embittered Eddie Brock. After all, in the aforementioned *Venom:*

Tooth and Claw, Venom helped Wolverine save a federal agent from certain doom. Eddie Brock sincerely believed he was wronged by Peter Parker and Spider-Man and his impulses and rage have become part and parcel of the Venom entity that has grafted itself to him. Brock/Venom believes he could be a "titanic force for justice." Here, you get the outlines of where Larry is taking the character. Also, multiple questions would have to be asked if Brock/Venom were put on trial. Who exactly is being tried? What rights does an alien have, even if it's grafted onto a human host? We could go on and on. What's quite evident is that this is hardly a cut-and-dry legal case. And the ramifications of its outcome will reverberate through the rest of the stories here. In "License to Kill," you'll see Venom unleashed to display his more "benevolent" aspect as he attempts to stop a scientist blackmailing the world with a plague toxin. It's not only a rollicking romp but a superb pastiche of those early James Bond films. You'll love it.

Now we switch gears for a solo story we're bringing you. It's a Flashback tale called *Venom: Seed of Darkness #-1*, by writer Len Kaminski and penciler James Fry. The idea behind Flashback was to present a month in which each of the Marvel titles presented a hitherto untold tale from the early days of various Marvel heroes. Writer Kaminski reached way back to the pre-super hero days when monsters such as Fin Fang Foom, Googam and Bruttu ruled the landscape. Len is a former assistant of mine, and here he contributes a highly entertaining entry that perfectly captures the spirit of those monster-centric days of the late 1950s, before there was even a *Fantastic Four* comic on the newsstands. The art by Fry had elements of Steve Ditko, which was highly appropriate as Steve brilliantly penciled many of those long-ago classics that preceded the Marvel Age of Comics, in collaboration with Stan Lee.

Venom: Sign of the Boss and *Venom: The Finale* round out this literary tour de force. Also, in the final arc, there's a very satisfying moment for the ol' web-slinger himself, when he's forced to confront the fact that he's never had a clean win over his ultra-powerful alien enemy. Larry Hama's top-notch script is effectively illustrated by Mark Pajarillo, whose clean, crisp style is a great match for the material. This final tale leaves Venom and Brock in an emotionally charged state of mind that will really get to you. Take it from me.

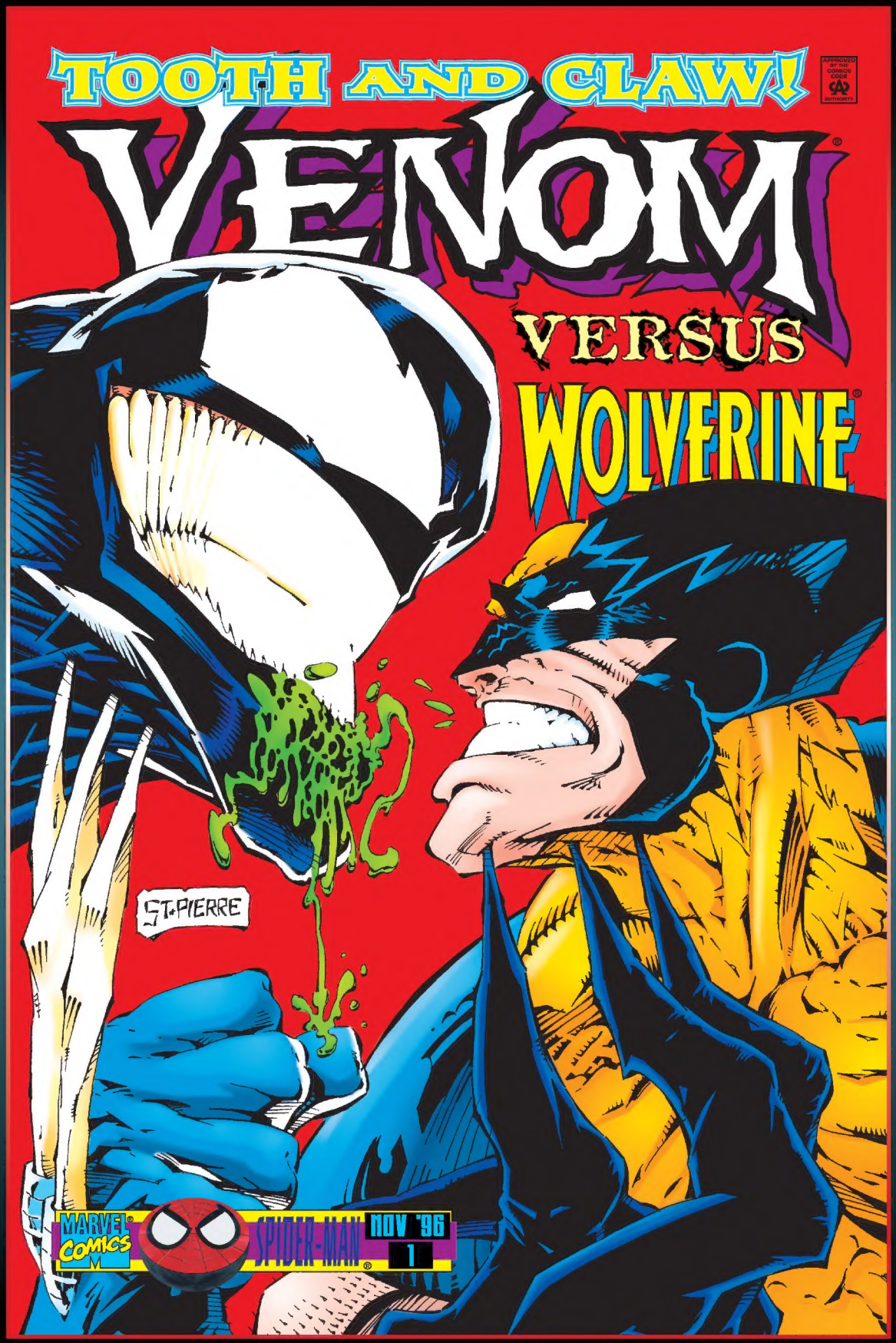
There's a strong character arc permeating these pages that you might not have thought was possible with an entity such as Venom. But our swingin' symbiote is an alien of many layers; anything but a one-note player. Just when you think you've got his nature pinned down, up comes another facet of his bizarre personality you hadn't considered. All that deep psychological stuff aside, if you're just a fan of the action, get strapped in for a real roller coaster ride as the big V throws down with Wolverine and other heavyweights on his way toward a strange, unknown destiny. Now let's head to the less-than-hospitable streets of lower Manhattan and see what's shakin' with one Eddie Brock and his big-toothed buddy.

Enjoy,

Ralph Macchio

Ralph Macchio

Ralph Macchio spent over 35 years at Marvel, starting as an assistant editor and later writing Avengers, Thor *and many others. As editor, he oversaw books across the Marvel line, including shepherding the Ultimate line into existence, and editing all of Stephen King's Marvel adaptations.*


TOOTH AND CLAW!
VENOM
VERSUS
WOLVERINE
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
ST.PIERRE
MARVEL COMICS
SPIDER-MAN
NOV '96
1

LOWER MANHATTAN.
HEY, YOU--!
--BIG DUDE! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU GOT SMARTS! BETCHA KNOW A GOOD DEAL WHEN YOU SEE ONE!
ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?
YOU WANT ME TO COME INTO THE ALLEY?
DDUUUUH! CAN'T DO BUSINESS OUT ON THE STREET, DUDE!
YOU'RE A RAT!
YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION ARE, LIKE, TOO ASTUTE FOR WORDS!
THEY CALL ME DIRT NAP!
YOU GOT A NAME, BIG GUY?
EDDIE. EDDIE BROCK.
SO WHAT KIND OF DEAL CAN A TALKING RAT CUT ME?

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH

IT'S LIKE THIS, EDDIE...

...YOU GET IN ON MY ACTION!

YOU GET TO BE MY SILENT PARTNER...

...REAL SILENT, AND REAL INSIDE!

YOU CHOSE THE WRONG FALL GUY THIS TIME, RAT!

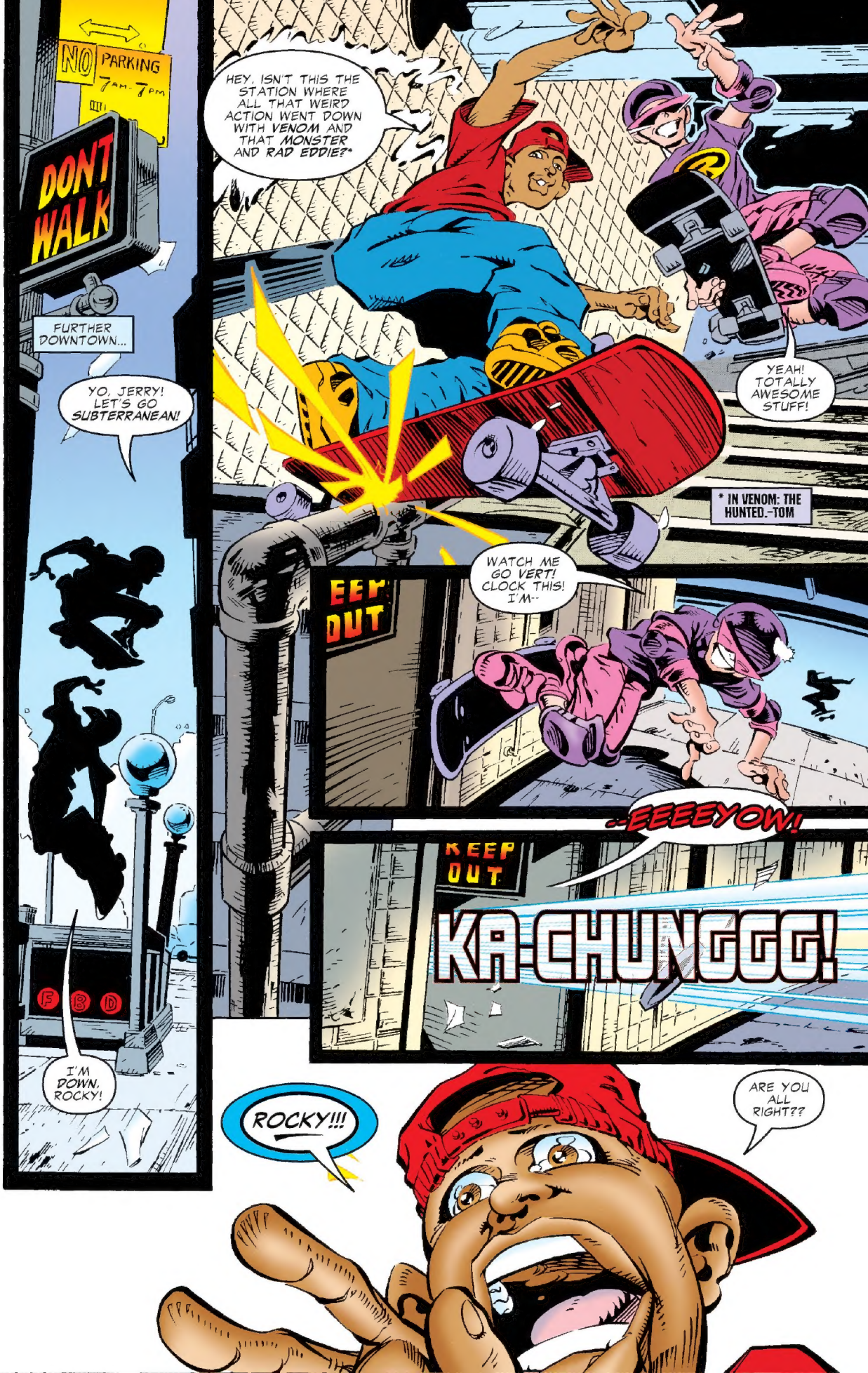
I CAN DO THE MORPHING TRICK, TOO--

--AND I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO FIND THAT VENOM IS A NASTY PILL TO SWALLOW!

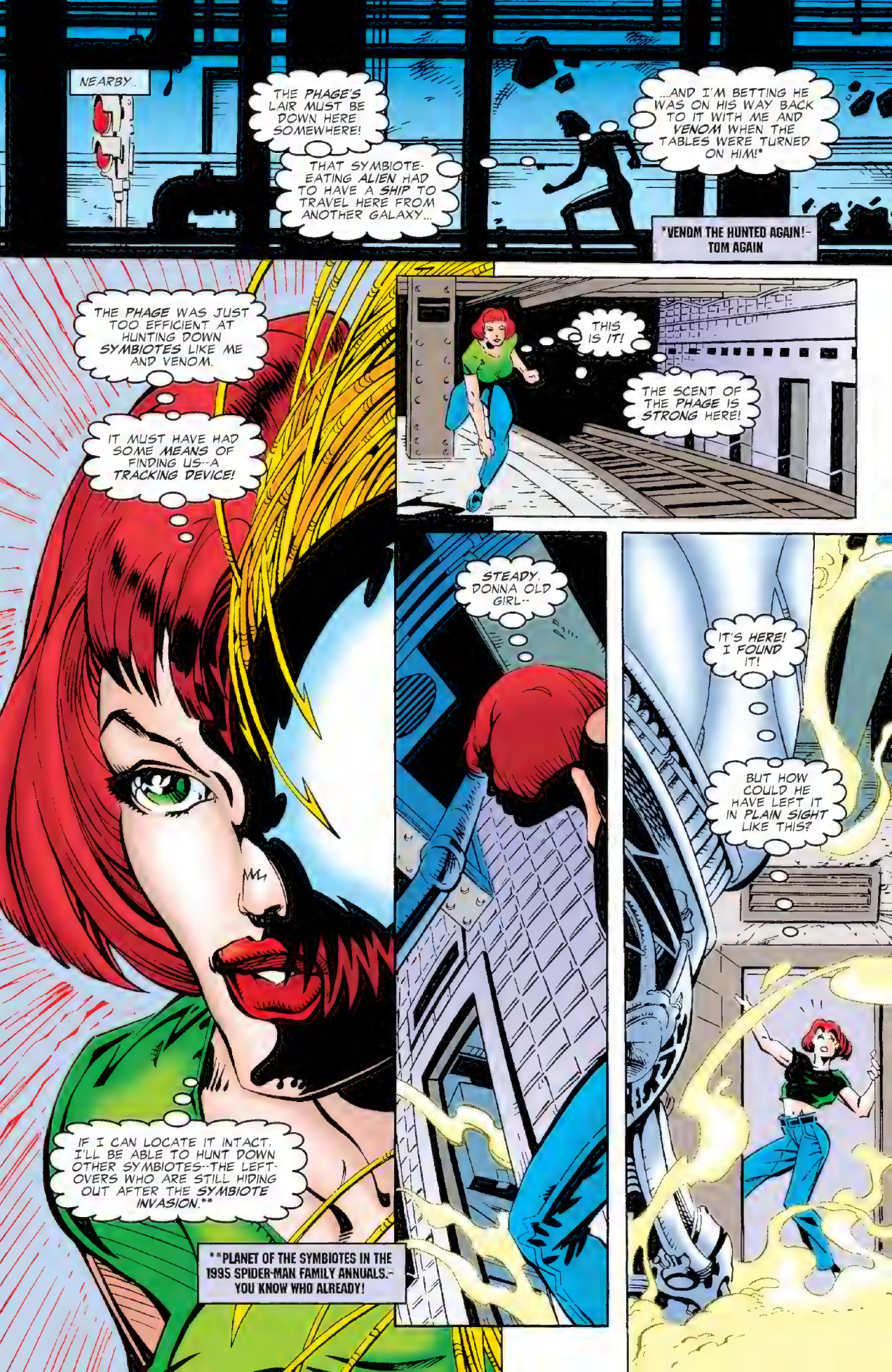
I'VE DOWNED TOUGHER COOKIES THAN YOU, YA SLOBBERING MOUTH-BREATHER..!

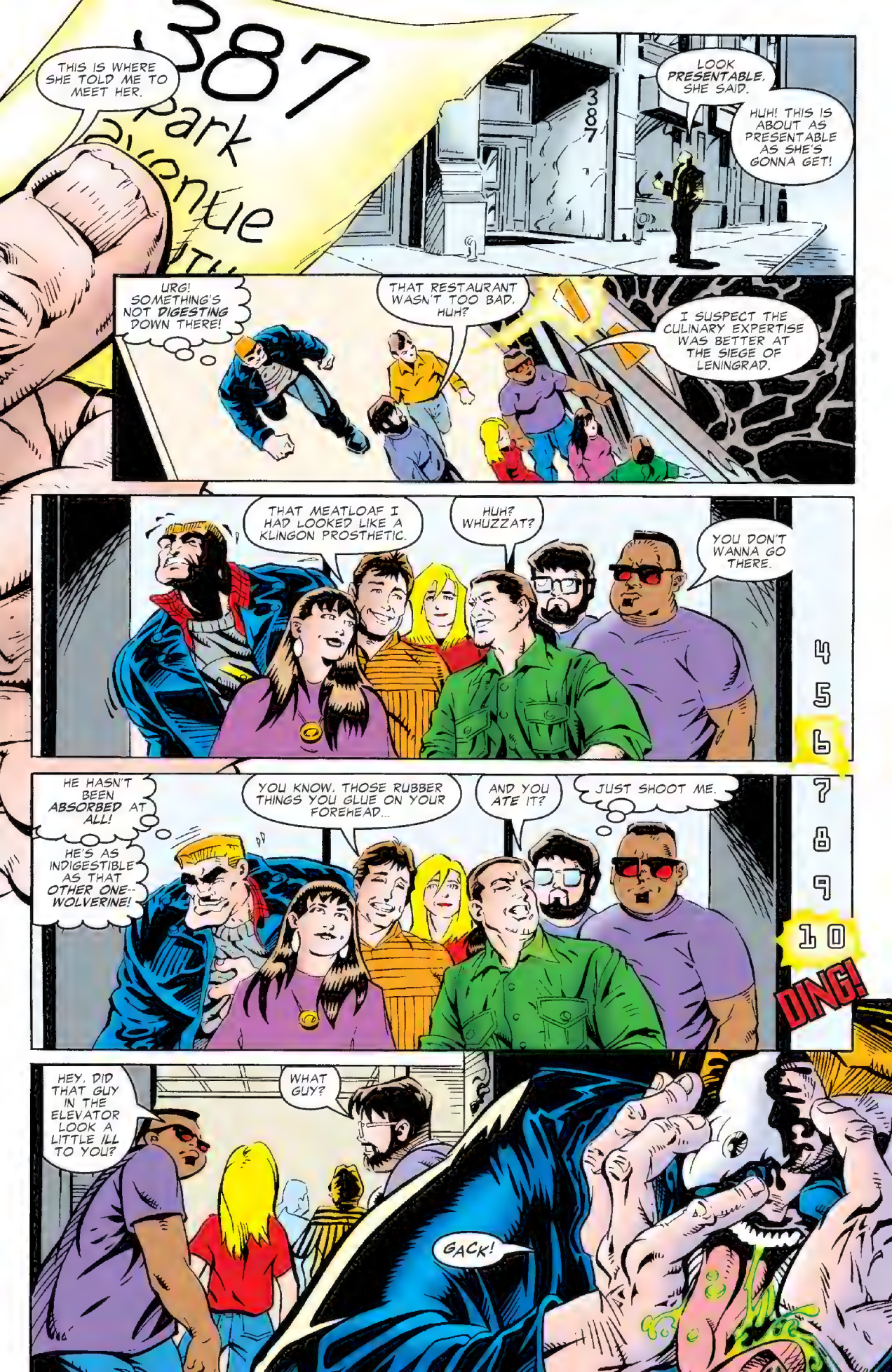
Script-LARRY HAMA
Pencils-JOE ST. PIERRE
Inks-AL MILGROM
Coloring-TOM SMITH
Lettering-KEN LOPEZ
Editor-TOM BREVOORT
Editor in Chief-BOB HARRAS

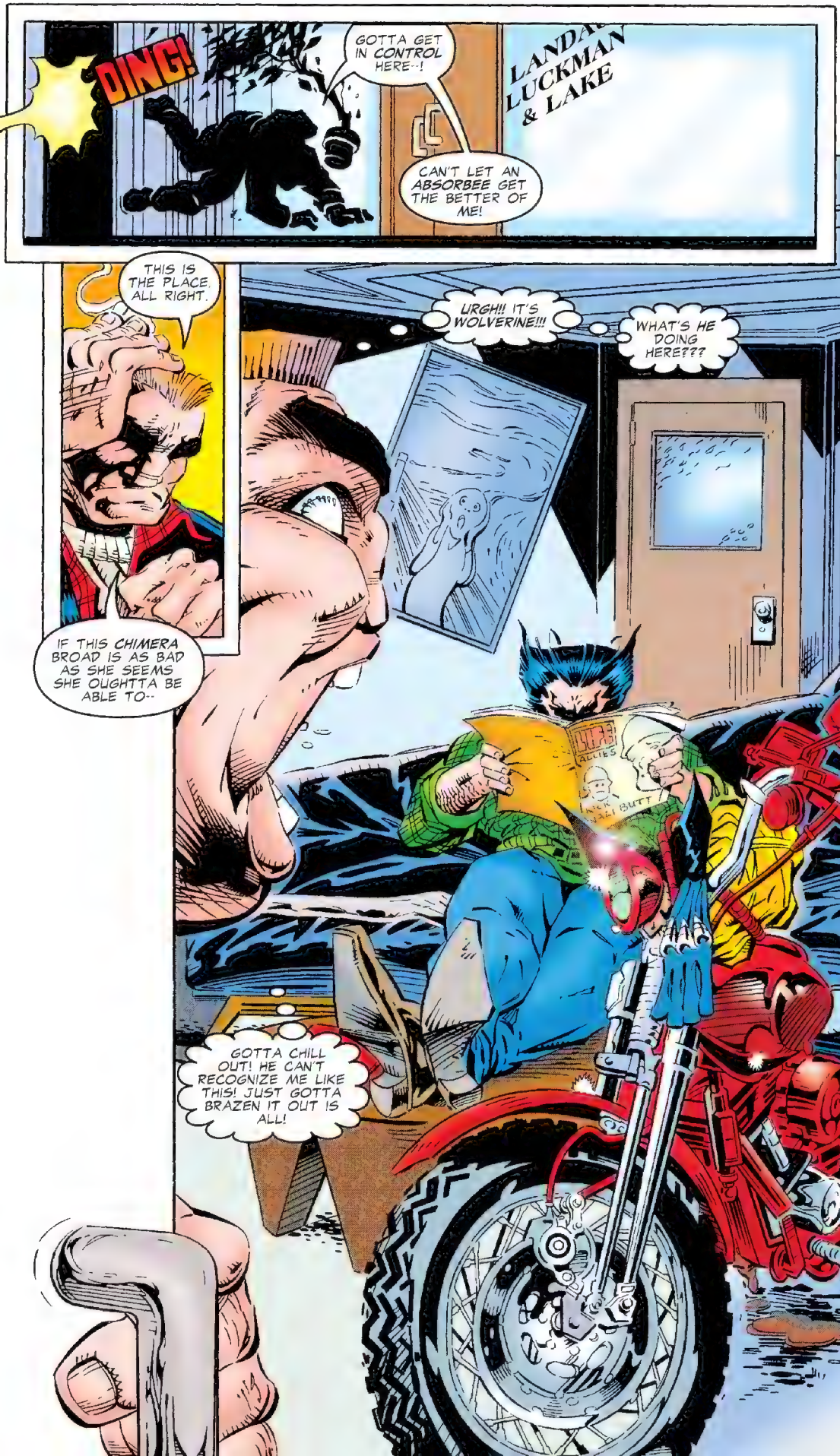
AND WHAT I EAT--
--I ABSORB!!
NOW THAT WAS A BIT ON THE TOUGH AND SPICY SIDE, BUT IT SURE DID HAVE A HEAP O' MASS AND A WILD COMBINATION O' TASTY GENES!
LUCKY FOR ME, I STILL GOT SOME TIME TO KILL BEFORE MY APPOINTMENT! I CAN STROLL LEISURELY OVER THERE AND WALK SOME OF THIS OFF!


NO PARKING 7AM-7PM
DONT WALK
FURTHER DOWNTOWN...
YO, JERRY! LET'S GO SUBTERRANEAN!
I'M DOWN, ROCKY!
HEY, ISN'T THIS THE STATION WHERE ALL THAT WEIRD ACTION WENT DOWN WITH VENOM AND THAT MONSTER AND RAD EDDIE?*
YEAH! TOTALLY AWESOME STUFF!
* IN VENOM: THE HUNTED.-TOM
WATCH ME GO VERT! CLOCK THIS! I'M--
--EEEEYOW!
KEEP OUT
KA-CHUNGGG!
ROCKY!!!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT??

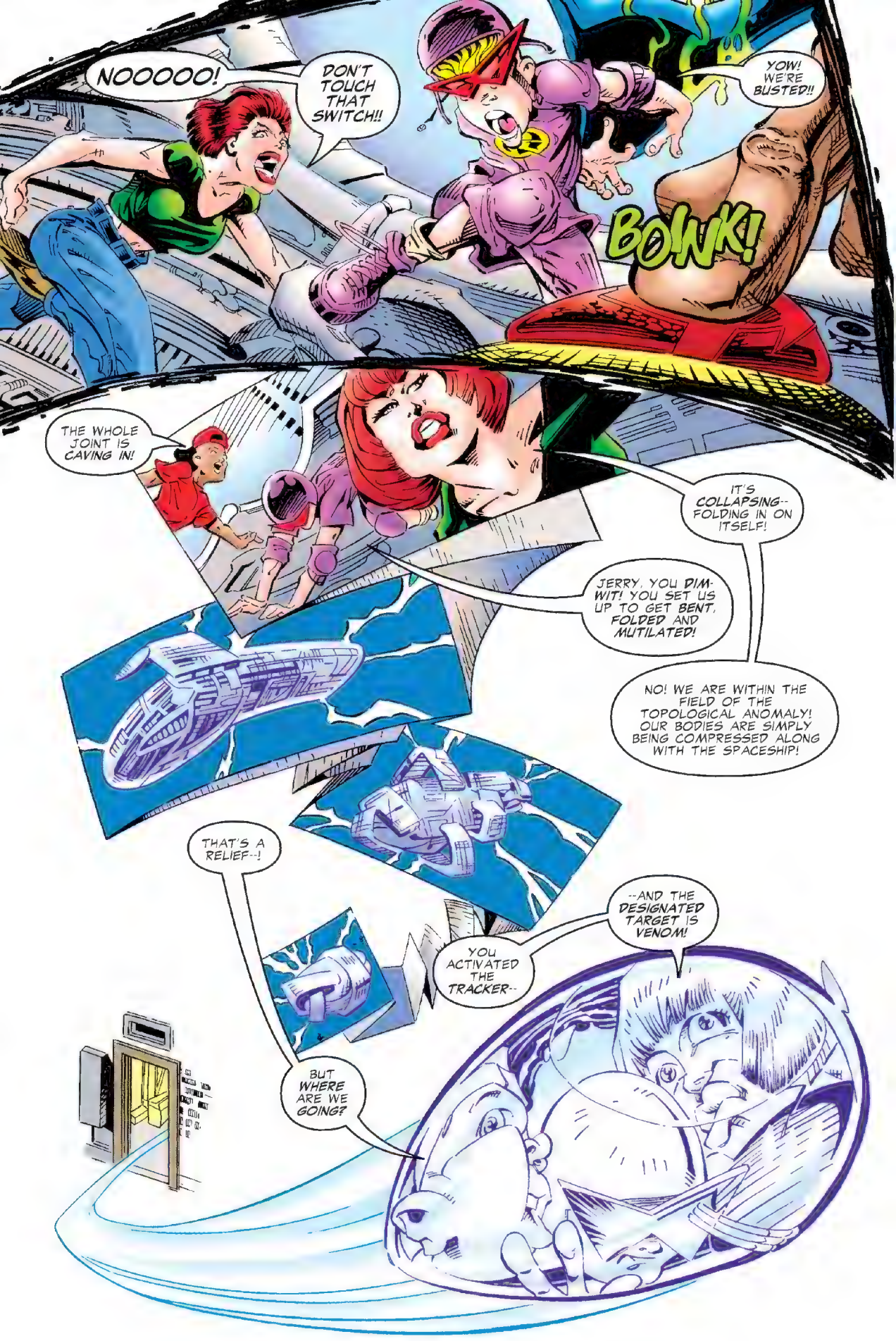
YOU TRASHED A UTILITY STORE-ROOM!
ALMOST TRASHED MY HEAD, TOO!
LET'S TRY TO CLEAN THIS UP AND BOOK OUT BEFORE WE GET READ THE RIOT ACT!
I'M WITH YOU, JER--!
HEY, CHECK THIS OUT!!
IT'S LIKE SOME FOOTBALL FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION!
CLICK!
THERE'S A SWITCH HERE--
IT'S EXPANDING!
IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KINDA SPACE SHIP--
AND THE HATCH IS OPEN!
ZOOOOOP!
WHIRRRR!
URK!
WAAAAAAY COOL!

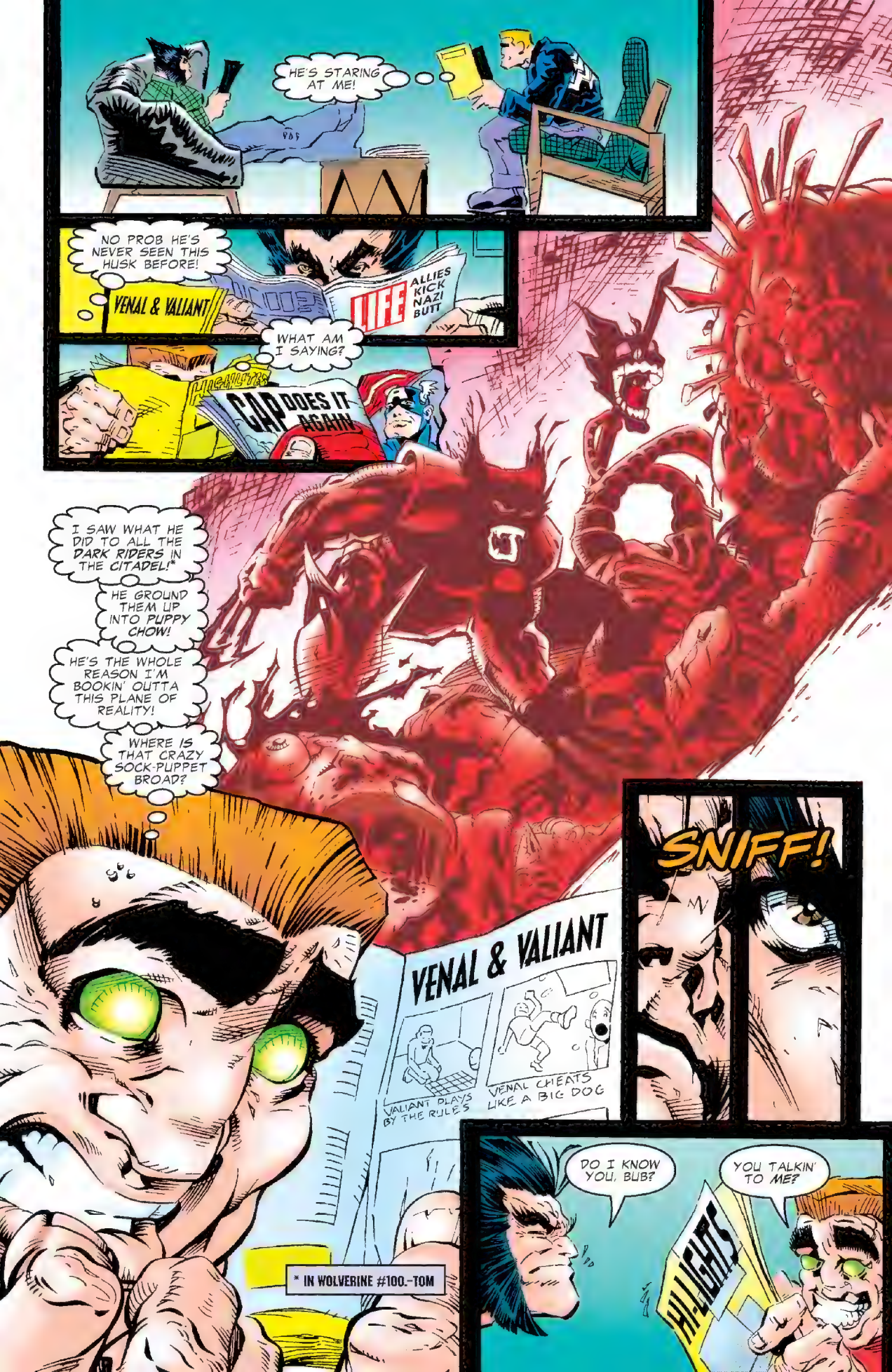

NEARBY..
THE PHAGE'S LAIR MUST BE DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE!
THAT SYMBIOTE-EATING ALIEN HAD TO HAVE A SHIP TO TRAVEL HERE FROM ANOTHER GALAXY...
...AND I'M BETTING HE WAS ON HIS WAY BACK TO IT WITH ME AND VENOM WHEN THE TABLES WERE TURNED ON HIM!*
*VENOM THE HUNTED AGAIN!- TOM AGAIN
THE PHAGE WAS JUST TOO EFFICIENT AT HUNTING DOWN SYMBIOTES LIKE ME AND VENOM.
IT MUST HAVE HAD SOME MEANS OF FINDING US--A TRACKING DEVICE!
THIS IS IT!
THE SCENT OF THE PHAGE IS STRONG HERE!
STEADY, DONNA OLD GIRL--
IT'S HERE! I FOUND IT!
BUT HOW COULD HE HAVE LEFT IT IN PLAIN SIGHT LIKE THIS?
IF I CAN LOCATE IT INTACT, I'LL BE ABLE TO HUNT DOWN OTHER SYMBIOTES--THE LEFT-OVERS WHO ARE STILL HIDING OUT AFTER THE SYMBIOTE INVASION.**
**PLANET OF THE SYMBIOTES IN THE 1995 SPIDER-MAN FAMILY ANNUALS.- YOU KNOW WHO ALREADY!

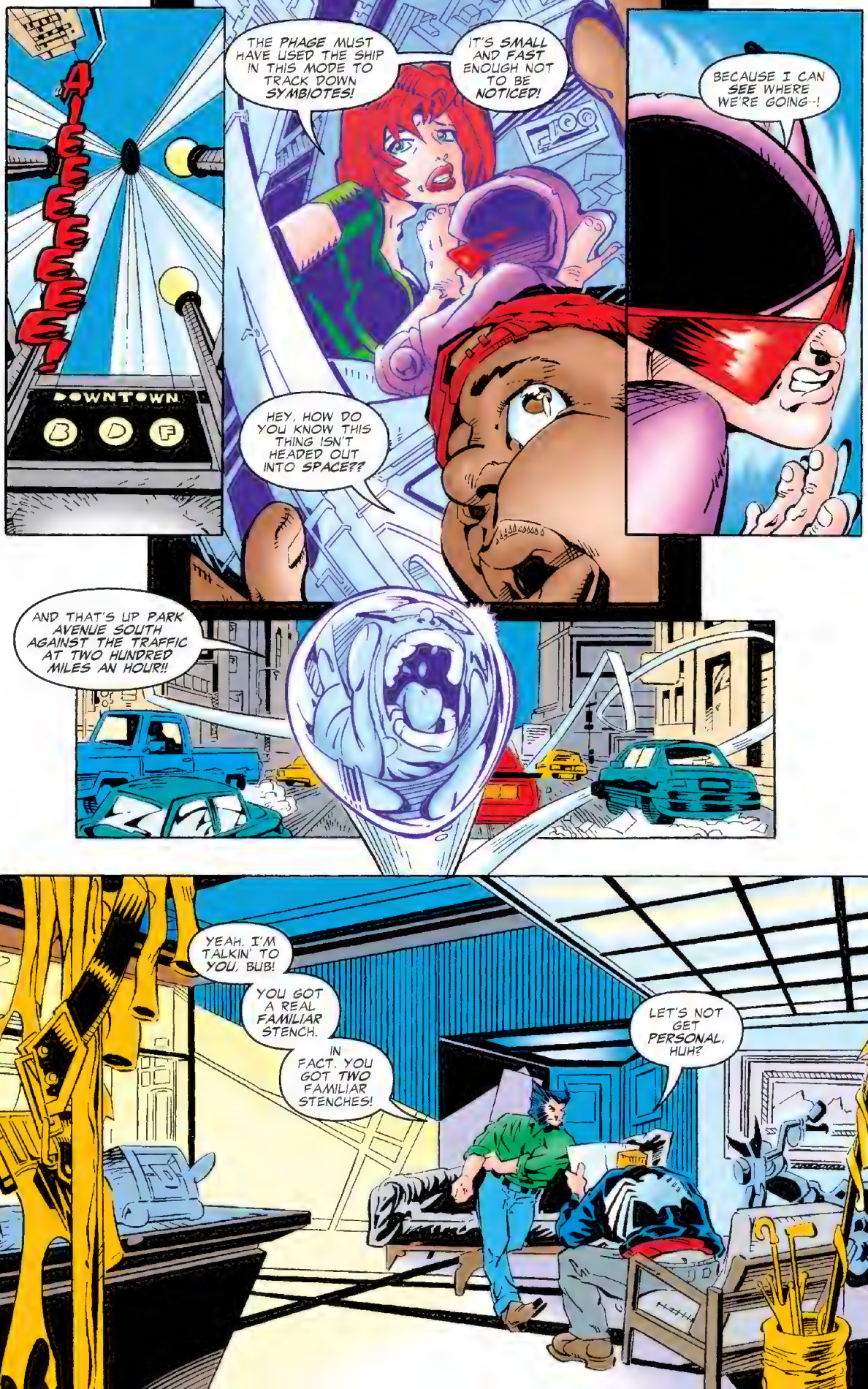

387 Park Avenue
THIS IS WHERE SHE TOLD ME TO MEET HER.
387
LOOK PRESENTABLE, SHE SAID.
HUH! THIS IS ABOUT AS PRESENTABLE AS SHE'S GONNA GET!
URG! SOMETHING'S NOT DIGESTING DOWN THERE!
THAT RESTAURANT WASN'T TOO BAD, HUH?
I SUSPECT THE CULINARY EXPERTISE WAS BETTER AT THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD.
THAT MEATLOAF I HAD LOOKED LIKE A KLINGON PROSTHETIC.
HUH? WHUZZAT?
YOU DON'T WANNA GO THERE.
4 5 6
HE HASN'T BEEN ABSORBED AT ALL!
HE'S AS INDIGESTIBLE AS THAT OTHER ONE-- WOLVERINE!
YOU KNOW, THOSE RUBBER THINGS YOU GLUE ON YOUR FOREHEAD...
AND YOU ATE IT?
JUST SHOOT ME.
7 8 9 10
DING!
HEY, DID THAT GUY IN THE ELEVATOR LOOK A LITTLE ILL TO YOU?
WHAT GUY?
GACK!

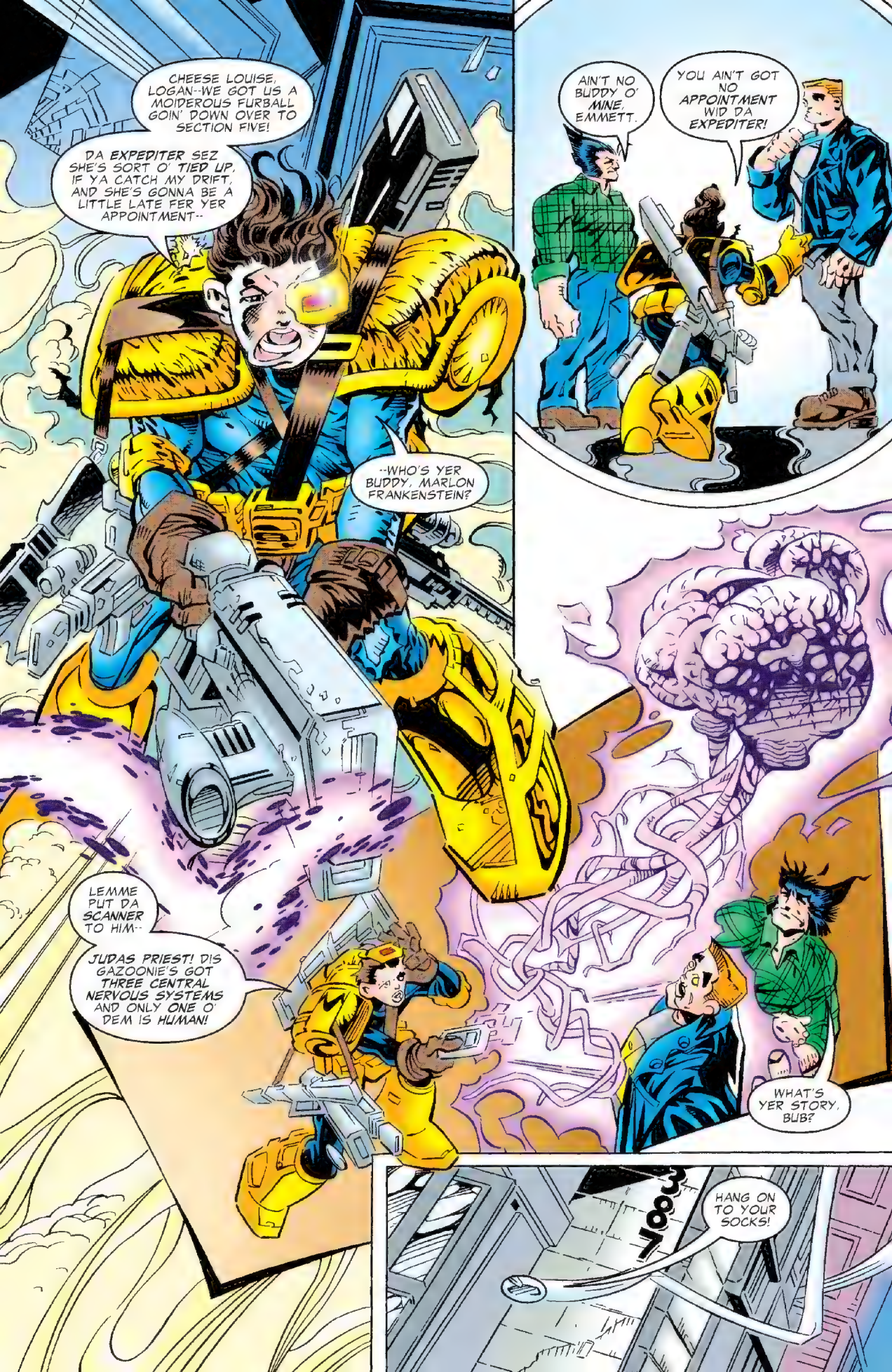

DING!
GOTTA GET IN CONTROL HERE--!
CAN'T LET AN ABSORBEE GET THE BETTER OF ME!
LANDA
LUCKMAN
& LAKE
THIS IS THE PLACE. ALL RIGHT.
URGH!! IT'S WOLVERINE!!!
WHAT'S HE DOING HERE???
IF THIS CHIMERA BROAD IS AS BAD AS SHE SEEMS SHE OUGHTTA BE ABLE TO--
ALLIES
GOTTA CHILL OUT! HE CAN'T RECOGNIZE ME LIKE THIS! JUST GOTTA BRAZEN IT OUT IS ALL!

THERE'S SOMEBODY ELSE IN HERE!
THE INSIDE IS TEN TIMES AS BIG!
IT MUST UTILIZE A TOPOLOGICAL ANOMALY TO BEND AND FOLD SPACE IN ON ITSELF!
IT'S A BIG PICTURE OF THAT VENOM DUDE!
WONDER WHAT THE CROSSHAIRS ARE FOR.
IT'S SO SMALL!
THE PHAGE TRAVELLED ACROSS THE GALAXY IN A VEHICLE ABOUT THE SIZE OF A CHEVY LUMINA?
LOOK! ALL THESE CONTROLS HERE ARE LIT UP--
WHOA! CHECK OUT THIS SCREEN!


NOOOOO!
DON'T TOUCH THAT SWITCH!!
YOW! WE'RE BUSTED!!
BONK!
THE WHOLE JOINT IS CAVING IN!
IT'S COLLAPSING-- FOLDING IN ON ITSELF!
JERRY, YOU DIM-WIT! YOU SET US UP TO GET BENT, FOLDED AND MUTILATED!
NO! WE ARE WITHIN THE FIELD OF THE TOPOLOGICAL ANOMALY! OUR BODIES ARE SIMPLY BEING COMPRESSED ALONG WITH THE SPACESHIP!
THAT'S A RELIEF--!
--AND THE DESIGNATED TARGET IS VENOM!
YOU ACTIVATED THE TRACKER--
BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?


HE'S STARING AT ME!
NO PROB HE'S NEVER SEEN THIS HUSK BEFORE!
VENAL & VALIANT
LIFE
ALLIES KICK NAZI BUTT
WHAT AM I SAYING?
CAP DOES IT AGAIN
I SAW WHAT HE DID TO ALL THE DARK RIDERS IN THE CITADEL!*
HE GROUND THEM UP INTO PUPPY CHOW!
HE'S THE WHOLE REASON I'M BOOKIN' OUTTA THIS PLANE OF REALITY!
WHERE IS THAT CRAZY SOCK-PUPPET BROAD?
VENAL & VALIANT
VALIANT PLAYS BY THE RULES
VENAL CHEATS LIKE A BIG DOG
SNIFF!
DO I KNOW YOU, BUB?
YOU TALKIN' TO ME?
HI-LIGHTS
* IN WOLVERINE #100.–TOM


AIEEEEEE!
DOWNTOWN
B D F
THE PHAGE MUST HAVE USED THE SHIP IN THIS MODE TO TRACK DOWN SYMBIOTES!
IT'S SMALL AND FAST ENOUGH NOT TO BE NOTICED!
BECAUSE I CAN SEE WHERE WE'RE GOING--!
HEY, HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS THING ISN'T HEADED OUT INTO SPACE??
AND THAT'S UP PARK AVENUE SOUTH AGAINST THE TRAFFIC AT TWO HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!!
YEAH, I'M TALKIN' TO YOU, BUB!
YOU GOT A REAL FAMILIAR STENCH.
IN FACT, YOU GOT TWO FAMILIAR STENCHES!
LET'S NOT GET PERSONAL, HUH?


CHEESE LOUISE, LOGAN--WE GOT US A MOIDEROUS FURBALL GOIN' DOWN OVER TO SECTION FIVE!
DA EXPEDITER SEZ SHE'S SORT O' TIED UP, IF YA CATCH MY DRIFT, AND SHE'S GONNA BE A LITTLE LATE FER YER APPOINTMENT--
--WHO'S YER BUDDY, MARLON FRANKENSTEIN?
AIN'T NO BUDDY O' MINE, EMMETT.
YOU AIN'T GOT NO APPOINTMENT WID DA EXPEDITER!
LEMME PUT DA SCANNER TO HIM--
JUDAS PRIEST! DIS GAZOONIE'S GOT THREE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEMS AND ONLY ONE O' DEM IS HUMAN!
WHAT'S YER STORY, BUB?
WOOF
HANG ON TO YOUR SOCKS!

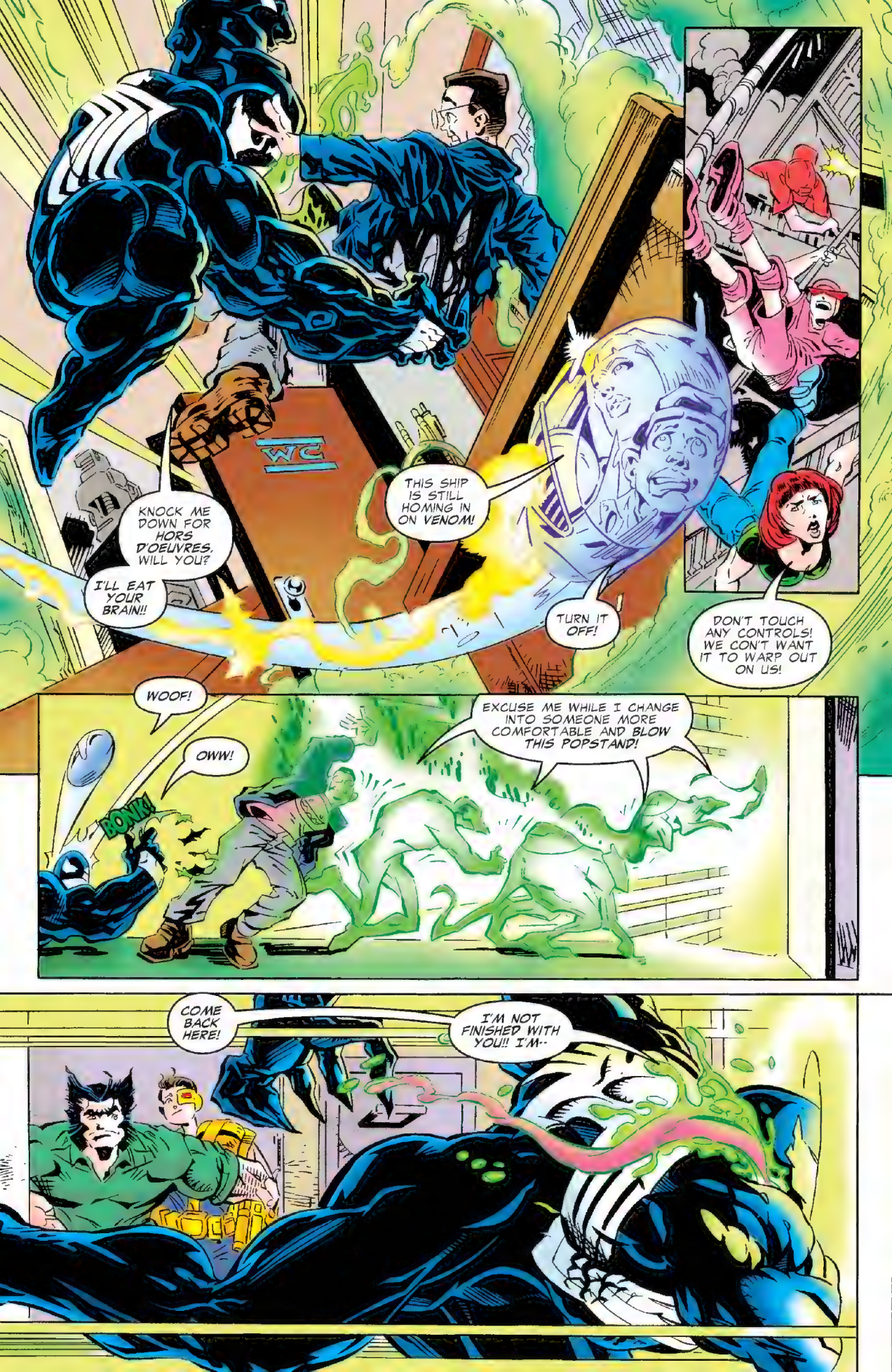
YOU WANT A STORY?
A WINO COMES UP TO ME ON THE STREET...
...AND HE SAYS, 'I HAVEN'T HAD A BITE ALL WEEK."--
--SO I BIT HIM!
I RECOGNIZE THOSE BICUSPIDS--
--THIS HERE'S A SHAPE-SHIFTER NAME O' DIRT NAP!
HE TRIED TO PUT THE CHOMP ON ME A WHILE BACK, BUT I DISAGREED WITH HIM!
AFTER I GIVES HIM A HOT PLASMA GARGLE, HE'S GONNA THINK DA TOOTH FAIRY BEEN WOIKIN' OVERTIME!

--UH-OH!
GUH! GUH! GUH! GUH!
GET BACK, EMMETT! HE'S GONNA REGURGITATE!
WHUZZAT?
HE'S GONNA HURL!
YOU CAN'T DIGEST US, MUTANT!!
YOUR ENZYMES CAN'T BREAK DOWN MY OTHER'S SYMBIOTIC TISSUE--
--AND WHAT YOU CAN'T BREAK DOWN, YOU CAN'T ABSORB!

POOM! POOM! POOM!
DAT'S SOME UGLY LUNCH HE'S UPCHUCKIN'!
GUH! GUH! GUH!
DIDN'T YOUR MOTHER TEACH YOU NOT TO SPEAK WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL?
IS DIS BOZO SOME KINDA HUMAN BOA CONSTRICTOR, OR WHAT?
DIRT NAP IS A SHAPE-SHIFTER WHO CAN ABSORB GENETIC IMPRINTS--
--AND TAKE ON THE APPEARANCE O' WHOEVER HE EATS!
SHLOOOP!
I DON'T KNOW WHOSE MUG DIRT MAP IS WEARIN' FIGHT NOW, BUT THAT BIG MASTY LUMP IN THE BARF IS MOME OTHER THAN A PSYCHO-CHICKEN NAME O' VENOM!
PSYCHO-CHICKEN?
I HAVE TO TAKE THIS FROM A HAIRY MUTANT WITH CLAWS?

I'LL DEAL WITH YOU AFTER I TURN OUT THE LIGHTS ON THIS DIRT-BAG--
TIME OUT--!
--REMEMBER IF YOU DO ME, THIS KID IS GONNA GET ACED ALONG WITH ME!
YOU'VE STILL GOT THE GENETIC IMPRINT O' THAT KID YOU SWALLOWED IN TIMES SQUARE?*
I CAN'T SHUT HIM DOWN UNTIL I DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO GET THAT KID BACK!
*IN WOLVERINE #95-TOM
THAT IS GALLANT AND COMMENDABLE, MUSKRAT, OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS--
--BUT I AM OPERATING UNDER NO SUCH RESTRICTIONS!
THE MONIKER IS WOLVERINE, BUB...
...AND YOU GOTTA GET BY ME--

VROOOOOM!
--FIRST?
EEEEYAAAA!!
BONK!
OWWW!
WHERE'D THAT STAINLESS STEEL FOOTBALL COME FROM?
HE'S ESCAPING!
HE AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE!
WATCH ME NAIL DIS SILVER SKEET!
HEY! CUT THAT OUT!!
CEASE FIRE, EMMETT!
IS THERE A W.C. ON THE OTHER SIDE O' THAT DOOR?
WARP CHAMBER? YOU AIN'T WHISTLIN' DIXIE, POPS!
WHATEVER THAT WAS, IT FRIED HALF THE CONTROL PANEL!


KNOCK ME DOWN FOR HORS D'OEUVRES, WILL YOU?
I'LL EAT YOUR BRAIN!!
THIS SHIP IS STILL HOMING IN ON VENOM!
TURN IT OFF!
DON'T TOUCH ANY CONTROLS! WE CON'T WANT IT TO WARP OUT ON US!
WOOF!
OWW!
BONK!
EXCUSE ME WHILE I CHANGE INTO SOMEONE MORE COMFORTABLE AND BLOW THIS POPSTAND!
COME BACK HERE!
I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU!! I'M··

WHERE'S THE BRAKES ON THIS THING??
WE'RE GONNA FOLLOW VENOM RIGHT THROUGH THAT--
WHERE DOESTHIS PARTICULAR WARP CHAMBER LEAD TO, EMMETT?
IT'S ON DA FRITZ, MR. LOGAN! THAT'S WHY DA EXPEDITER WAS HUNG UP--
WE BEEN HAVIN' SOME TROUBLE WIF DAT GASLIGHT FRAIL AGAIN--MESSIN' EVERYTHIN' UP SUMPTHIN' FIERCE!
AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHERE OR WHEN DAT OL' WARP CHAMBER LEADS TO NOW DAT CHIMERA BEEN NOODLIN' WID IT!
EVERYTIME I STEP THROUGH ONE OF THOSE WARP CHAMBER DOORS, I GET A SIX-PACK O' FIRE FIGHT POPPED IN MY FACE--
THIS TIME, I'M RIDIN' THROUGH IN STYLE ON MY OL' RAT HOG WITH MY FIGHTIN' TOGS ON!

YOU READY TO KICK BUTT AND TAKE NAMES, EMMETT?
YOU CAN PUNCH MY TICKET "ONE WAY TO THROW DOWN CITY!"
LET'S GET FADIN'!
NEXT ISSUE:
CHIMERA!

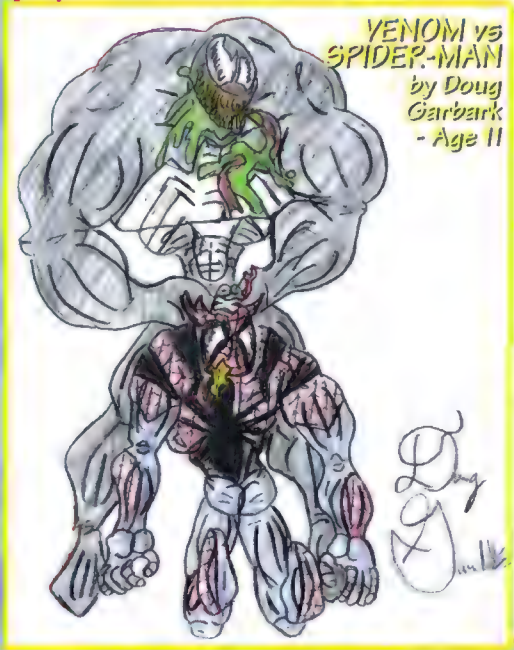
The VENOM Fan Art Page

A GALLERY OF AWESOME ART, SUBMITTED BY LOYAL FANS OF VENOM!

VENOM vs. CARNAGE
by Stephane Guernon

VENOM vs. WOLVERINE
by Claude Gagné Matheu
Age 11

VENOM vs SPIDER-MAN
by Doug Garbark
- Age 11



VENOM vs CAPTAIN AMERICA
by Matthew Buttich
Age 12

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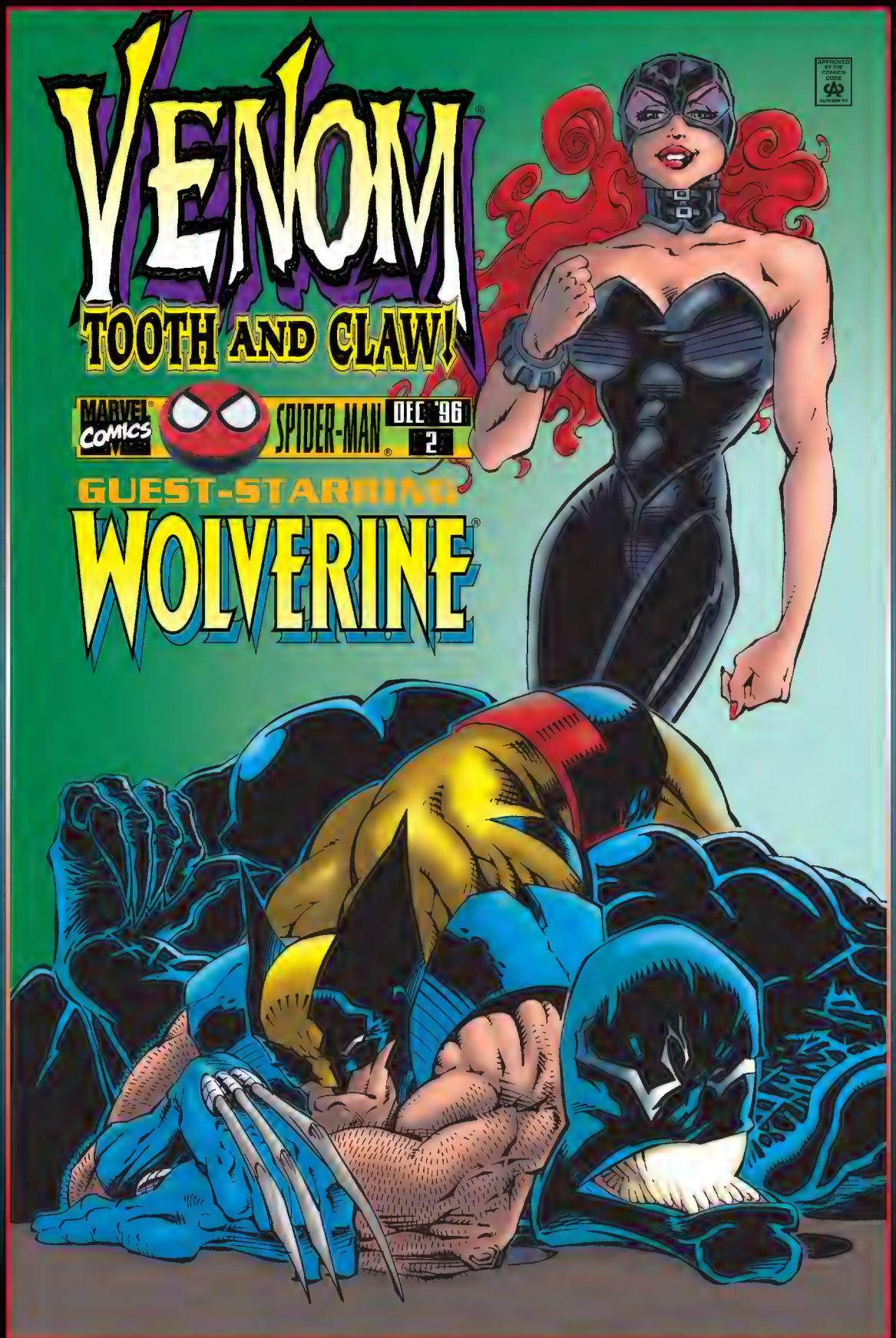

VENOM
TOOTH AND CLAW!
MARVEL COMICS
SPIDER-MAN
DEC '96
2
GUEST-STARRING
WOLVERINE
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

Somewhen, in the ether between realities, a door that wasn't merely a door popped open...
WC
E=mc2
...And a rat that wasn't merely a rat hopped through.
The rat that wasn't merely a rat was being chased by a human and an alien occupying one body in a symbiotic relationship.

The **symbiote** (for that is what it was) was followed by a **mutant with claws**...

...A **young boy** from another **dimension**...

VOLLIED AND THUNDERED

KA-BONK!

...And an alien spaceship (that could fold itself up into a topological anomaly) which contained a **female** symbiote and two (2) kids on skateboards.*

And **that** is when things got **interesting**...!

*All this would be a lot easier if you'd just read **Venom: Tooth & Claw #1**!--Tom

BOUNCE A CHROME FOOTBALL OFF OUR HEAD, WILL YOU, WOLVERINE?

WE'LL EAT YOUR BRAIN!!

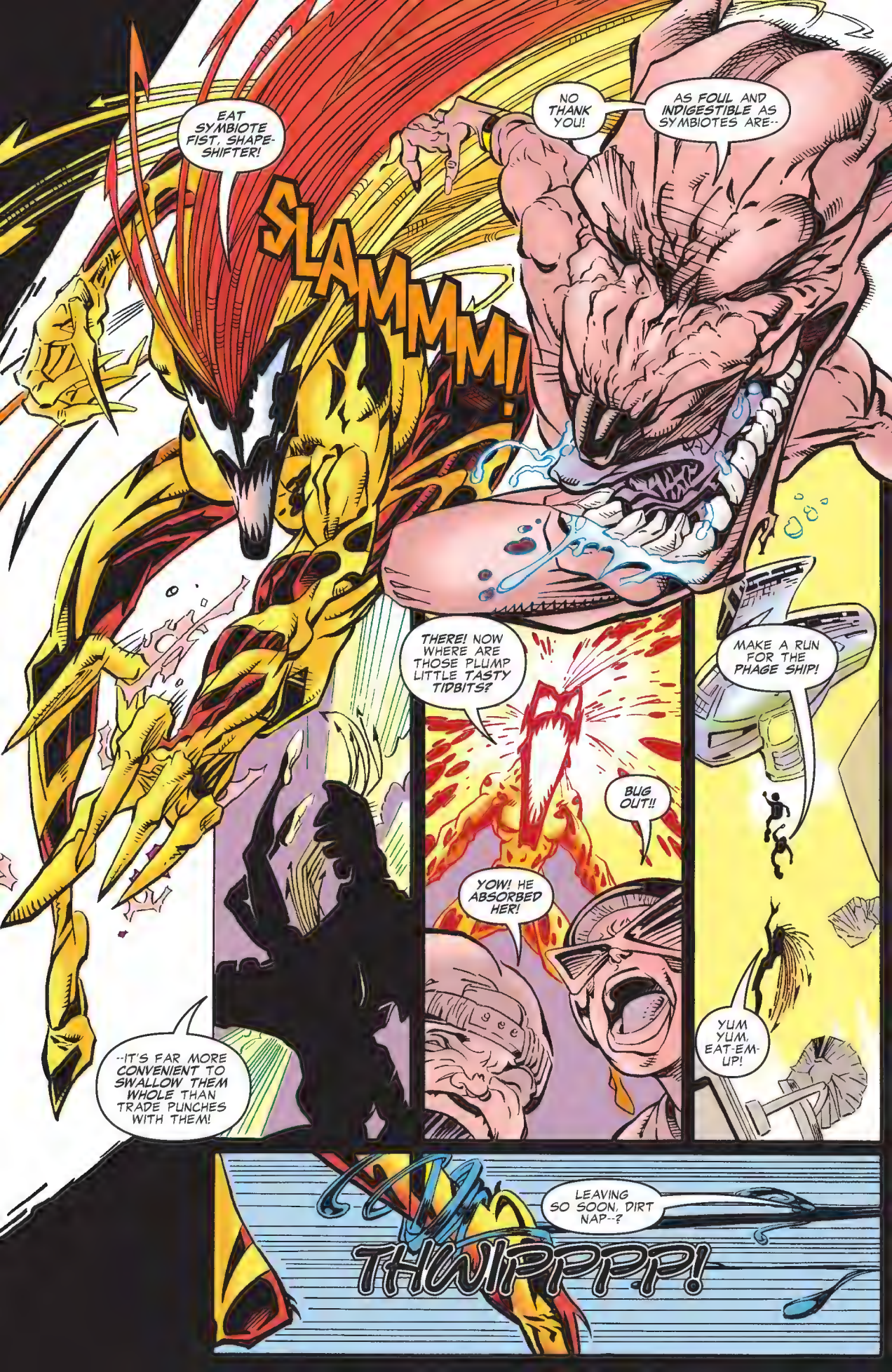
SCRIPT-LARRY HAMA
PENCILS-JOE ST. PIERRE
INKS-AL MILGROM
LETTERING-KEN LOPEZ
COLORING-TOM SMITH
EDITOR-TOM BREVOORT
EDITOR IN CHIEF-BOB HARRAS

THOOMP!
IT WASN'T MY LATERAL THAT BEANED YA, VENOM! THAT SILVER PIGSKIN HAS GOT A LIFE OF ITS OWN!
RATS! I MISSED DA RAT!
POOM!
WHOA!! WHAT'S GOING DOWN HERE?
THIS PHAGE SPACESHIP JUST "TAGGED" ITS PROGRAMMED TARGET--VENOM--AND COMPLETED ITS MISSION!
NOW IT'S EXPANDING TO ALLOW THE PHAGE TO ATTACK AND DEVOUR ITS PREY!
VERY INTERESTING, DONNA--
--BUT WE'RE NOT GONNA EAT ANYBODY, ARE WE, JERRY?
NO WAY, ROCKY! WE'RE JUST GONNA GET RUN DOWN BY SOME WEIRDOS ON A MOTORCYCLE OR CHOMPED ON BY VENOM!
I THINK THOSE GUYS ON THE HARLEY ARE ON OUR SIDE, KIDS--
--AND VENOM MAY NOT BE MY BEST PAL, BUT AT LEAST WE'RE BOTH SYMBIOTES!
HOLD IT STEADY, MR. LOGAN!
I DON'T HOLD NOBODY'S GENDER PREFERENCES AGAINST THEM!
YOU THINK THIS IS EASY, EMMETT?

REIN IN YOUR SIDEKICK, WOLVERINE--!
WE'VE GOT DIBS ON DIRT NAP FOR EATING SYMBIOTES WITHOUT A LICENSE!
YOU ARE THE ONLY SYMBIOTE I EVER PARTOOK OF, AND BROTHER, YOU ARE WELL-NIGH INDIGESTIBLE!
I'LL MOIDELIZE DA LIDDLE RODENT!
WE TOLD YOU TO LAY OFF!
AHH, YER MUDDER WEARS ARMY BOOTS!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
WAIT! HE'S MORPHING!!
WUBBA-WUBBA-WUBBA!
HEY, WOLVERINE--
--REMEMBER ME??*
*DIRT NAP INGESTED THIS KID BACK IN WOLVERINE#95!-TOM

IT'S THE KID!!
IT'S JUST DAT RAT PUTTIN' ON DA HOO-DOO-FACE CHANGE!
HANG FIRE, EMMETT--
--WE CAN'T PUNCH DIRT-NAP'S TICKET WHILE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE O' GETTING THAT KID OUTTA HIM!
WE'VE GOT A TONGUE-TWISTER FOR YOU, SHAPE-SHIFTER--
--HOO-HA! IF WE TIED A PROPELLER TO THIS, YOU COULD TAKE OFF!
BAIL OUT, EMMETT-- I'M DOWN FOR A ONE- ON-ONE WITH THIS BAD BOY BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING I'LL MAKE HIM REGRET!
GAAAAAA!
FOOMP!
DROGUE DEPLOYED, MR. LOGAN SIR!
SIC YOUR ENZYMES ON US, WILL YOU?
WE'RE GOING TO PULL YOUR ENZYMES OUT THROUGH YOUR--
STEP BACK FROM THAT CREEP, VENOM--!
HE'S HOLDING A GENETIC IMPRINT THAT I WANT BACK--!

--EVEN IF I HAVE TO POP A SIX-PACK O' THROW DOWN ON YOUR FUNKY BUTT!
THOOM!
YOU KNOW, OF COURSE...
...THIS MEANS WAR!!
WHERE THE HECK ARE WE, ANYWAY? THIS IS SOME GONZO ALIEN LANDSCAPE!
MAYBE WE'RE IN KANSAS?
HEY, CLOCK THIS!
NOT SO FAST, BUDDY!
IF VENOM HAD A GRIPE WITH YOU, MAYBE I SHOULD SHAKE YOU DOWN AND SEE WHAT RATTLES!
URK!
NO PROB!
IN FACT, ALL THAT UPCHUCKING PUT ME IN THE MOOD--
--FOR SOME TASTY HORS D'OUVRES!
I DON'T SEE NO CANAPES!
HE'S TALKING ABOUT US, ROCKY!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT...


EAT SYMBIOTE FIST, SHAPE-SHIFTER!
SLAMMMM!
NO THANK YOU!
AS FOUL AND INDIGESTIBLE AS SYMBIOTES ARE--
THERE! NOW WHERE ARE THOSE PLUMP LITTLE TASTY TIDBITS?
MAKE A RUN FOR THE PHAGE SHIP!
BUG OUT!!
YOW! HE ABSORBED HER!
--IT'S FAR MORE CONVENIENT TO SWALLOW THEM WHOLE THAN TRADE PUNCHES WITH THEM!
YUM YUM, EAT-EM-UP!
LEAVING SO SOON, DIRT NAP--?
THWIPPPP!

THWAMM!
--THE FUN IS JUST BEGINNING!
YOU JUST DON'T GET IT, DO YA, VENOM?

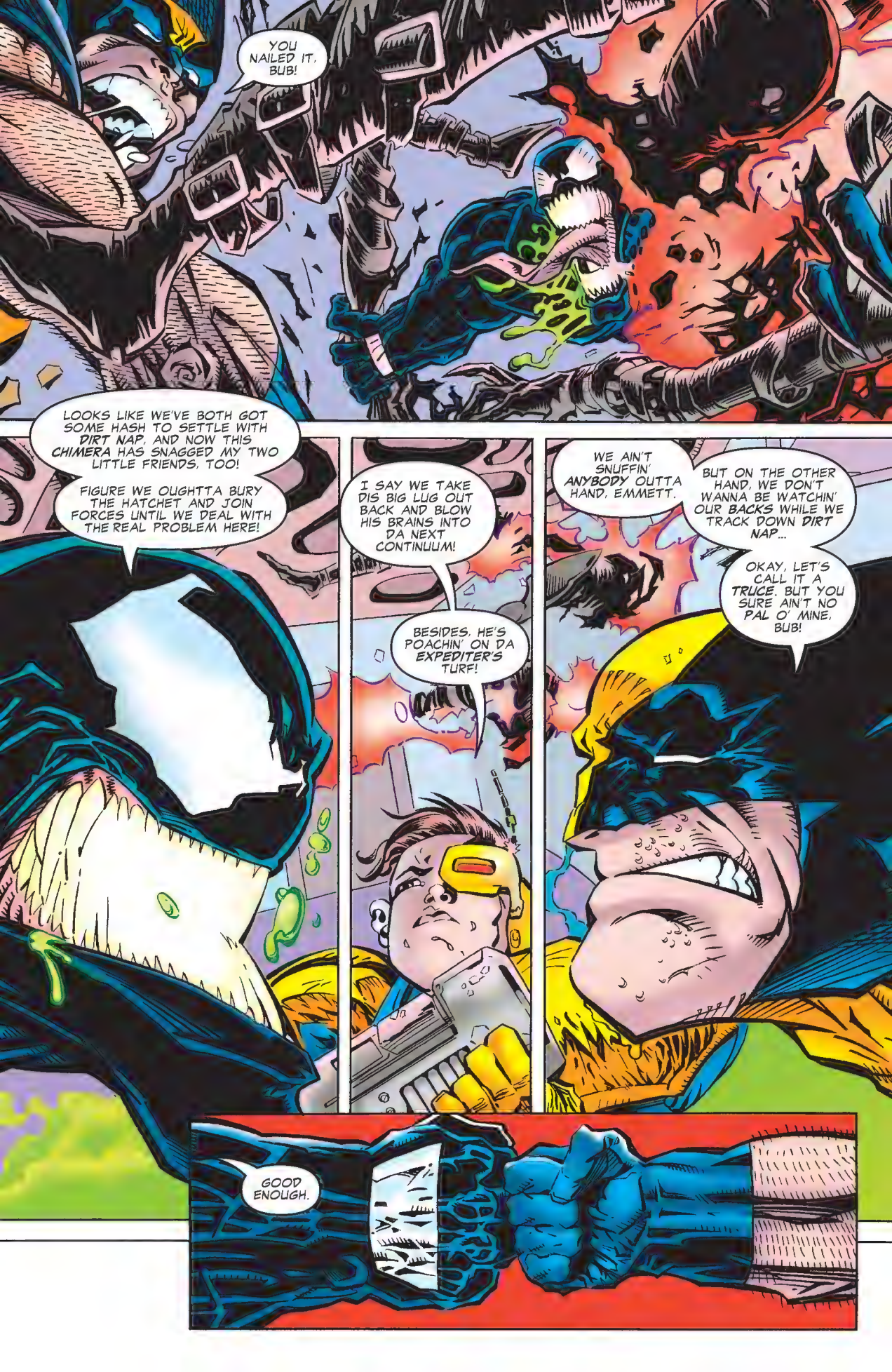
WELL! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
A WHOLE WAITING ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE WITHOUT APPOINTMENTS?
TWIST THEIR UGLY LITTLE HEADS OFF!

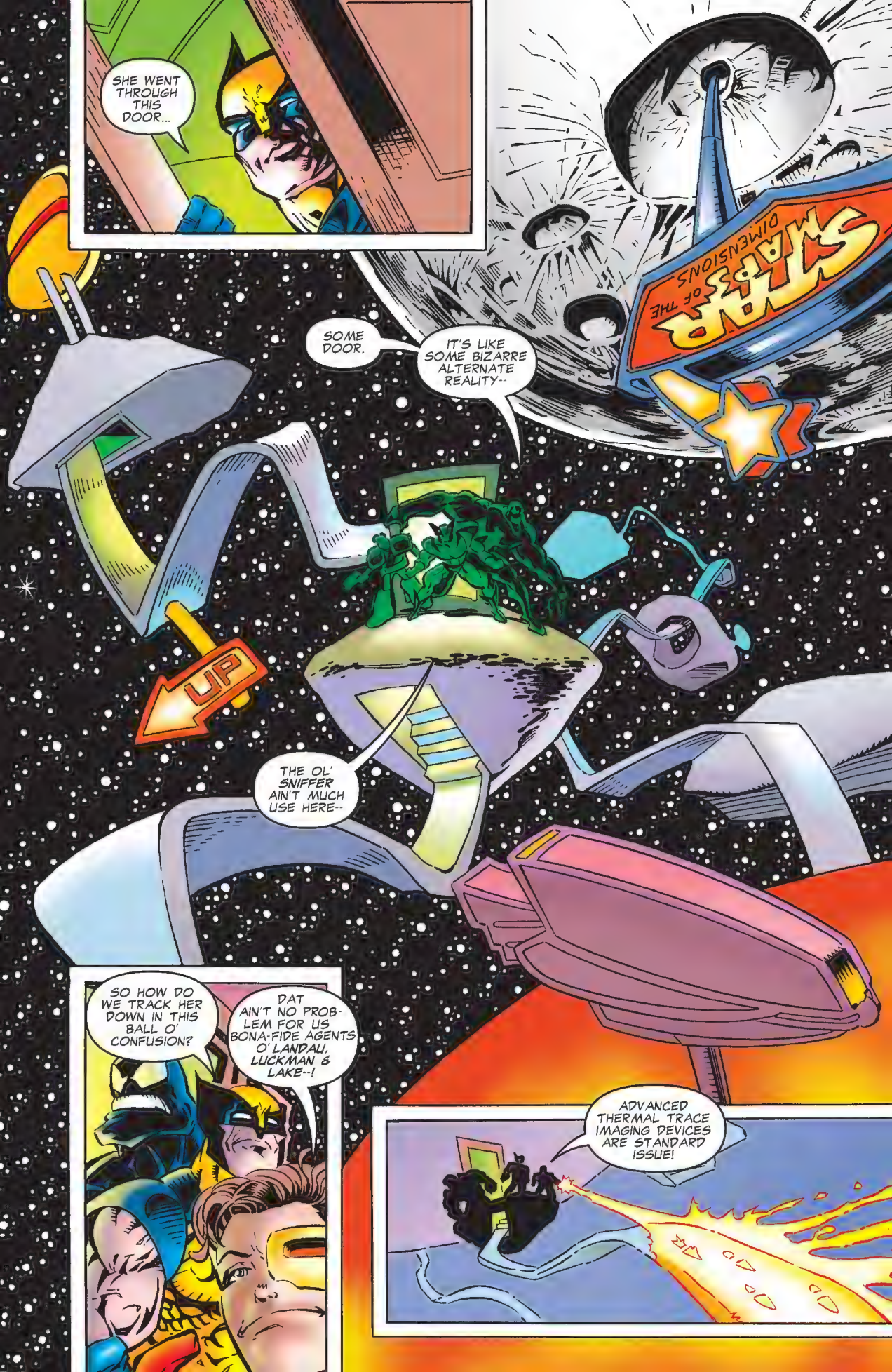
IT'S DA GASLIGHT FRAIL!
SHE'S TALKING WID HER HANDS AGAIN!
POOM!
POOM!
CHIMERA! YOU LOOKIN' FOR MORE O' WHAT I DEALT YA LAST TIME?*
*WOLVERINE #97.–TOM

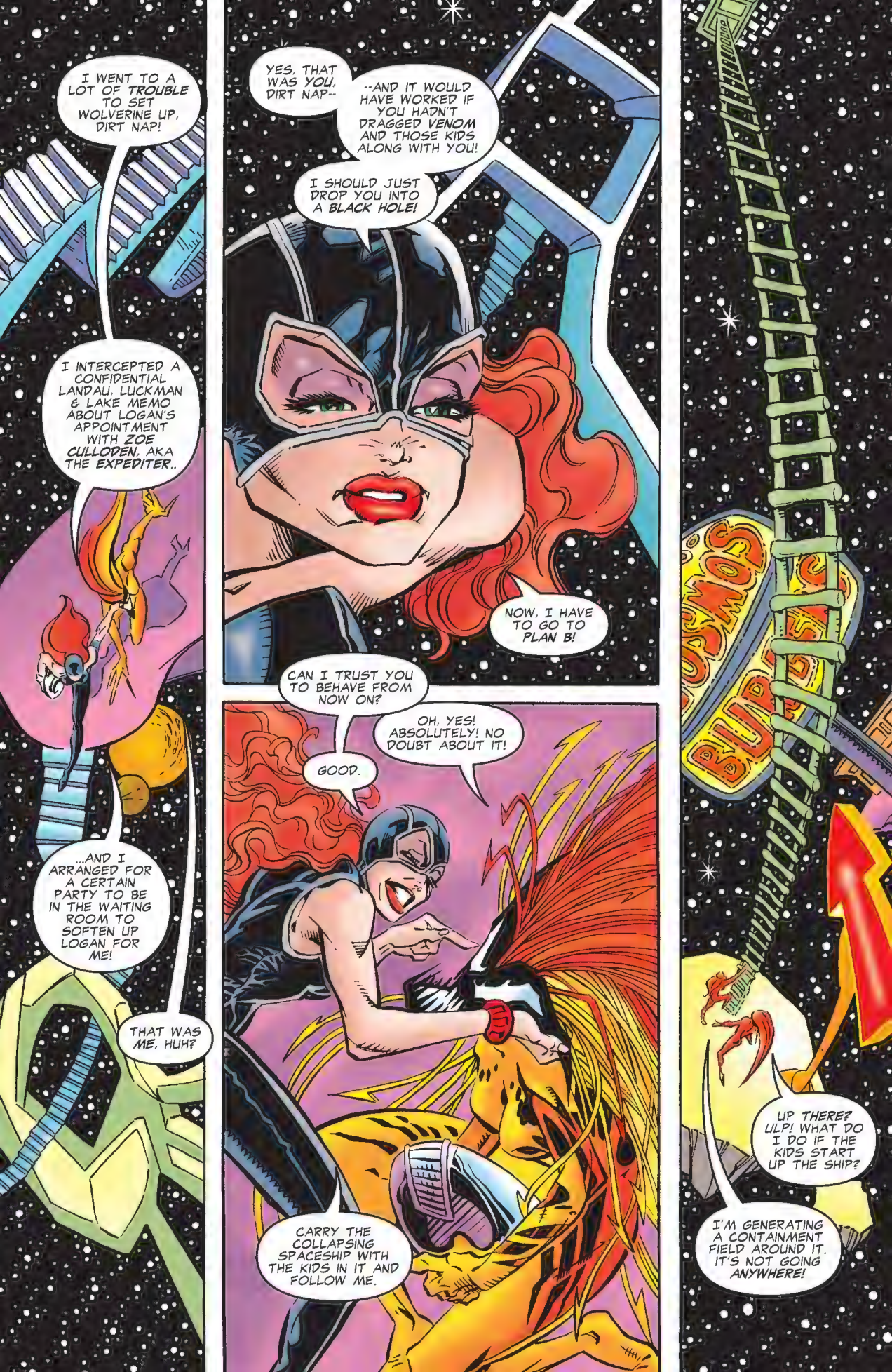
CLOSE THE HATCH, JERRY! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
HEY, IT'S NOT LIKE I GOT THE INSTRUCTION MANUAL, YA KNOW!
I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW THIS THING IS A HUNDRED TIMES AS BIG INSIDE AS IT IS OUTSIDE!

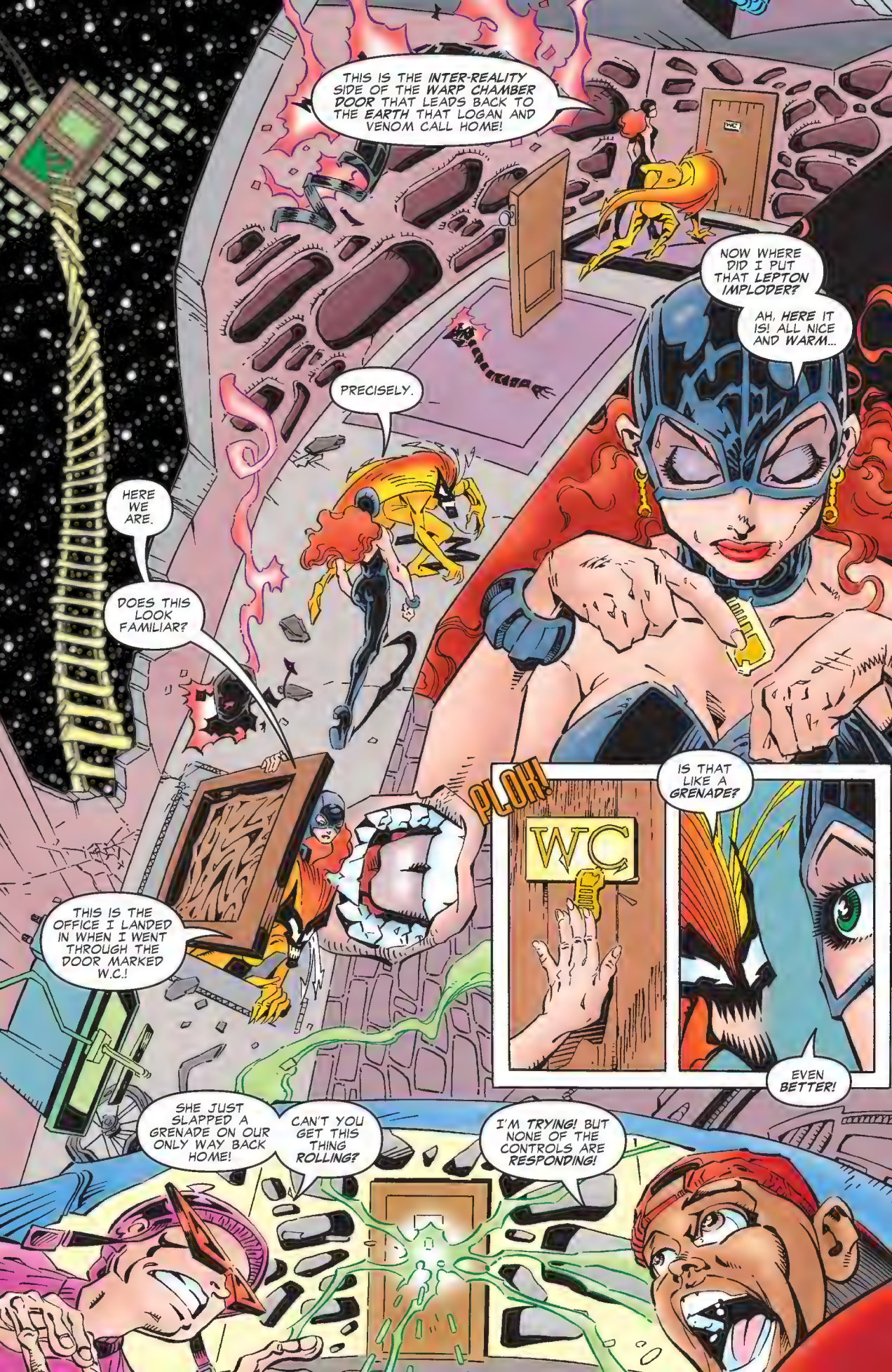
SENTIENT PROTOPLASM/MEAT/ PROTEIN PASTLINGS!
DEVOLVE/DIE/ ROT AND HURT FOR NEVERMORE!
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, SISTER!
THE LAST TIME, I DIDN'T HAVE A BEVY OF PLASMA WRAITHS* WITH ME!
HAVE AT THEM, MY BEAUTIES!
DISRUPT THEIR TEMPORAL STABILITY WITH THE LIGHT OF A BILLION TOMORROWS!
* REMEMBER THESE BAD-BOYS FROM WOLVERINE#52?–TOM
WHAT DID YOU DO, JERRY?
YOU MADE THIS SHIP COLLAPSE AGAIN!
I WAS TRYING TO CLOSE THE HATCH, ROCKY--!!
OH, WELL--WE WANTED TO GET OUTTA HERE, DIDN'T WE?

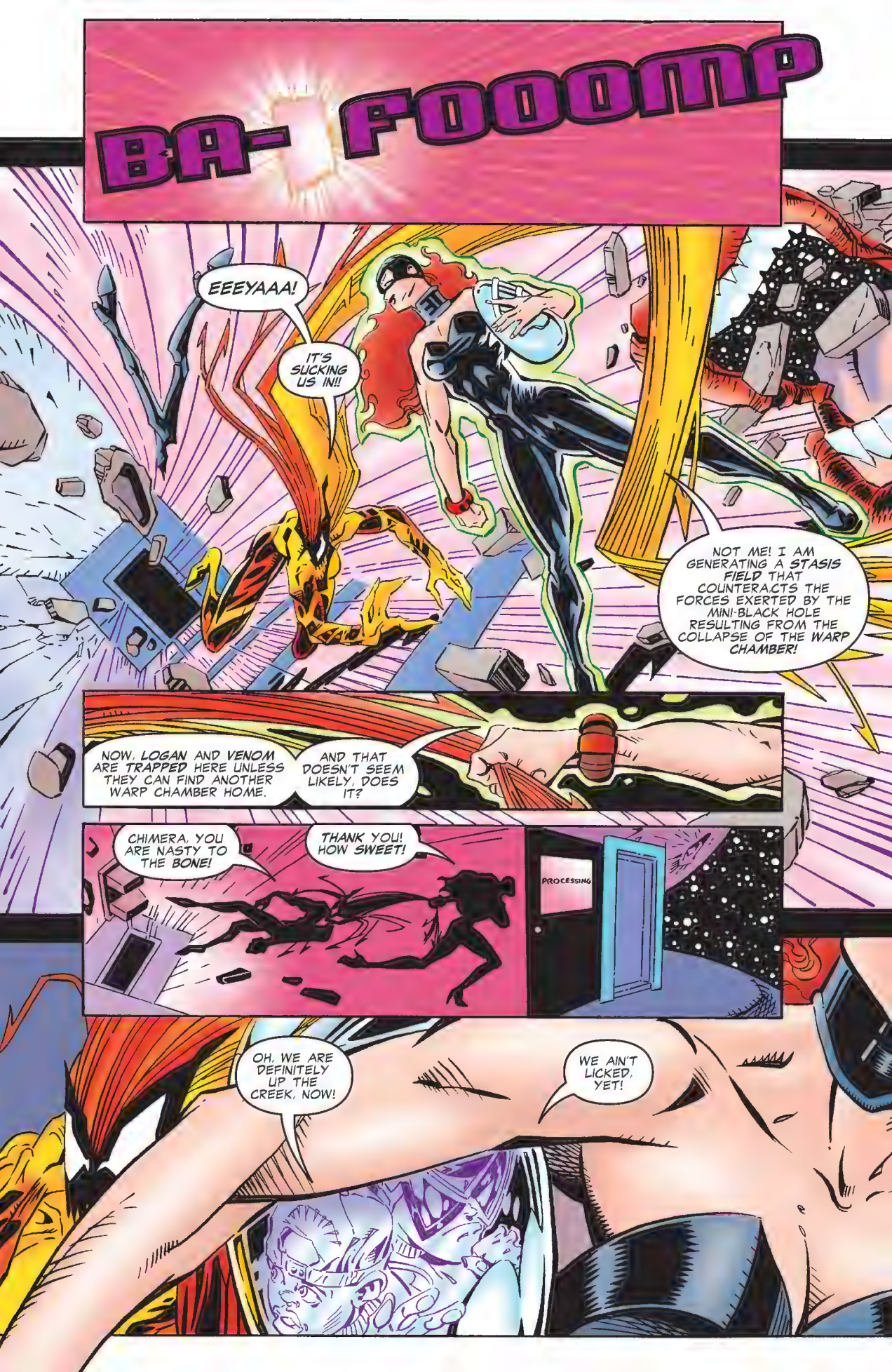
A TOPOLOGICAL ANOMALY TRANSPORT MODULE IS NOT AN ARTIFACT I INTEND TO LET SLIP PAST MY GRASP!
HEY! YOU FLEW RIGHT INTO THAT THING!
LOOK, DO YOU WANNA DRIVE?
WE MAKE A PRETTY GOOD TEAM, BABE! NOW IF I CAN ONLY DISGORGE THIS SYMBIOTE--
IS THAT PRESUMPTUOUS PILE OF PUTRID PUS ADDRESSING MOI IN TOO FAMILIAR A WAY??
IT DOESN'T KNOW ITS PLACE! TAKE IT WITH US TO THE CUSP OF ALL BADNESS!
I HOPE THAT'S A EUPHEMISM!
IT'S NOT...
...IT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT.
THESE THINGS ARE SENTIENT ENERGY BEINGS FROM THE CRUNCH AT THE END OF TIME, VENOM!
IS THAT WHY THEY MAKE OUR TEETH BURN WHEN WE CHOMP DOWN ON THEM?


YOU NAILED IT, BUB!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE BOTH GOT SOME HASH TO SETTLE WITH *DIRT NAP*, AND NOW THIS *CHIMERA* HAS SNAGGED MY TWO LITTLE FRIENDS, TOO!
FIGURE WE OUGHTTA BURY THE HATCHET AND JOIN FORCES UNTIL WE DEAL WITH THE REAL PROBLEM HERE!
I SAY WE TAKE DIS BIG LUG OUT BACK AND BLOW HIS BRAINS INTO DA NEXT CONTINUUM!
BESIDES, HE'S POACHIN' ON DA *EXPEDITER'S* TURF!
WE AIN'T SNUFFIN' *ANYBODY* OUTTA HAND, EMMETT.
BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, WE DON'T WANNA BE WATCHIN' OUR *BACKS* WHILE WE TRACK DOWN *DIRT NAP*...
OKAY, LET'S CALL IT A *TRUCE*. BUT YOU SURE AIN'T NO PAL O' MINE, BUB!
GOOD ENOUGH.


SHE WENT THROUGH THIS DOOR...
SPACE OF THE DIMENSIONS
SOME DOOR.
IT'S LIKE SOME BIZARRE ALTERNATE REALITY--
UP
THE OL' SNIFFER AIN'T MUCH USE HERE--
SO HOW DO WE TRACK HER DOWN IN THIS BALL O' CONFUSION?
DAT AIN'T NO PROB-LEM FOR US BONA-FIDE AGENTS O' LANDAU, LUCKMAN & LAKE--!
ADVANCED THERMAL TRACE IMAGING DEVICES ARE STANDARD ISSUE!


I WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO SET WOLVERINE UP, DIRT NAP!
I INTERCEPTED A CONFIDENTIAL LANDAU, LUCKMAN & LAKE MEMO ABOUT LOGAN'S APPOINTMENT WITH ZOE CULLODEN, AKA THE EXPEDITER..
...AND I ARRANGED FOR A CERTAIN PARTY TO BE IN THE WAITING ROOM TO SOFTEN UP LOGAN FOR ME!
THAT WAS ME, HUH?
YES, THAT WAS YOU, DIRT NAP--
--AND IT WOULD HAVE WORKED IF YOU HADN'T DRAGGED VENOM AND THOSE KIDS ALONG WITH YOU!
I SHOULD JUST DROP YOU INTO A BLACK HOLE!
NOW, I HAVE TO GO TO PLAN B!
CAN I TRUST YOU TO BEHAVE FROM NOW ON?
OH, YES! ABSOLUTELY! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!
GOOD.
CARRY THE COLLAPSING SPACESHIP WITH THE KIDS IN IT AND FOLLOW ME.
UP THERE? ULP! WHAT DO I DO IF THE KIDS START UP THE SHIP?
I'M GENERATING A CONTAINMENT FIELD AROUND IT. IT'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

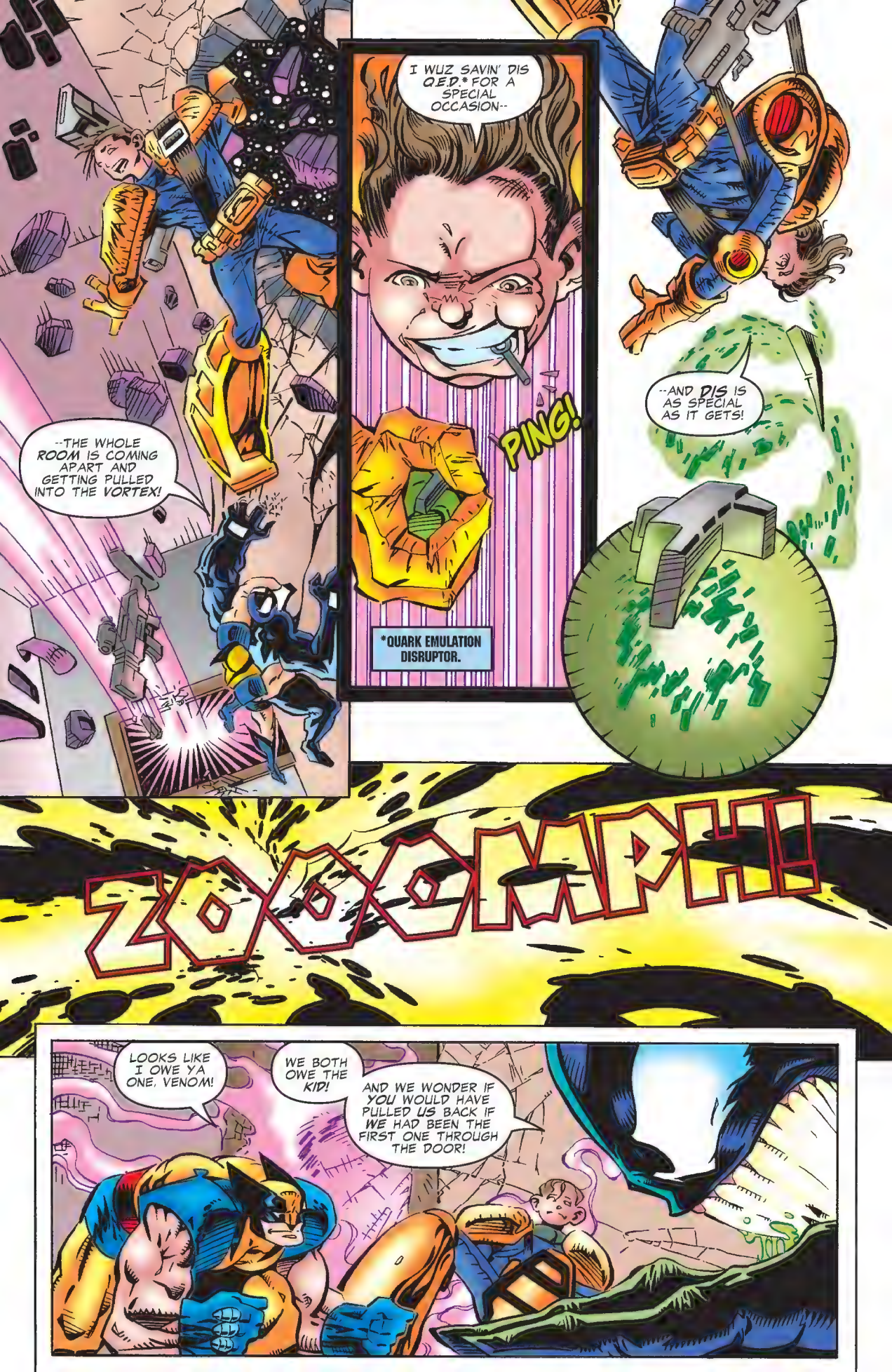

THIS IS THE INTER-REALITY SIDE OF THE WARP CHAMBER DOOR THAT LEADS BACK TO THE EARTH THAT LOGAN AND VENOM CALL HOME!
NOW WHERE DID I PUT THAT LEPTON IMPLODER?
AH, HERE IT IS! ALL NICE AND WARM...
PRECISELY.
HERE WE ARE.
DOES THIS LOOK FAMILIAR?
THIS IS THE OFFICE I LANDED IN WHEN I WENT THROUGH THE DOOR MARKED W.C.!
PLOK!
WC
IS THAT LIKE A GRENADE?
EVEN BETTER!
SHE JUST SLAPPED A GRENADE ON OUR ONLY WAY BACK HOME!
CAN'T YOU GET THIS THING ROLLING?
I'M TRYING! BUT NONE OF THE CONTROLS ARE RESPONDING!

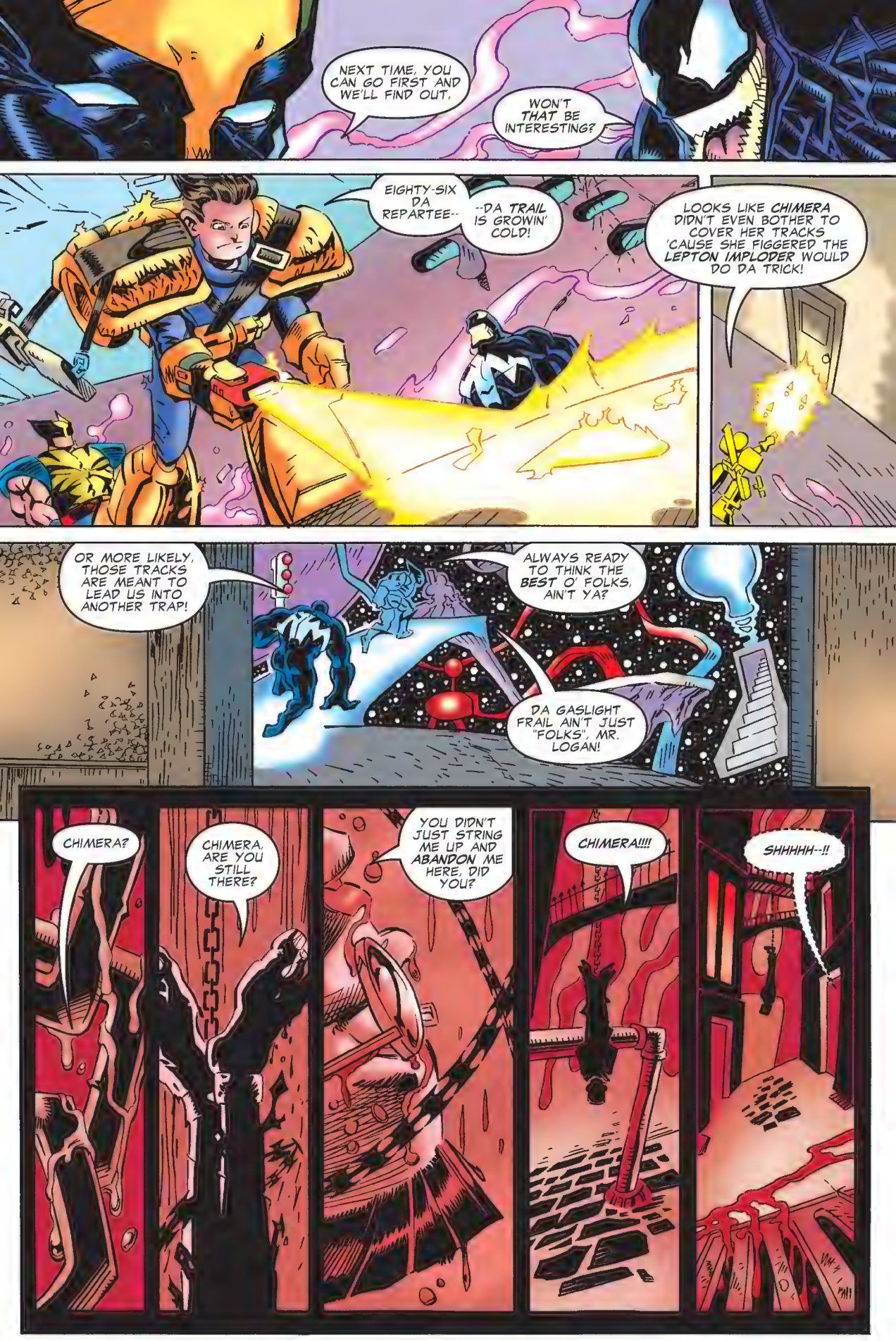

BA-FOOOMP
EEEYAAA!
IT'S SUCKING US IN!!
NOT ME! I AM GENERATING A STASIS FIELD THAT COUNTERACTS THE FORCES EXERTED BY THE MINI-BLACK HOLE RESULTING FROM THE COLLAPSE OF THE WARP CHAMBER!
NOW, LOGAN AND VENOM ARE TRAPPED HERE UNLESS THEY CAN FIND ANOTHER WARP CHAMBER HOME.
AND THAT DOESN'T SEEM LIKELY, DOES IT?
CHIMERA, YOU ARE NASTY TO THE BONE!
THANK YOU! HOW SWEET!
PROCESSING
OH, WE ARE DEFINITELY UP THE CREEK, NOW!
WE AIN'T LICKED, YET!

THIS WAY! WE GOT HER NOW!
HOLD ON VENOM!
I DON'T WANT YOU TRASHIN' DIRT NAP BEFORE I GET A CHANCE TO EXTRACT THAT KID!
I'M GOIN' UP FIRST!
DIRT NAP'S GOT DONNA INSIDE OF HIM, TOO!
ARE WE GONNA THROW DOWN OVER THIS?
NO.
THE TRUCE IS STILL ON...
...FOR THE TIME BEING!
YOU MIND WATCHIN' MY BACK, EMMETT?
YOU'RE COVERED, BOSS.
IT'S A TRAP DOOR.
KEEP IT QUIET. I'M GONNA BUST IT OPEN AND GO IN CHARGIN'!

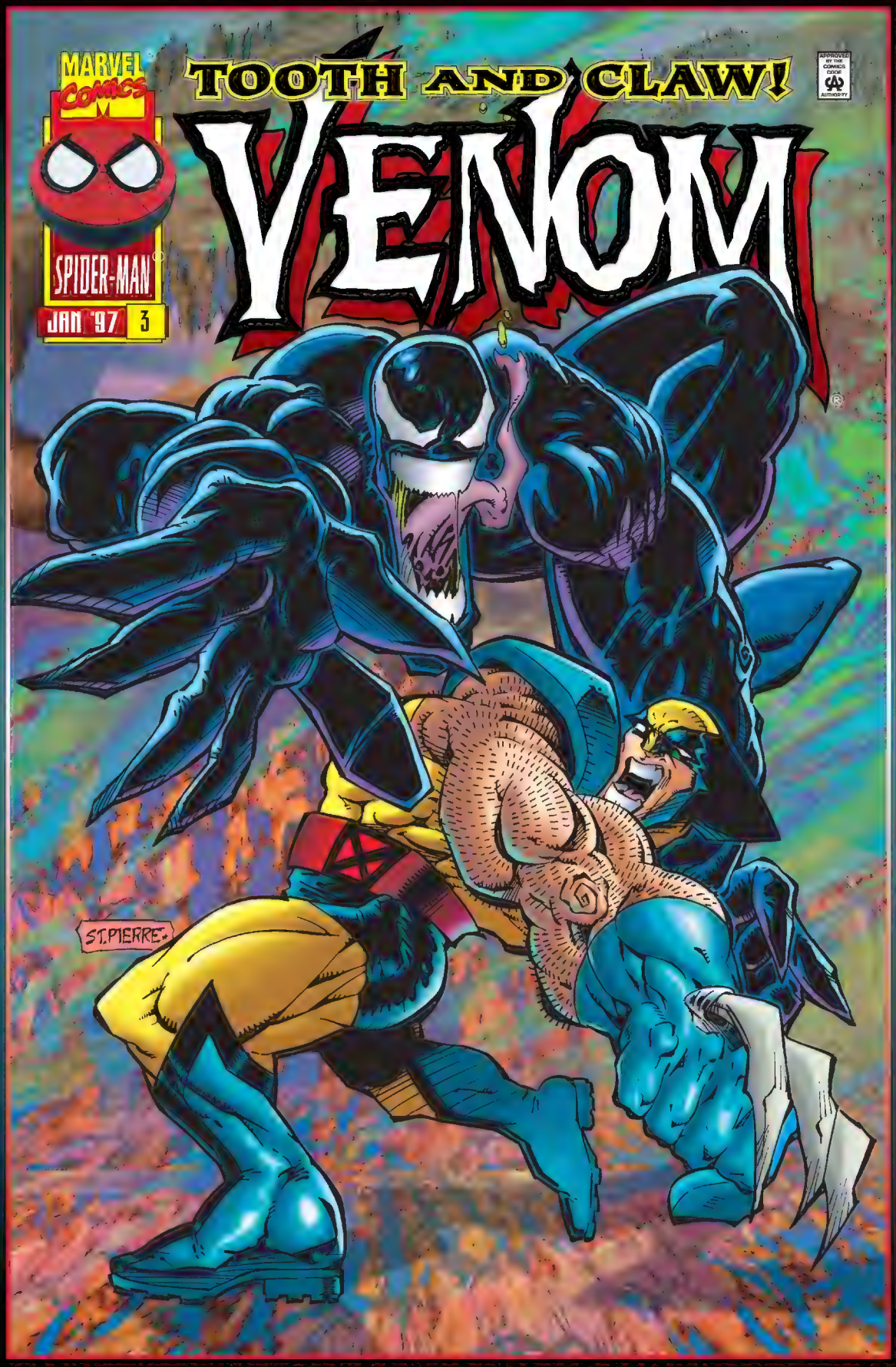
HERE GOES NOTHIN'!!
SCHLIKT!
SCHRRRIPP!
WHATEVER IT WAS, IT COLLAPSED THE WARP CHAMBER DOOR IN ON ITSELF--!
THWAPP!
HOLY--!!
IT'S SOME KIND O' VORTEX, PULLIN' ME IN!!
YOU TWO HAD BETTER SAVE YOURSELVES! I AIN'T GONNA BE ABLE TO HOLD OUT AGAINST THIS SUCTION MUCH LONGER!
WE AIN'T BUGGIN' OUT ON YA' MR. LOGAN!!
NONE OF US ARE!
FORGET IT! THERE'S NO WAY--
NO WAY, UNLESS YOU'RE IN SYMBIOSIS WITH AN ALIEN OTHER!
THWIPP!
WHA--?
LOOKS LIKE DA WOIK OF A LEPTON IMPLODER!

WHAT-- USE--?
WE CAN ANCHOR AND EXTEND!
BETTER SHAKE A LEG, VENOM--
--DIS HERE TRAP DOOR FRAME IS DISCORPORATIN'!
I'M SLIPPIN'--!!
GOTCHA!!
HOLD
ON
TIGHT!
KRRREEEEK!
THAT SOUND--


--THE WHOLE ROOM IS COMING APART AND GETTING PULLED INTO THE VORTEX!
I WUZ SAVIN' DIS Q.E.D.* FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION--
PING!
*QUARK EMULATION DISRUPTOR.
--AND DIS IS AS SPECIAL AS IT GETS!
ZOOOMPH!
LOOKS LIKE I OWE YA ONE, VENOM!
WE BOTH OWE THE KID!
AND WE WONDER IF YOU WOULD HAVE PULLED US BACK IF WE HAD BEEN THE FIRST ONE THROUGH THE DOOR!


NEXT TIME, YOU CAN GO FIRST AND WE'LL FIND OUT.
WON'T THAT BE INTERESTING?
EIGHTY-SIX DA REPARTEE--
--DA TRAIL IS GROWIN' COLD!
LOOKS LIKE CHIMERA DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO COVER HER TRACKS 'CAUSE SHE FIGGERED THE LEPTON IMPLODER WOULD DO DA TRICK!
OR MORE LIKELY, THOSE TRACKS ARE MEANT TO LEAD US INTO ANOTHER TRAP!
ALWAYS READY TO THINK THE BEST O' FOLKS, AIN'T YA?
DA GASLIGHT FRAIL AIN'T JUST "FOLKS", MR. LOGAN!
CHIMERA?
CHIMERA, ARE YOU STILL THERE?
YOU DIDN'T JUST STRING ME UP AND ABANDON ME HERE, DID YOU?
CHIMERA!!!!
SHHHHH--!!

--BUT NOT TO BETRAY THE HUNTERS IN THE BLIND!!
IT IS THE JOB OF THE DECOY TO THRASH AROUND, LOOK APPEALING AND ATTRACT ATTENTION--
WHEN LOGAN AND HIS FRIENDS MAKE THEIR INEVITABLE APPEARANCE...
...THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!
NEXT: TO DO AND DIE!


MARVEL COMICS
SPIDER-MAN
JAN '97 3
TOOTH AND CLAW!
VENOM
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
ST.PIERRE

IN A CRACK BETWEEN REALITIES, WHERE A COLD WIND BLOWS FROM THE END OF TIME...
...A SYMBIOTE, A MUTANT AND AN AGENT OF AN INTER DIMENSIONAL TRADING FIRM HAVE FORMED AN ALLIANCE OF SORTS.
ARE WE READY TO STEP INTO THE TRAP, BOYS?
AS READY AS I'LL EVER BE, VENOM.
YOU UP FOR THIS, EMMETT?
LANDAU, LUCKMAN & LAKE STANDS BY ITS CLIENTS, MR. LOGAN!

TO DO AND DIE!

LARRY HAMA	JOE ST. PIERRE	AL MILGROM	TOM SMITH	KEN LOPEZ	TOM BREVOORT	BOB HARRAS
SCRIPT	PENCILS	INKS	COLORING	LETTERING	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF

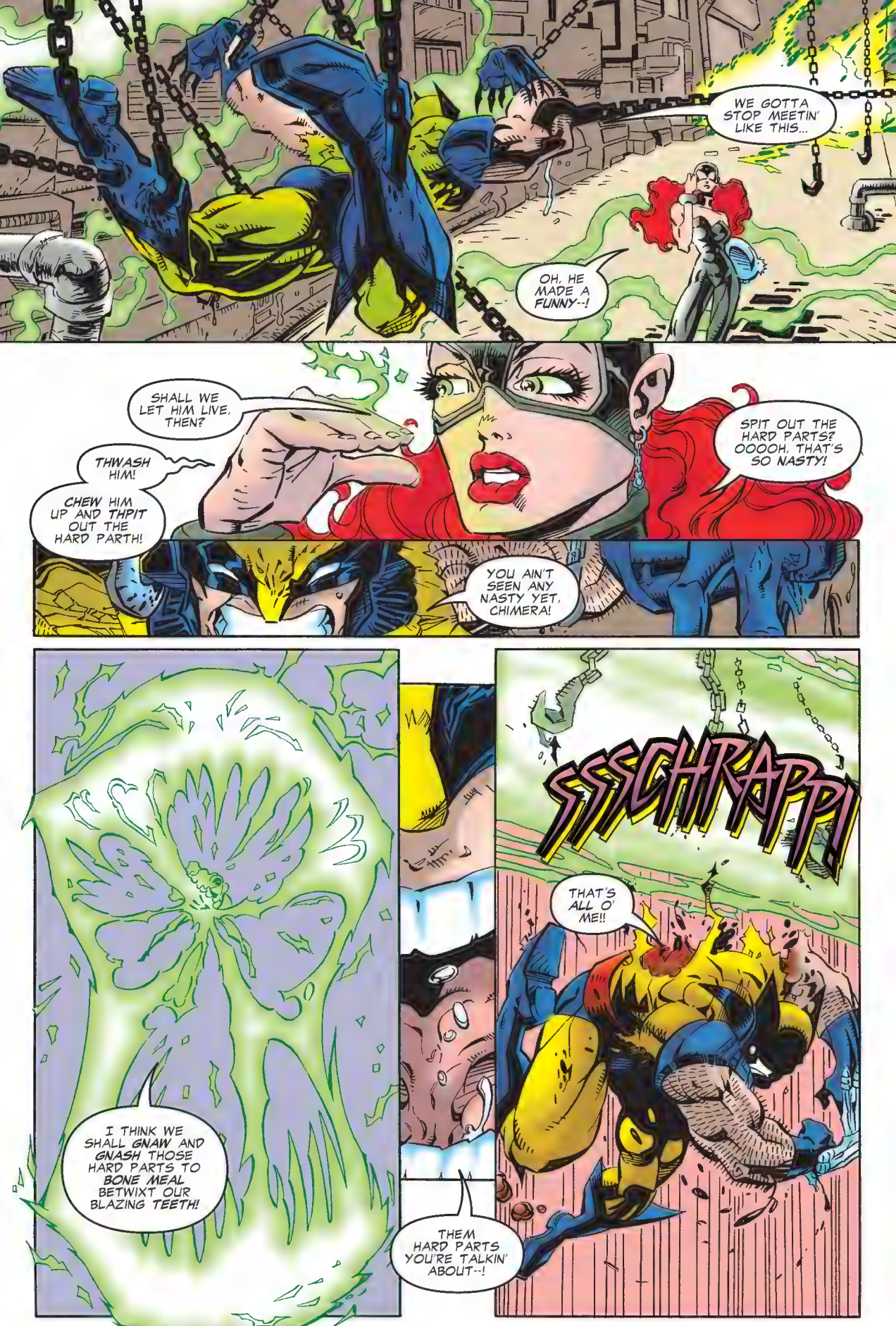
LOOKS LIKE CHIMERA HAS SET OUT SOME FRESH BAIT!
I'VE SEEN THE ERROR OF MY WAYS, GUYS! JUST CUT ME DOWN AND I PROMISE TO BE GOOD!
YOU MUST THINK WE WERE BORN YESTERDAY, DIRT NAP!
HOWSABOUT UP-CHUCKIN' THE KID YA ABSORBED BACK ON EARTH, THE ONE WHOSE FORM YOU'RE FRONTIN' RIGHT NOW!
COOL IT, VENOM-- WE'RE PLAYIN' DUMB, REMEMBER?
ATTACK/DEVOUR/ DISCORPORATE THE MEAT THINGS, CHIMERA?
NOT YET, MY IMPETUOUS PLASMA WRAITHS--
--WE MUST BE EVER SO CERTAIN!
DIDJA HEAR THAT, JERRY--? THEY'RE GONNA AMBUSH THE GOOD GUYS?
NOTHIN' WE CAN DO ABOUT IT, ROCKY! AS LONG AS CHIMERA IS GENERATING THE FORCE FIELD THAT KEEPS THIS PHAGE SPACE SHIP SHRUNK DOWN, WE'RE TRAPPED!
IF SHE LETS THE FIELD DOWN, WE GOTTA BE READY!
DAT BIG LUG AIN'T GOTTA PRETEND, MR. LOGAN--!
WHADDAYA KNOW? DA BAIT TOINS OUT TA BE DAT SHAPE-SHIFTER, DIRT-NAP!

WHAT ARE WE DOING MOLLYCODDLING THIS PERNICIOUS SHAPE-SHIFTING INTER-DIMENSIONAL CRIMINAL?
WE VOTE FOR BITING OFF THE TOP OF HIS HEAD AND SUCKING OUT HIS BRAINS!!
BACK OFF, BUB--!
YOU'RE NOT CHOMPIN' DOWN ON THIS GALOOT UNTIL I FIGURE A WAY TO GET THAT KID OUTTA HIM!
DON'T POINT THOSE OVERGROWN CUTICLES AT US, MISTER!
I'LL DO MORE THAN POINT WITH 'EM!!
SCHRRRIPP!
HOO-HA!
WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO HURT, SHORTY?

NOW, CHIMERA? CAN WE RIP/EVISCERATE/MANGLE THE SENTIENT PROTOPLASM?
I WANT TO BE SURE THIS ISN'T A RUSE TO DRAW US FROM COVER!
PA-THOOOM!
YOU CALL THAT YOUR SUNDAY PUNCH, VENOM...?
I CALL IT PATHETIC!
SKRAKK!
HAR--!
LET'S SEE IF YOUR BRAIN CAN REGENERATE AND HEAL AS FAST AS WE CAN EAT IT!
UNGHHH!
THIS IS NO SHAM--!
AT THEM, MY SWEETS!!
FIRE IN DA HOLE!
PONK!

POOM!
DAT PHOTON GRENADE EVENS UP DA ODDS SOME!
HAH! WE SUCKERED THEM AND REVERSED THEIR TRAP, WOLVERINE!
NOW IT'S PAYBACK TIME, CHIMERA!
I THINK NOT, LOGAN--
--YOU MISSED A VITAL ELEMENT OF MY TRAP, YOU SEE...
DID YOU THINK THOSE CHAINS AND HOOKS WERE SIMPLY PART OF THE DECOR?
SCHRRRANGG!!
SO, YOU'RE A TELEKINETIC, TOO--?
AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU ONLY HAD YOUR CRAZY SOCK PUPPETS!

WE DON'T SUPPOSE YOU LADIES HAVE A SINGLE BRAIN BETWEEN YOU TO MUNCH ON, DO YOU?
OUR SUBSTANCE IS PRIMAL ENERGY BOUND BY IONS/ELECTRONS/ NEUTRONS IN AN IONIZED FLUX!
YOU MAY NOT SUP OF OUR BODIES--
--BUT WE MAY DEVOUR YOUR LIFE FORCE/SOUL/ ANIMA!
ANYBODY WHO WANTS TO HAVE US FOR LUNCH--
--HAS GOT TO BITE OFF A CHUNK FIRST!
YOUSE CAN SNACK ON DESE HOT PHOTON GRENADES, FER STARTERS!
POOM!
POOM!


WE GOTTA STOP MEETIN' LIKE THIS...
OH, HE MADE A FUNNY--!
SHALL WE LET HIM LIVE, THEN?
THWASH HIM!
CHEW HIM UP AND THPIT OUT THE HARD PARTH!
SPIT OUT THE HARD PARTS? OOOOH, THAT'S SO NASTY!
YOU AIN'T SEEN ANY NASTY YET, CHIMERA!
I THINK WE SHALL GNAW AND GNASH THOSE HARD PARTS TO BONE MEAL BETWIXT OUR BLAZING TEETH!
THEM HARD PARTS YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT--!
SSSCHRAPP!
THAT'S ALL O' ME!!

WHOOMP!
NOW, LET'S SEE WHO GETS CHEWED UP AND SPAT OUT!
YOW!
OKAY, DIRT-NAP...
...IT'S YOUR TURN AS SOON AS WE PICK THESE STRAPS OUT OF OUR TEETH--
CHILL OUT, VENOM!
REMEMBER WHO IS INSIDE HERE WITH ME...!
...YOUR FELLOW SYMBIOTE, DONNA!!
--YOU LOSE A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF CONTROL OVER US!
GO FOR IT, DONNA!
SOFTEN HIM UP FOR US!
THAT WAS A MISTAKE, DIRT NAP--!
YOU CAN'T FULLY ABSORB SYMBIOTES...
...WHICH MEANS THAT WHEN YOU ASSUME OUR FORMS--

KEEP THE SHAPE-SHIFTER NEUTRALIZED...
SPANG!
PLONK!
..SO THAT I CAN EAT HIS BRAINS!!
VENOM!!
HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YOU? NO ONE PUTS THE BITE ON DIRT NAP UNTIL I GET THAT KID BACK!
THAT'S YOUR WEAKNESS, LOGAN--
--YOU CARE TOO MUCH!
THWAMM!
THE MEAT/CARBON CYCLE BEINGS CAN ONLY DISSIPATE/ DISPERSE US--
--A TEMPORARY/ TRANSITORY CONDITION AT BEST!
WE AWAIT YOUR COMMANDS/ DIRECTIONS, CHIMERA!

MR. LOGAN SEZ TA LAY OFF!
IS YOU DEAF OR SUMPTHIN'?
HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED?
I DON'T HAVE ANY EARS!!
PSHANK!!
PONK!
GRAB THE CONTROLS, JERRY!
AS SOON...
...AS THIS THING...
...STOPS BOUNCING!
PONK!
PONK!
PONK!
YOU AND ME, CHIMERA--
--WE'RE GOIN' TO THROWDOWN-CITY FOR THE STOMPIN' MARATHON!

A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT, EH?
NOW, EXCUSE ME WHILE I DO SOME URBAN RENEWAL IN THIS 'HOOD WITH YOUR FACE!
KA-THWAMM!
FLAY HIM, MY LAMBENT BEAUTIES!
FLAY ME?
THAT'S RICH.
PUTS ME IN THE MOOD TO SLICE, DICE, FILLET AND JULIENNE THESE WALKIN' NIGHTMARES!
GIVE HER UP, DIRT NAP!
I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT!
SCHRRRRRIPP!
YOU AIN'T GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO STOP MY CLOCK, LADY!

YOU REGURGITATED ME AFTER YOU SWALLOWED US WHOLE!*

GWARRRRR!

*BACK IN ISSUE #1.—TOM

DON'T DO IT, VENOM!

SHLOOOOOP!

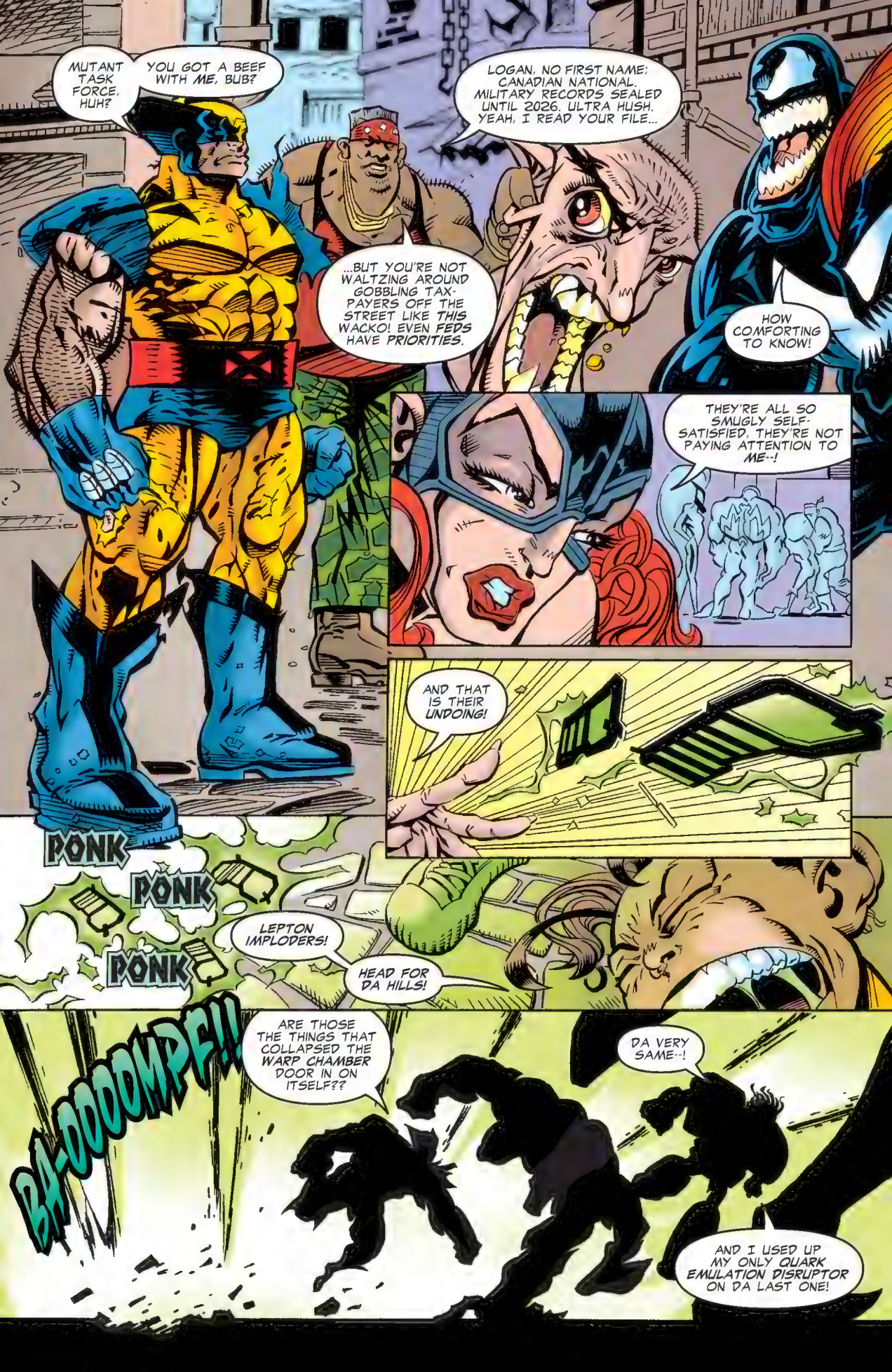
HAR!

WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE UNDIGESTED, DONNA!

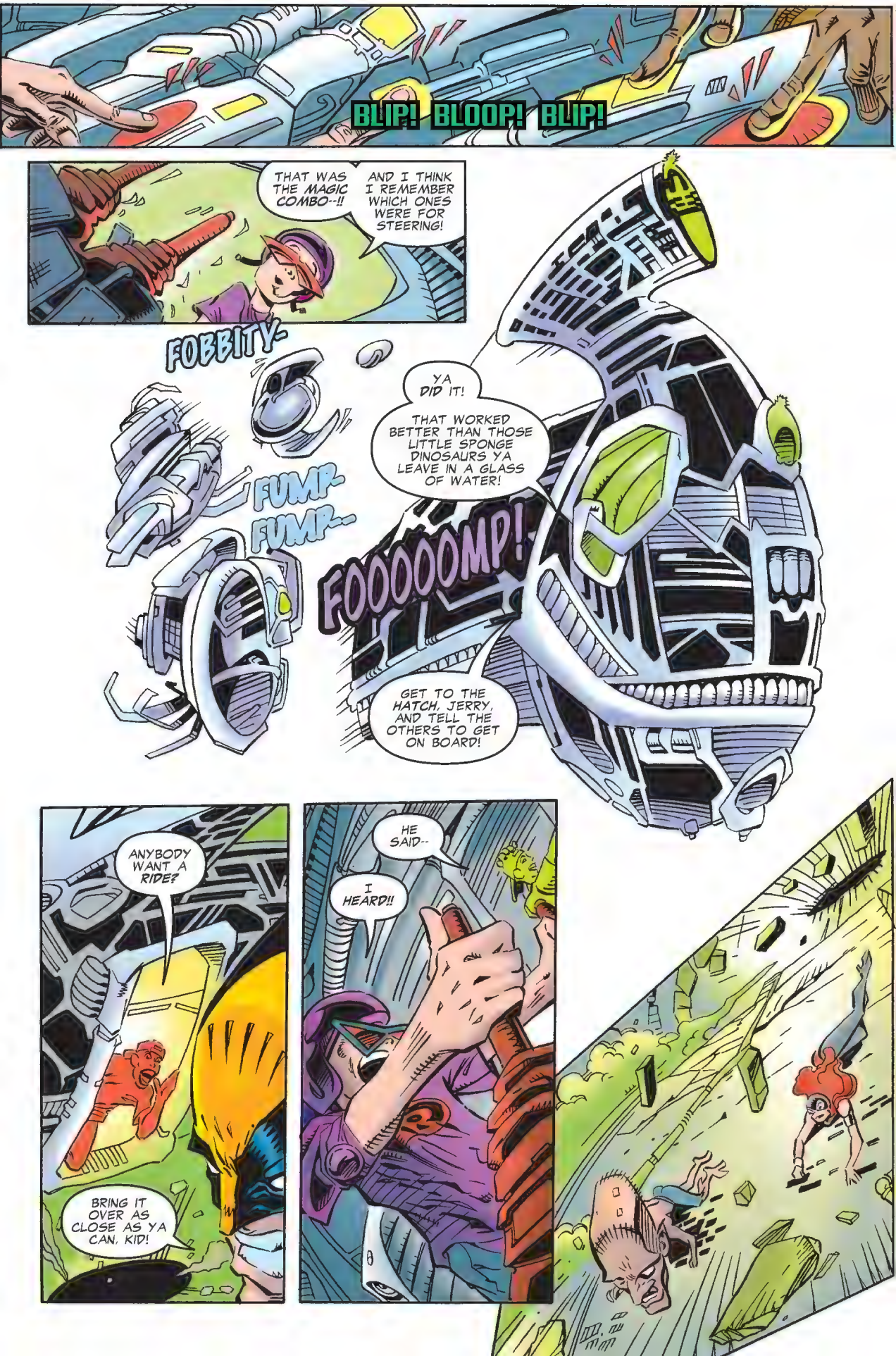
POOM!
POOM!
I'LL DEAL WITH DA LEATHER FRAILS, MR. LOGAN--
--YOU GO PUNCH DAT VENOM'S TICKET!
THANKS, EMMETT...
DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT I NEED TO GET THAT KID OUT OF DIRT NAP BEFORE YOU TEAR HIS HEAD OFF?
HOW ARE YOU GOING TO MANAGE THAT--
--BY ASKING HIM NICELY??
I HOPE I GAVE YOU AN ULCER THE SIZE OF RHODE ISLAND WHILE I WAS INSIDE YOU!
DIDN'T FAZE ME--
I CAN FIX THAT RIGHT QUICK!
OOOF!
WHOOOMP!

CHECK THIS OUT, WOLVERINE--
DONNA CAN BE TERRIBLY CONVINCING WHEN SHE'S GOT A DEATH GRIP ON SOMEBODY'S THROAT!
WHA--?
COUGH THEM UP, DIRT NAP!
GUH! GUH! GUH!
GUH! GUH! GUH!
SHE DID IT! SHE MADE HIM HURL THE KID!
GUH! GUH! GUH!
HERE COMES THE RAT--!
GUH! GUH! GUH!
AND--WHO THE BLAZES IS THAT??
AWW-- GROSS!!
SQUEEEEEEE!
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL, KID.
OKAY! SO NOW THAT YOU GOT EVERYBODY OUT OF ME, WE'RE SQUARE, RIGHT--?
AND NOW THAT YOU SEE WHAT I LOOK LIKE WHEN I DON'T HAVE A GENETIC STRUCTURE INGESTED TO MORPH OFF OF, YOU KNOW WHY I DO WHAT I DO!

WHICH OF THESE CONTROLS MAKES THIS SHIP EXPAND AGAIN?
TRY THAT ONE!
NOPE, THAT DIDN'T DO IT!
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE IN MY PLACE?
I WOULDN'T BREAK THE LAW LIKE YOU'VE BEEN DOING.
I'M SPECIAL AGENT DARYLL SMITH OF NSA AND THE MUTANT TASK FORCE.
BOOGER 2000
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO BUST THIS UGLY GAZOONY WHEN HE GOT THE JUMP ON ME AND HAD ME FOR LUNCH!
YUCK!!
WHERE AM I? I WENT DOWN TO TIMES SQUARE TO STAND ON LINE FOR TICKETS TO CATS, AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS SWIMMING IN AMINO ACIDS!
WE'RE IN A WARP SHUNT.
DAT GASLIGHT FRAIL, CHIMERA, DONE DID DA DOUBLE WHAMMY ON US AND LEFT US HALFWAY TA NOWHERE WID AN EXPIRED TROLLEY TICKET!
WHAT THE HEY ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?


MUTANT TASK FORCE, HUH?
YOU GOT A BEEF WITH ME, BUB?
LOGAN, NO FIRST NAME; CANADIAN NATIONAL. MILITARY RECORDS SEALED UNTIL 2026. ULTRA HUSH. YEAH, I READ YOUR FILE...
...BUT YOU'RE NOT WALTZING AROUND GOBBLING TAX-PAYERS OFF THE STREET LIKE THIS WACKO! EVEN FEDS HAVE PRIORITIES.
HOW COMFORTING TO KNOW!
THEY'RE ALL SO SMUGLY SELF-SATISFIED, THEY'RE NOT PAYING ATTENTION TO ME--!
AND THAT IS THEIR UNDOING!
PONK
PONK
PONK
LEPTON IMPLODERS!
HEAD FOR DA HILLS!
BA-DOOOMPF!!
ARE THOSE THE THINGS THAT COLLAPSED THE WARP CHAMBER DOOR IN ON ITSELF??
DA VERY SAME--!
AND I USED UP MY ONLY QUARK EMULATION DISRUPTOR ON DA LAST ONE!

ANYBODY GOT ANY BRIGHT IDEAS FOR GETTIN' OUTTA THIS PICKLE?
I THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE CLAWED DEEP FURROWS THROUGH CHIMERA'S BRAIN PAN WHILE YOU HAD THE CHANCE!
I SAID IDEAS, NOT RECRIMINATIONS!
CHIMERA MESSED UP! SHE'S GONNA GET SUCKED INTA DA VORTEX WID US!
I DON'T CARE, AS LONG AS YOU ALL MEET THE SAME FATE!
DO SOMETHING, ROCKY!!
I THINK I REMEMBER WHAT CONTROLS TO PUSH!!

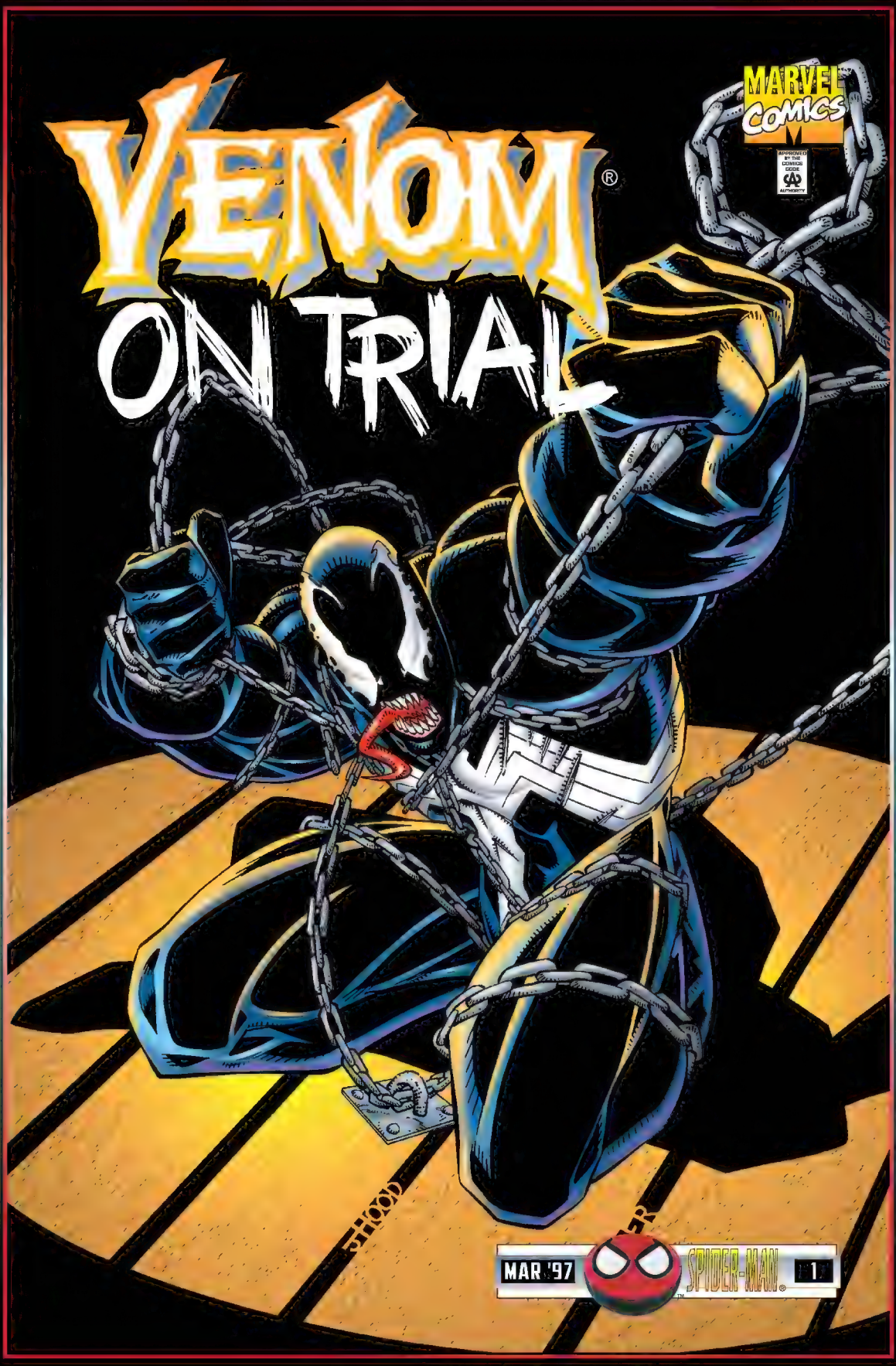

BLIP! BLOOP! BLIP!
THAT WAS THE MAGIC COMBO--!!
AND I THINK I REMEMBER WHICH ONES WERE FOR STEERING!
FOBBITY-
FUMP- FUMP--
YA DID IT!
THAT WORKED BETTER THAN THOSE LITTLE SPONGE DINOSAURS YA LEAVE IN A GLASS OF WATER!
FOOOOOMP!
GET TO THE HATCH, JERRY, AND TELL THE OTHERS TO GET ON BOARD!
ANYBODY WANT A RIDE?
BRING IT OVER AS CLOSE AS YA CAN, KID!
HE SAID--
I HEARD!!

IN YA GO, EMMETT--!
AS SOON AS YA GET BRACED IN THERE, YOU HAUL THE KID IN.
MY NAME IS ALGERNON!
YEAH, WHATEVER.
WE HAD BETTER PICK UP THE PACE HERE--
--BEFORE WE ALL GET SUCKED DOWN INTO THE DRAINAGE SUMP OF THE UNIVERSE!
WE HAVE TO GO BACK FOR MY PRISONER!
NO WAY, BIG GUY...
THIS CRATE IS BLOWIN' GASKETS JUST TRYIN' TO STAY IN PLACE!

I'M SLIIIIIIIIPING!
EEEEEEEEYAAAA!
CLOMP!
LET GO!!
I CAN'T HOLD ON WITH YOUR ADDED WEIGHT!
SHLOOK!
I AIN'T GOIN' IN THERE BY MYSELF!!
YOU CRETIN! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!!
OH, GET OVER IT!
EMMETT! WHAT JUST HAPPENED OUT THERE?
DA VORTEX IMPLODED! DAT GASLIGHT FRAIL MUST O' HAD SOME FIERCE WILD MOLECULES IN HER, HUH?
SHOOOOMP!

THIS IS GREAT! WE'RE SAVED!
DON'T SPEAK TOO SOON, DONNA! WE'RE STILL HOPELESSLY LOST IN THE VAST REACHES OF WHO-KNOWS-WHERE!
VENOM IS RIGHT. WE'RE IN IT DEEP FER SURE. GOT ANY IDEAS, EMMETT?
I JUST USE DA WARP CHAMBERS--AIN'T GOT A CLUE 'BOUT HOW DEY WOIK!
OH, THIS IS JUST GREAT!
DAT'S WHAT YA SAID BEFORE, LADY!
I KNOW HOW TO GET HOME--!
THAT PHAGE CREEP USED THIS SHIP TO TRACK DOWN SYMBIOTES, RIGHT?
WELL, IF WE SET THE AUTOMATIC TRACKER TO LOCK ON A SYMBIOTE WE KNOW IS BACK ON EARTH--
RIGHT! SET IT TO CARNAGE!
NOW, IF WE CAN ONLY FIGURE OUT HOW TO PUNCH IT UP TO WARP TEN!

YOU DID GOOD, KID
AW, IT WAS NUTTIN'!
I'M PUTTIN' YOUSE IN FER DA LANDAU, LUCKMAN & LAKE STOCKHOLDERS APPRECIATION CERTIFICATE!
AND AS FER YOU, YA BIG-TOOTHED SLOBBERIN' PSYCHOPATH--
--WE GOTTA HAVE WORDS!
DO YOU CARE TO CONVERSE BETWEEN BOUTS OF ALL-OUT MAYHEM, OR DO YOU INTEND TO ENGAGE IN WITTY REPARTEE WHILST THE FUR IS FLYING?
HEY! YOU CHILL OUT, THE BOTH OF YOU!
BUTT OUT, KID. THIS IS BETWEEN ME AND VENOM--
I MAY BE A KID, BUT I'M PILOTING THIS VESSEL AND THAT MAKES ME THE CAPTAIN!
SO I'M ORDERING THE TWO OF YOU TO SIT DOWN ON OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE SHIP AND NOT TALK TO EACH OTHER UNTIL WE GET BACK TO EARTH!
WHAT? YOU LITTLE SNOT-NOSED--
SIDDOWN VENOM, YOU HEARD THE CAPTAIN!
AWW--
END


VENOM
ON TRIAL
MARVEL COMICS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MAR '97
SPIDER-MAN
1

"WE HAVE TRAVELED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE AND BATTLED UNSPEAKABLE MENACES.
"TOGETHER, THE ALIEN OTHER AND THE HUMAN WHO WAS ONCE EDDIE BROCK FORM A SYMBIOTE OF UNCANNY POWER AND HERCULEAN STRENGTH.
"WE COULD BE A TITANIC FORCE FOR JUSTICE; IS THAT NOT WHAT WE CRAVE?
I COULD HAVE BEEN ANOTHER JIMMY BRESLIN IF SPIDER-MAN HADN'T RUINEDMY CAREER!
HMMM...OUR OLD HIDEOUT SEEMS TO BE INTACT--
CLICK!
"TO RIGHT THE NEFARIOUS WRONG DONE TO EDDIE BROCK AND OTHERS BY LYING HYPOCRITES LIKE SPIDER-MAN?
"BUT INSTEAD, WE ARE FORCED TO SHUN THE WELL-TROD BYWAYS OF HUMANITY...
"...AND LURK IN THE SHADOWED BOWELS OF THE CITY!
HA! I CAN STILL WRITE GOOD COPY!

LAW & ORDER

EEEEYYYOOOOOOOW!!!

IT IS A WALL OF DEADLY SOUND!!

OUR HIDEOUT HAS BEEN VIOLATED WITH GIANT LOUDSPEAKERS...

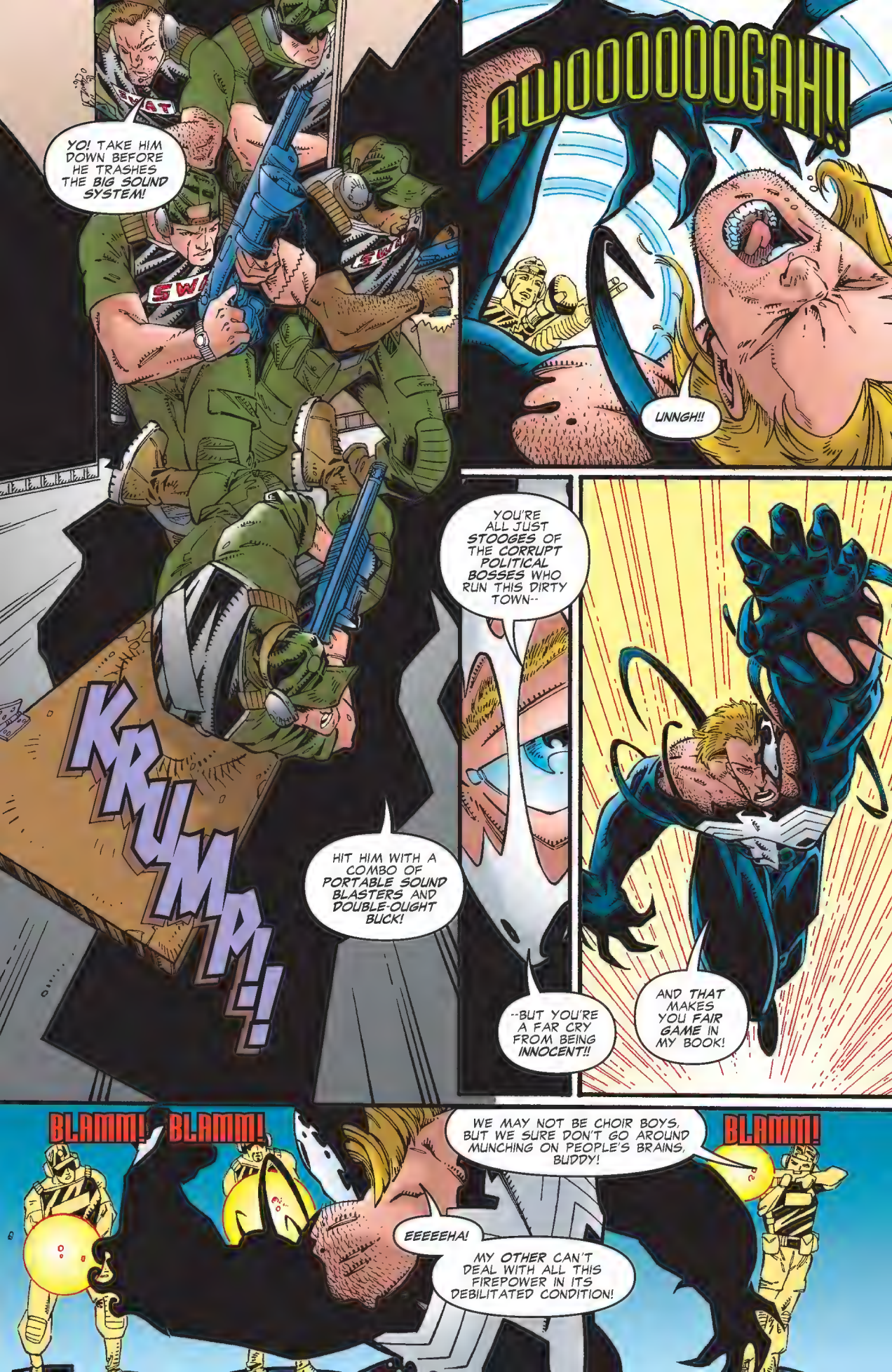
..ALL ROARING AT TOP VOLUME!

WE'VE BEEN AMBUSHED WITH THE ONE THING THAT CAN LAY US LOW--

--INTENSE SOUND!!

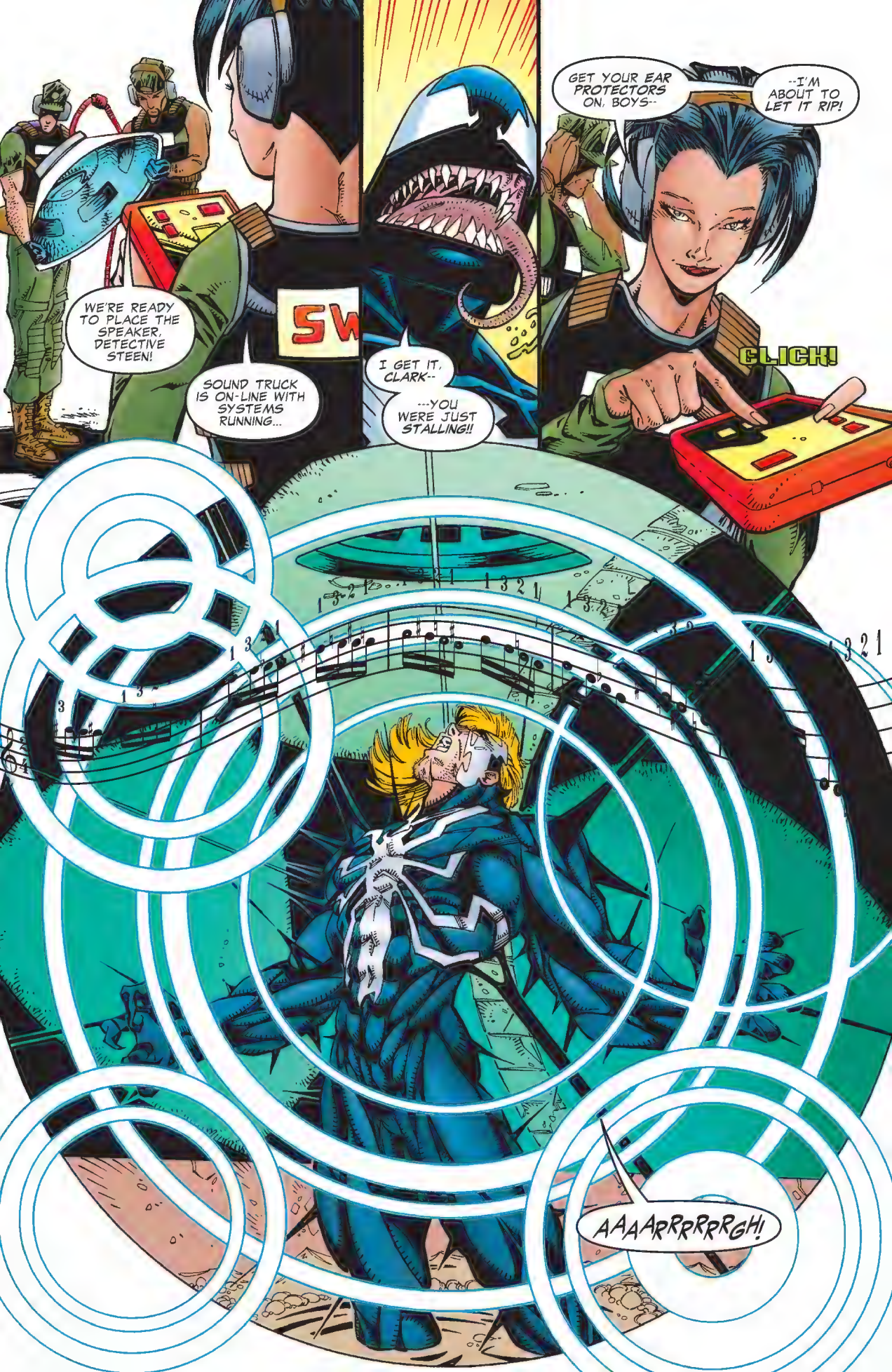
LARRY HAMA
SCRIPT
JOSH HOOD
PENCILS
DEREK FISHER
INKS
KEN LOPEZ
LETTERING
TOM SMITH
COLORING
TOM BREVOORT
EDITOR
BOB HARRAS
EDITOR IN CHIEF

GOTTA--
--HOLD IT TOGETHER--
--AND FIGHT BACK!!
HAVE TO--
--DESTROY THE SPEAKERS--
SCHRRAMM!
SKREEEEEE!
--BEFORE THEY DESTROY US!!


YO! TAKE HIM DOWN BEFORE HE TRASHES THE BIG SOUND SYSTEM!
KRUMP!!
HIT HIM WITH A COMBO OF PORTABLE SOUND BLASTERS AND DOUBLE-OUGHT BUCK!
AWOOOOOOGAH!!
UNNGH!!
YOU'RE ALL JUST STOOGES OF THE CORRUPT POLITICAL BOSSES WHO RUN THIS DIRTY TOWN--
--BUT YOU'RE A FAR CRY FROM BEING INNOCENT!!
AND THAT MAKES YOU FAIR GAME IN MY BOOK!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
WE MAY NOT BE CHOIR BOYS, BUT WE SURE DON'T GO AROUND MUNCHING ON PEOPLE'S BRAINS, BUDDY!
EEEEEHA!
MY OTHER CAN'T DEAL WITH ALL THIS FIREPOWER IN ITS DEBILITATED CONDITION!

BLAMM! BLAMM!
BETTER TO LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!
HE'S MOVING TOO FAST TO HIT!
SWAT
CROWD
YOU GOTTA LEAD HIM-- SHOOT WHERE HE'S GONNA BE!
SPANGG!
TOO LATE! HE'S HEADING FOR THE VENT SYSTEM!
ALERT THE BACK-UP TEAMS IN THE SURROUNDING TUNNELS!
VENOM IS LOOSE! HE'S OUT OF THE HIDEOUT AND ESCAPING THROUGH THE VENT SYSTEM!
THERE HE IS!!
WE HAVE CONTACT!
HE'S HEADING DOWN TUNNEL A-26!
BA-DOOOM!

THIS WAY!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, VENOM!
DETECTIVE CLARK!
WE ARE INCLINED TO ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE AND PERSISTENCE...
THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD.
YOU WILL PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD AND CHANGE INTO EDDIE BROCK...
NEED TIME FOR THE OTHER TO RECOVER!
...OR WE SHALL SEE IF THESE TEFLON-COATED BULLETS WILL DO AS MUCH DAMAGE TO AN ALIEN OTHER AS THEY WILL TO A KEVLAR VEST!
...BUT IN THE END, YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER DIRTY COP LIKE ALL THE REST!
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT MAKING A BREAK FOR IT, VENOM--
--WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED EVERY WHICH WAY SINCE TUESDAY!
EVERY WAY, YOU SAY?
WE HAD BETTER CLEAR OUT OF THESE SEWERS AND TUNNELS BEFORE THOSE COPS IMPLEMENT THEIR BACK-UP PLAN!


WE'RE READY TO PLACE THE SPEAKER, DETECTIVE STEEN!
SOUND TRUCK IS ON-LINE WITH SYSTEMS RUNNING...
I GET IT, CLARK--
...YOU WERE JUST STALLING!!
GET YOUR EAR PROTECTORS ON, BOYS--
--I'M ABOUT TO LET IT RIP!
CLICK!
AAAARRRRRGH!

.....
SORRY I HAD TO DO THAT, BUD...
AT LEAST I DIDN'T HAVE TO THROW DOWN ON YOU WITH THE MAGNUM.
THE SOUND TRUCK IS READY TO ROLL IF YOU HAVE THE PRISONER SECURED!!
SWAT
HE'S ALL CHAINED UP AND READY TO GO!
I WON'T FORGET THIS, CLARK!
I'LL BET YOU WON'T.
THERE ISN'T AN ARMORED TRUCK BUILT THAT CAN HOLD ME!
SWAT
MOVE IT! WE HAVE TO GET HIM IN THE TRUCK BEFORE THAT LAST SOUND BLAST WEARS OFF!
NOT MUCH ARMOR ON THIS TRUCK...

...BUT IT'S GOT ONE WAILIN' STEREO SYSTEM!
SLAMM!
CLACK!
STEREO SYSTEM?
GOOD LORD-- NOOOOOOO!
UUUUUURGH!
WHAT MADE YOU PICK THIS PIECE OF MUSIC, CLARK?
IT WAS EITHER THIS OR THE RAMONES. I FIGURED BOTH HAD A REAL INSISTENT CONSISTENCY AND NO DROP-OFF OF INTENSITY!
HEY!! TURN THAT DOWN!! WHAT ARE YOU CRAZY??
SHEESH! I HAPPEN TO LIKE RIMSKY-KORSAKOV, BUT THIS LOUD, I CAN DO WITHOUT!

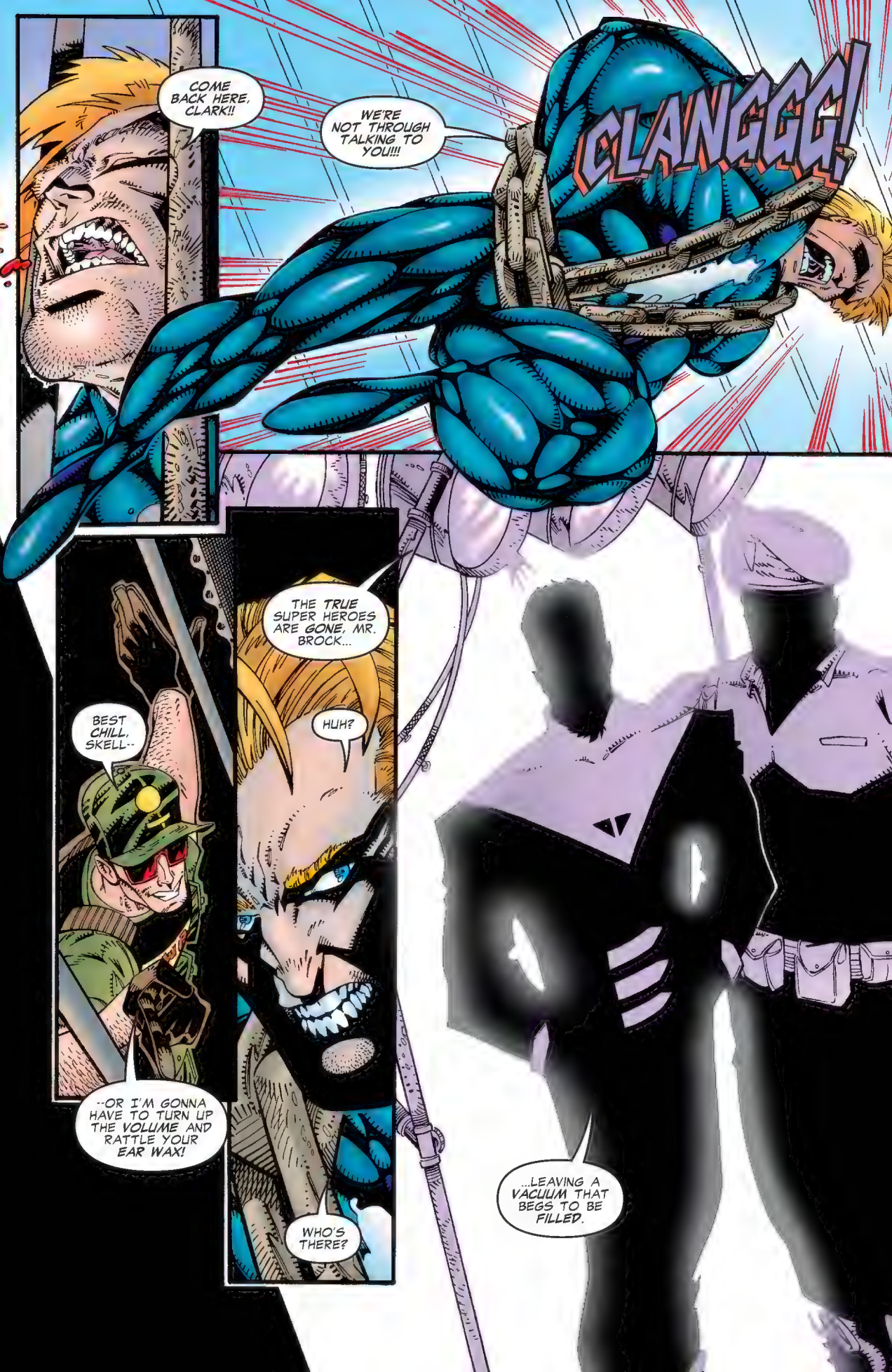
OKAY, STEEN-- CALL AHEAD AND ALERT THE CREW AT THE STADIUM THAT WE'RE ON OUR WAY.
CONTAINMENT CREW, THIS IS DETECTIVE STEEN. WE ARE ON THE TRIBORO BRIDGE AND WE WILL BE PULLING INTO THE STADIUM ON RANDALL'S ISLAND IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES.
RANDALL'S ISLAND IS ALMOST CUSTOM-MADE TO HOLD VENOM!
IT'S ISOLATED FROM MANHATTAN BY THE EAST RIVER, AND IT'S GOT A STADIUM WITH A BIG SOUND SYSTEM!
I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE SINCE I WAS A TEENAGER.
IZZAT SO, STEEN? WHO'DJA SEE? MILLI VANILLI?
IT WAS CAREER DAY AT MY SCHOOL...
WE GOT A SPEECH FROM A CITY COUNCILMAN, THE PRESIDENT OF SOME BANK AND A SLIMY CEO WHO LATER ABSCONDED TO NICARAGUA WITH EMBEZZLED FUNDS.
THAT EXPLAINS A LOT.
TAKE HIM OUT AND LOCK HIM UP!
LET'S GO, BIG FELLA!
DON'T BE FALLING AND SMASHING YOUR FACE, NOW!
WE'VE GOT A NICE COZY LOCK-DOWN JUST WAITING FOR YOUR PAMPERED BUTT!
SWAT
YOU RATE THE DELUXE ACCOMMODATIONS, DIRT-BAG!
TOO BAD WE CAN'T STICK YOU IN WITH THE GENERAL POPULATION ON RIKERS--
--THEY WOULD LOOOOOVE TO DO THE JAILHOUSE STOMP ON YOUR PRETTY MUG!

WELCOME TO THE IMPERIAL SUITE, SUCKER!
IT'S AS PLUSH AS THE HOLE THEY KEPT MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO IN UNTIL THEY TOOK HIM OUT AND SHOT HIM!
WHOMP!
DON'T BOTHER CALLING FOR ROOM SERVICE!
CLANGG!
beep!
boop!
bip!
FEELING BETTER, ARE YOU?
YOU CAN'T KEEP ME DOWN FOR LONG...
NYPD
THAT'S WHAT WE WERE AFRAID OF!

OKAY, DR. YAO--
--YOU'RE UP AT BAT!
I'VE GOT THE SYRINGE PRE-LOADED WITH MPTP*, A TOXIN/DOPAMINE ANTAGONIST THAT PREVENTS THE BRAIN FROM MAKING DOPAMINE.
*1-METHYL-4-PHENYL-1,2,3,6-TETRAHYDROPYRIDINE.--TOM
SINCE SYMBIOTES NEED DOPAMINE FROM HUMANS TO ESTABLISH THEIR NERVE TISSUE COMMUNICATION LINK, USING THIS DRUG WILL DISRUPT THAT COMMUNICATION.
YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT THE ALIEN OTHER WILL STILL BE A PART OF MR. BROCK, BUT WILL NO LONGER BE ABLE TO MANIFEST ITSELF.
THIS WILL KICK IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW, AND YOU WILL HAVE TO REPEAT THE DOSAGE EVERY FOUR HOURS.
HE WILL EXHIBIT SYMPTOMS OF PARKINSON'S DISEASE -- THAT IS TO SAY TREMORS, RIGIDITY, ETC. DON'T BE ALARMED, THAT IS A NORMAL SIDE-EFFECT.
UH, WHY "FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE"?
YOU DON'T LIKE IT? I CAN SWITCH TO THE RAMONES...
DON'T BOTHER ON MY ACCOUNT!
ARRRRRRRGH!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...
CLICK!
THAT'S ENOUGH OF THIS NOISE!
YOU CAN'T TURN IT OFF YET!
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF THE DOPAMINE BLOCKER WORKS!
NYPD
THE MUSIC BLASTING IS CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT.
THE LEGAL EAGLES WILL BE DESCENDING ON THIS CASE LIKE VULTURES, AND WE NEED TO KEEP IT CLEAN.
SOUND CAUSES THE SYMBIOTES GREAT PAIN. AT LEAST THE DOPAMINE BLOCKER DOESN'T *HURT* VENOM.
WE'RE BEING *RAILROADED*, CLARK!
WE EXPECTED THIS FROM *HER*, BUT WE THOUGHT *YOU* WERE BETTER THAN THIS!
THIS IS ALL JUST POWER-MONGERING FROM LAW-ENFORCEMENT NABOBS WHO CAN'T STAND TO SEE THE VERMIN SWEPT OFF THE STREETS, BECAUSE THE NABOBS GET THEIR POCKETS LINED BY THE VERMIN!
YOU AND WE ARE ON THE SAME SIDE, CLARK, AND YOU KNOW IT!
HRMPH!

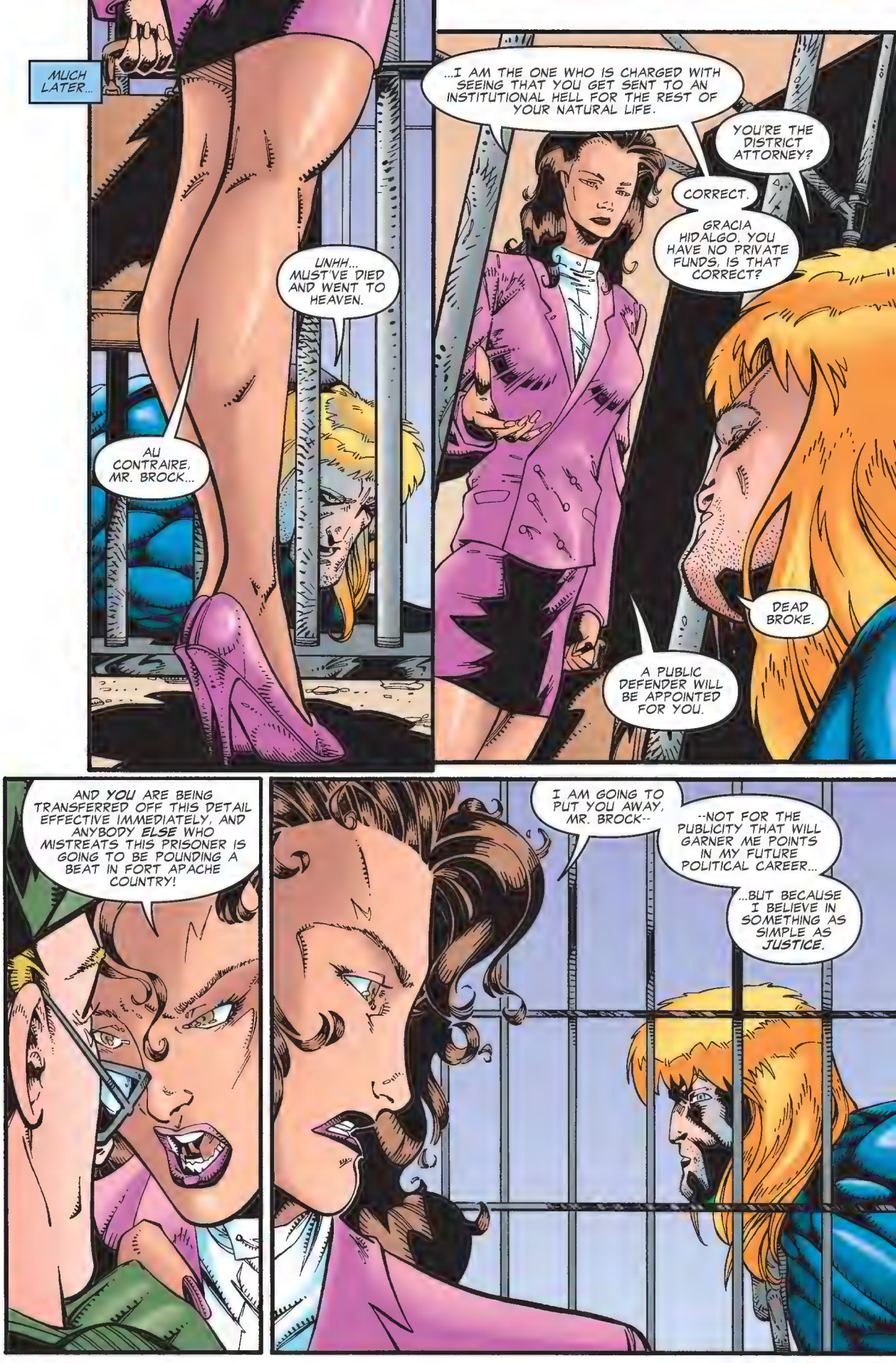
YOU'RE WAY OFF BASE, BROCK!
YOU SEE, I'VE GOT A BADGE, AND ALONG WITH THE AUTHORITY THAT GOES WITH IT--
--I'VE GOT TO ACCEPT THE RESPONSIBILITY IF I SHOULD MISUSE OR OVERSTEP THAT AUTHORITY!
YOU DON'T ANSWER TO ANYTHING OTHER THAN YOUR OWN INFLATED EGO!
THAT MAKES YOU A DANGER TO ALL OF SOCIETY, AND THAT MAKES IT MY JOB TO SEE THAT YOU ARE REMANDED TO AN AUTHORITY THAT WILL DEAL WITH YOU PROPERLY!
THOSE SUPER-POWERED VIGILANTES WHO INFEST THIS CITY, DISPENSING JUSTICE WHILE WRAPPED IN CLOAKS OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS??
WHAT MAKES THEM BETTER THAN US?
WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE OTHER SO-CALLED HEROES??
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, EDDIE? THEY'RE ALL GONE.


COME BACK HERE, CLARK!!
WE'RE NOT THROUGH TALKING TO YOU!!!
CLANGG!
THE TRUE SUPER HEROES ARE GONE, MR. BROCK...
HUH?
BEST CHILL, SKELL--
--OR I'M GONNA HAVE TO TURN UP THE VOLUME AND RATTLE YOUR EAR WAX!
WHO'S THERE?
...LEAVING A VACUUM THAT BEGS TO BE FILLED.

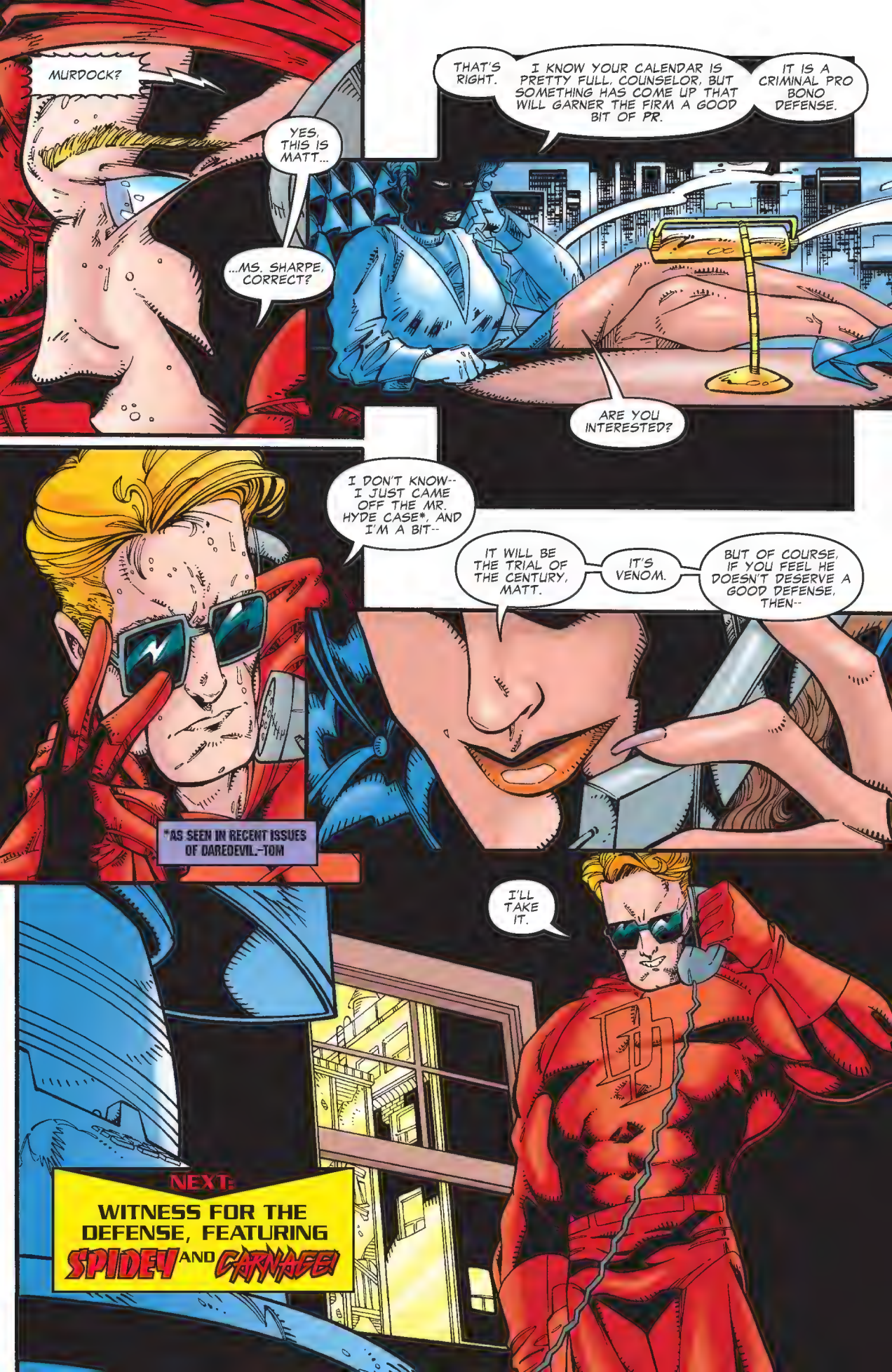
WE COMPRISE A SYMBIOTE.
I SHARE THIS BODY WITH AN ALIEN OTHER. BUT THE PART OF ME THAT IS HUMAN STILL RETAINS MY ORIGINAL UNALTERED DNA.
FILLED BY HUMANS WITH UNPOLLUTED DNA, OF COURSE.
NO. I AM DEFINITELY NOT A MUTANT.
JUST WHO THE BLUE BLAZES ARE YOU?
YOU'VE GOT POLITICAL WEASEL WRIT LARGE ALL OVER YOU--
--AND YOUR BUDDY LOOKS LIKE THE TYPE OF GUY WHO JUMPS OUT OF AIRPLANES WITH KNIVES IN HIS TEETH.
YOU ARE NOT A MUTANT, ARE YOU, MR. BROCK?
WE ARE THE ONES WHO ASK THE QUESTIONS.
WE DON'T ANSWER THEM.
IS HIS NON-MUTANT STATUS VERIFIED, SMITH?
THAT'S AFFIRMATIVE, BASTION.
THIS IS WORTH LOOKING INTO.
SMITH, YOU WILL PUT TOGETHER A NEW FOLDER ON THIS BROCK AND SEND IT THROUGH CHANNELS FOR EVALUATION, YES?
YOU GOT IT, SIR.

HEY--WE KNOW YOU!
YOU LOOK DIFFERENT ALL CLEANED UP--
--BUT YOU'RE THAT GUY DIRT NAP BARFED UP SOMEWHERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE.*
VENOM
YOU'RE SOME SORT OF SECRET AGENT YAHOO--
SHHHH...
* IN VENOM: TOOTH & CLAW #3.-TOM
YOU DON'T WANT TO GIVE AWAY YOUR HOLE CARD, BUDDY!

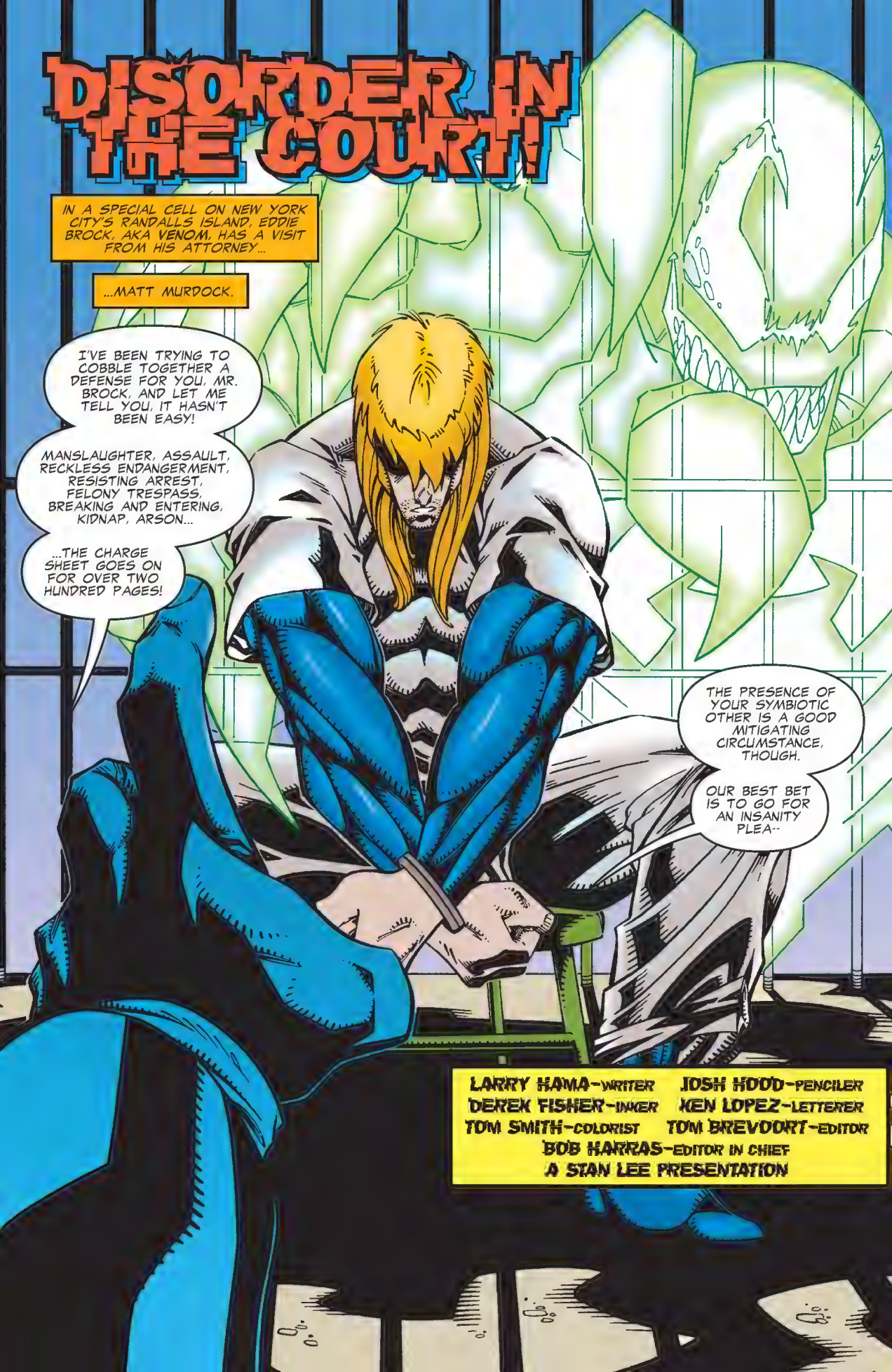
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE??
WHY IS EVERYBODY PLAYING MIND GAMES WITH US??
ARRRRRGH! WE'LL FIX ALL OF YOU WHEN WE GET OUT OF HERE!!!!!
CLANGG!
I WARNED YOU, DIRT BAG!
SWAT
YEEEHA! IT AIN'T BLACK SABBATH, BUT IT'S GOOD AND LOUD!
UURRGH!


MUCH LATER...
UNHH... MUST'VE DIED AND WENT TO HEAVEN.
AU CONTRAIRE, MR. BROCK...
...I AM THE ONE WHO IS CHARGED WITH SEEING THAT YOU GET SENT TO AN INSTITUTIONAL HELL FOR THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE.
YOU'RE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY?
CORRECT.
GRACIA HIDALGO. YOU HAVE NO PRIVATE FUNDS, IS THAT CORRECT?
DEAD BROKE.
A PUBLIC DEFENDER WILL BE APPOINTED FOR YOU.
AND YOU ARE BEING TRANSFERRED OFF THIS DETAIL EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY, AND ANYBODY ELSE WHO MISTREATS THIS PRISONER IS GOING TO BE POUNDING A BEAT IN FORT APACHE COUNTRY!
I AM GOING TO PUT YOU AWAY, MR. BROCK--
--NOT FOR THE PUBLICITY THAT WILL GARNER ME POINTS IN MY FUTURE POLITICAL CAREER...
...BUT BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN SOMETHING AS SIMPLE AS JUSTICE.

LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...
...THE CRIMSON SWASHBUCKLER KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL BRINGS ANOTHER ROUTINE PATROL TO A CLOSE.
BRRRRRRING!


MURDOCK?
YES, THIS IS MATT...
...MS. SHARPE, CORRECT?
THAT'S RIGHT.
I KNOW YOUR CALENDAR IS PRETTY FULL, COUNSELOR, BUT SOMETHING HAS COME UP THAT WILL GARNER THE FIRM A GOOD BIT OF PR.
IT IS A CRIMINAL PRO BONO DEFENSE.
ARE YOU INTERESTED?
I DON'T KNOW-- I JUST CAME OFF THE MR. HYDE CASE*, AND I'M A BIT--
IT WILL BE THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY, MATT.
IT'S VENOM.
BUT OF COURSE, IF YOU FEEL HE DOESN'T DESERVE A GOOD DEFENSE, THEN--
*AS SEEN IN RECENT ISSUES OF DAREDEVIL.-TOM
I'LL TAKE IT.
NEXT:
WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE, FEATURING
SPIDEY AND CARNAGE!

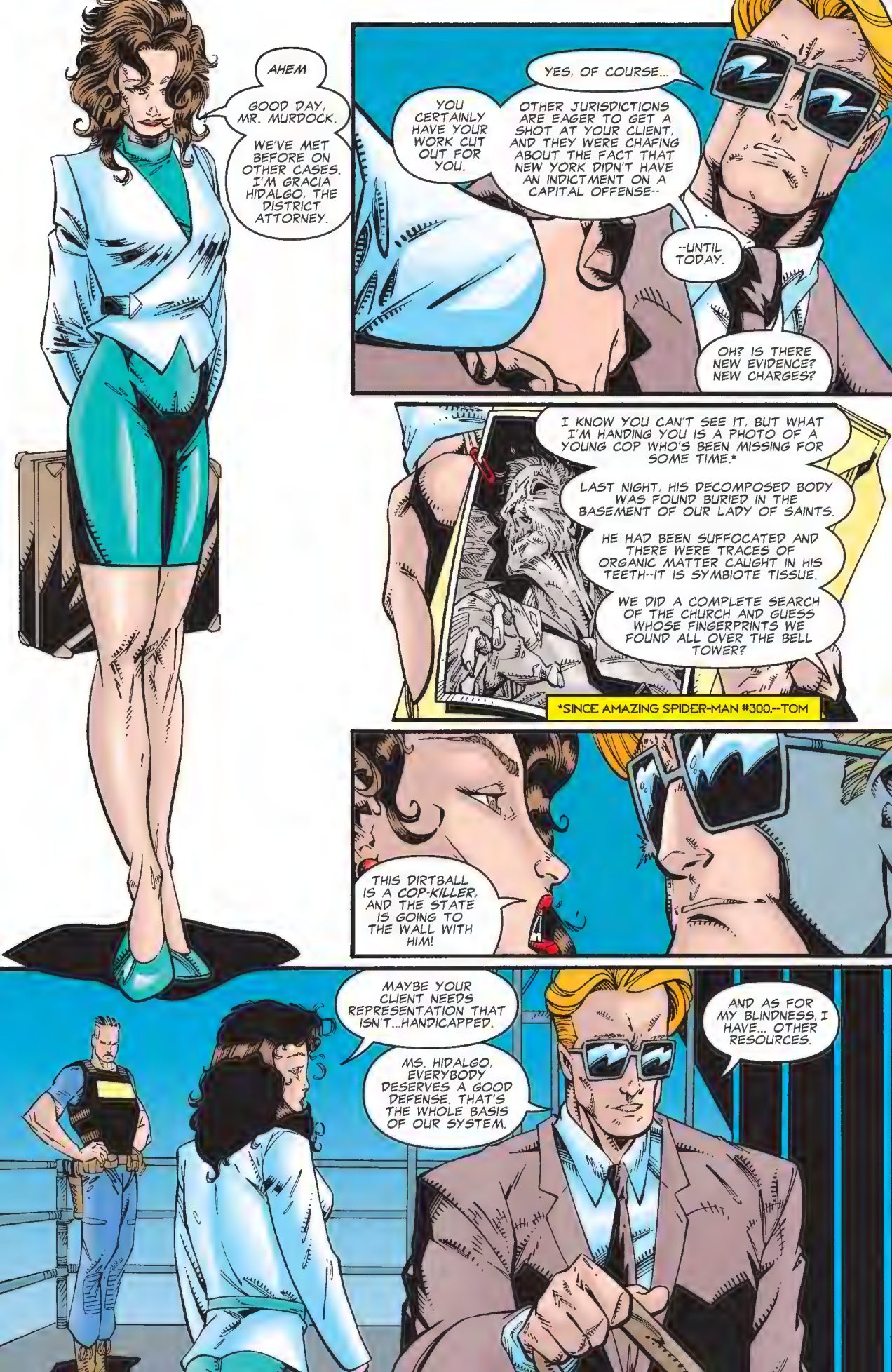
MARVEL COMICS
SPIDER-MAN
APR. '97
2
VENOM
ON TRIAL
IT'S DAREDEVIL
FOR THE DEFENSE...
J. Hood
FISHER
SPIDER-MAN
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION


DISORDER IN THE COURT!
IN A SPECIAL CELL ON NEW YORK CITY'S RANDALLS ISLAND, EDDIE BROCK, AKA VENOM, HAS A VISIT FROM HIS ATTORNEY...
...MATT MURDOCK.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO COBBLE TOGETHER A DEFENSE FOR YOU, MR. BROCK, AND LET ME TELL YOU, IT HASN'T BEEN EASY!
MANSLAUGHTER, ASSAULT, RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT, RESISTING ARREST, FELONY TRESPASS, BREAKING AND ENTERING, KIDNAP, ARSON...
...THE CHARGE SHEET GOES ON FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED PAGES!
THE PRESENCE OF YOUR SYMBIOTIC OTHER IS A GOOD MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCE, THOUGH.
OUR BEST BET IS TO GO FOR AN INSANITY PLEA--
LARRY HAMA-WRITER
JOSH HOOD-PENCILER
DEREK FISHER-INKER
KEN LOPEZ-LETTERER
TOM SMITH-COLORIST
TOM BREVOORT-EDITOR
BOB HARRAS-EDITOR IN CHIEF
A STAN LEE PRESENTATION

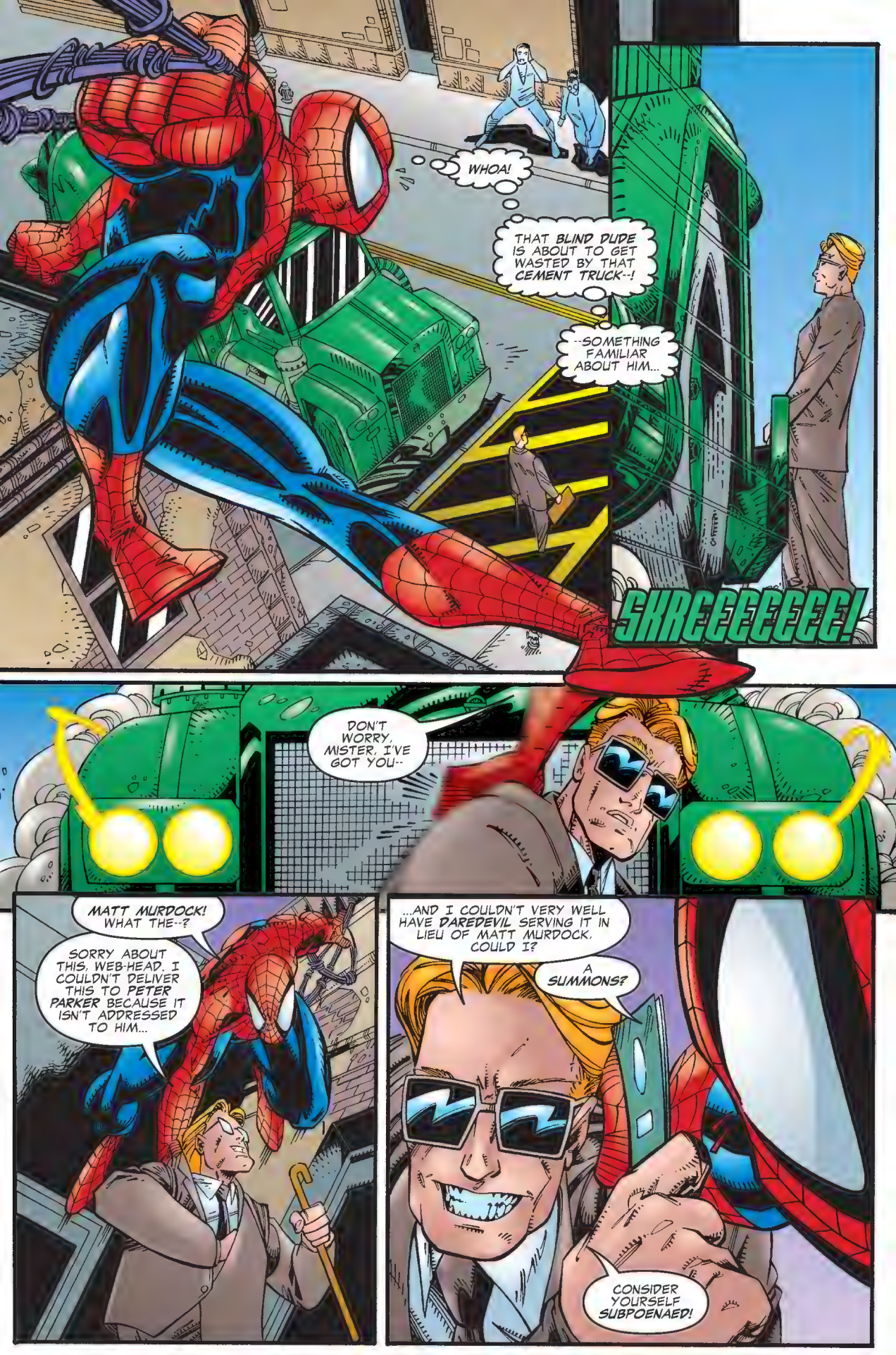
NO WAY ARE WE PLEADING INSANITY!!
THAT IS TOTALLY UNACCEPTABLE!
YOU HAD BEST SIT DOWN AND CHILL OUT, BROCK--
--OR I'M GONNA TOAST YOUR EARDRUMS WITH A FEW HUNDRED MEGA-- DECIBELS OF RAW VOLUME!
YOUR SYMBIOTE'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T IT?
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, OFFICER!
LOOK, HOW ABOUT REDUCED CAPACITY?
YOU HAVE AN ALIEN LIVING INSIDE YOU, FOR HEAVENS SAKE!!
NO.
THE ALIEN IS NOT JUST RESIDING INSIDE ME.
THE ALIEN IS NOW A PART OF ME.
WE ARE US.

THE LAW DOESN'T TAKE THAT INTO CONSIDERATION.
MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER PATIENTS AREN'T CONSIDERED ALL THE DIFFERENT PEOPLE THAT COMPRISE THEIR VARIED PERSONAE.
THE LAW SEES THEM AS ONE INDIVIDUAL. THE SAME WITH YOU.
ON THE OTHER HAND, WE HAVE A CLEAR PATH HERE FOR REDUCED CAPACITY AND LIMITED LIABILITY.
I DON'T KNOW...
WHAT KIND OF CASE DOES THE PROSECUTION HAVE?
THE PROSECUTION'S LIST OF WITNESSES IS QUITE AMAZING.
THEY HAVE VARIOUS POLICE OFFICIALS, YOUR EX-WIFE, AND A NUMBER OF INMATES FROM RAVENCROFT SANITARIUM--
--INCLUDING CARNAGE!
CARNAGE?
HA!
WHY DIDN'T THEY GET SPIDER-MAN??
MANLY BECAUSE THEY HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SUBPOENA HIM.
THAT WILL BE MOOT ANYWAY, SINCE I PLAN TO SUBPOENA HIM AS OUR WITNESS.
WHA??????

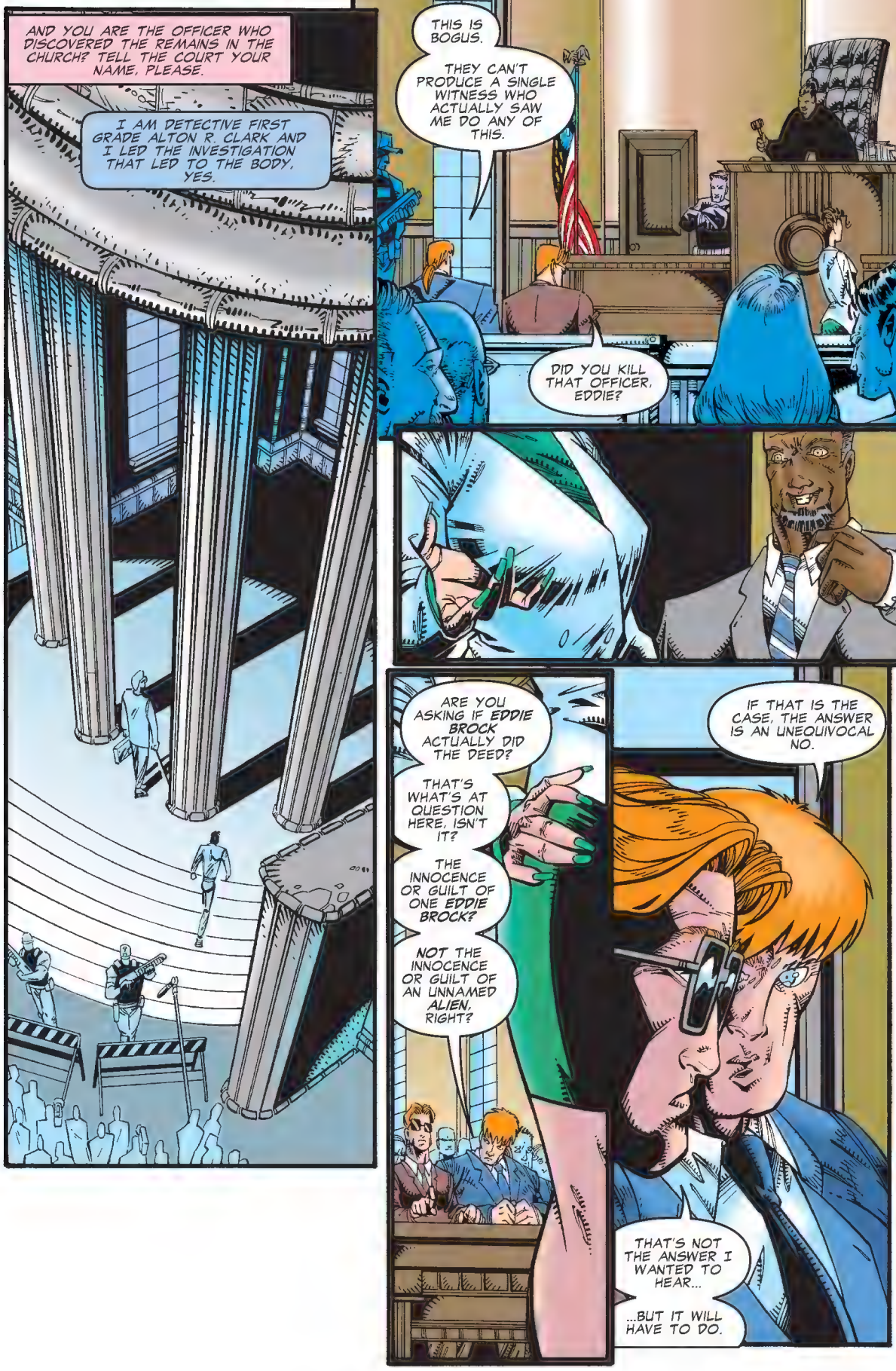
NOW, IS THERE ANYBODY WE CAN CALL AS A POSITIVE CHARACTER WITNESS?
SOMEBODY WITH AT LEAST A *LITTLE* BIT OF CREDIBILITY?
I WAS JUST IN ANOTHER DIMENSION WITH *WOLVERINE*, AND I HELPED HIM SAVE A *FEDERAL AGENT*.*
* IN VENOM: TOOTH AND CLAW.—TOM
I KNOW OF WOLVERINE, BUT THE PUBLIC SENTIMENT TOWARDS MUTANTS AT THIS POINT IS HIGHLY NEGATIVE. PARTICULARLY THOSE INVOLVED IN THE ONSLAUGHT AFFAIR.
WHAT ABOUT THIS FEDERAL AGENT?
HE'S WITH SOME TOP-SECRET BLACK-BAG AGENCY.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF IT.
HE SAID HIS NAME WAS *SMITH*.
SMITH, HUH? AREN'T GIVING ME A LOT TO WORK WITH, ARE YOU?
IT'S ALL I'VE GOT.
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO...


AHEM
GOOD DAY, MR. MURDOCK.
WE'VE MET BEFORE ON OTHER CASES. I'M GRACIA HIDALGO, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
YES, OF COURSE...
YOU CERTAINLY HAVE YOUR WORK CUT OUT FOR YOU.
OTHER JURISDICTIONS ARE EAGER TO GET A SHOT AT YOUR CLIENT, AND THEY WERE CHAFING ABOUT THE FACT THAT NEW YORK DIDN'T HAVE AN INDICTMENT ON A CAPITAL OFFENSE--
--UNTIL TODAY.
OH? IS THERE NEW EVIDENCE? NEW CHARGES?
I KNOW YOU CAN'T SEE IT, BUT WHAT I'M HANDING YOU IS A PHOTO OF A YOUNG COP WHO'S BEEN MISSING FOR SOME TIME.*
LAST NIGHT, HIS DECOMPOSED BODY WAS FOUND BURIED IN THE BASEMENT OF OUR LADY OF SAINTS.
HE HAD BEEN SUFFOCATED AND THERE WERE TRACES OF ORGANIC MATTER CAUGHT IN HIS TEETH--IT IS SYMBIOTE TISSUE.
WE DID A COMPLETE SEARCH OF THE CHURCH AND GUESS WHOSE FINGERPRINTS WE FOUND ALL OVER THE BELL TOWER?
*SINCE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #300.--TOM
THIS DIRTBALL IS A COP-KILLER, AND THE STATE IS GOING TO THE WALL WITH HIM!
MAYBE YOUR CLIENT NEEDS REPRESENTATION THAT ISN'T...HANDICAPPED.
MS. HIDALGO, EVERYBODY DESERVES A GOOD DEFENSE. THAT'S THE WHOLE BASIS OF OUR SYSTEM.
AND AS FOR MY BLINDNESS, I HAVE... OTHER RESOURCES.

THAT NIGHT...
IF D.A. HIDALGO KNEW THAT MY "OTHER RESOURCES" INCLUDED MY ALTER-EGO AS DAREDEVIL...
...SHE WOULD SLAP AN INJUNCTION ON ME!
IF I SWING AROUND THE CITY, MY RADAR SENSE SHOULD PICK UP THE FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD WEB-SLINGER--
AH! GOT HIM!
IF HE CONTINUES ON HIS PRESENT COURSE, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO INTERCEPT HIM AT THE NEXT AVENUE.
A CEMENT TRUCK...
...HOW CONVENIENT!


WHOA!
THAT BLIND DUDE IS ABOUT TO GET WASTED BY THAT CEMENT TRUCK--!
--SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HIM...
SKREEEEEEE!
DON'T WORRY, MISTER, I'VE GOT YOU--
MATT MURDOCK! WHAT THE--?
SORRY ABOUT THIS, WEB-HEAD. I COULDN'T DELIVER THIS TO PETER PARKER BECAUSE IT ISN'T ADDRESSED TO HIM...
...AND I COULDN'T VERY WELL HAVE DAREDEVIL SERVING IT IN LIEU OF MATT MURDOCK, COULD I?
A SUMMONS?
CONSIDER YOURSELF SUBPOENAED!

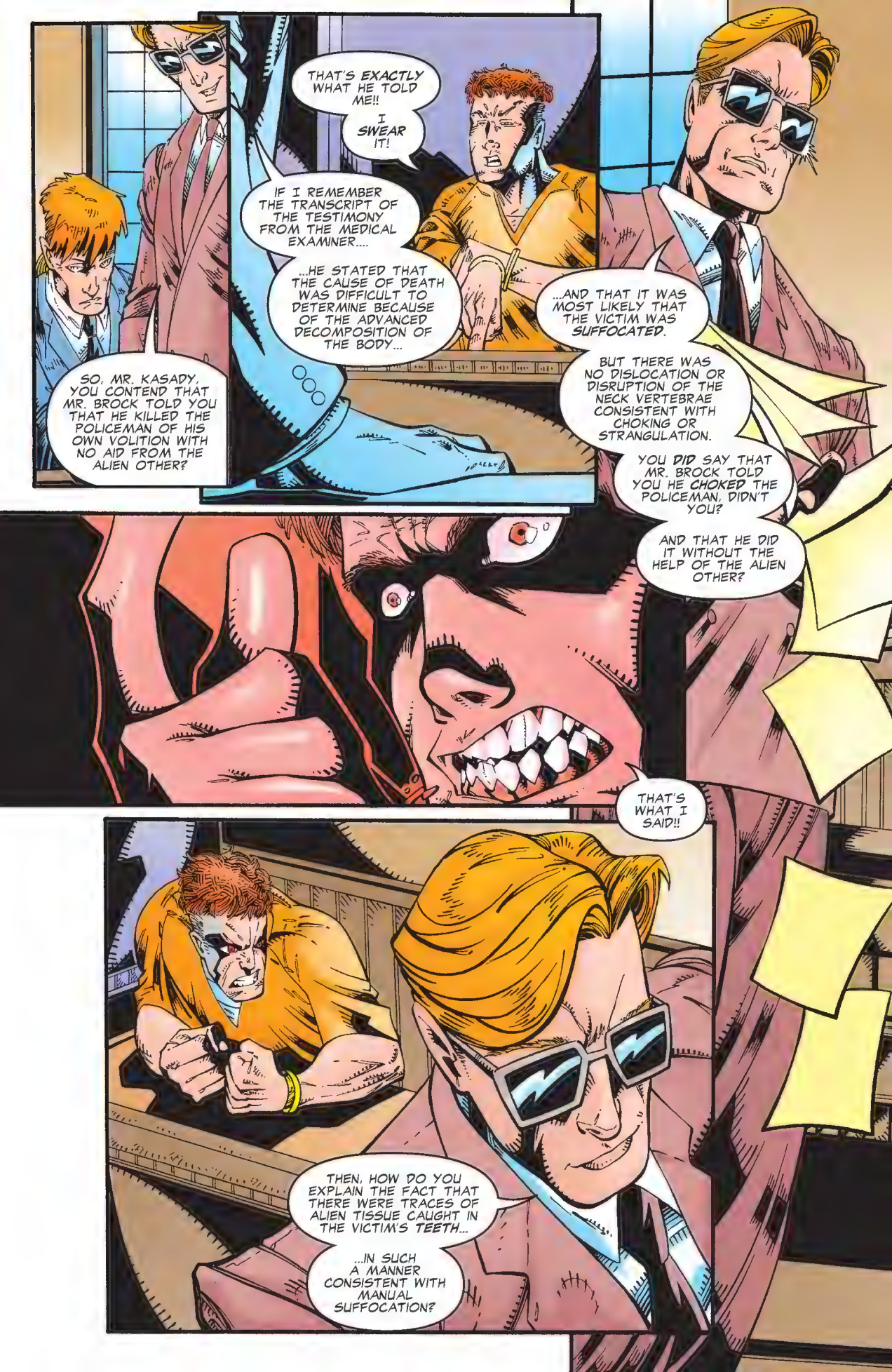
WEEKS LATER, AT THE COURTHOUSE...
MR. MURDOCK! IS IT TRUE THAT SPIDER-MAN IS GOING TO BE YOUR STAR WITNESS??
DIDN'T VENOM TRY TO KILL HIM ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS??
HOW IS THIS GOING TO HELP YOUR CLIENT?
I CAN'T COMMENT ON THAT, MS. TILBY.
WHAT ABOUT THE WHOLE PARADE OF WITNESSES THAT THE PROSECUTION HAS LINED UP??
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ASK GRACIA HIDALGO ABOUT THAT--
HEY! HERE SHE COMES, NOW!
YES, I AM GOING TO PROVE BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT EDDIE BROCK, AKA VENOM--
--DID WILLFULLY MURDER THAT YOUNG POLICEMAN, AND THAT HE WAS IN FULL COMMAND OF ALL HIS FACULTIES WHEN HE DID IT.
ABSOLUTELY.
THE STATE IS ALSO SEEKING THE DEATH PENALTY!


AND YOU ARE THE OFFICER WHO DISCOVERED THE REMAINS IN THE CHURCH? TELL THE COURT YOUR NAME, PLEASE.
I AM DETECTIVE FIRST GRADE ALTON R. CLARK AND I LED THE INVESTIGATION THAT LED TO THE BODY, YES.
THIS IS BOGUS.
THEY CAN'T PRODUCE A SINGLE WITNESS WHO ACTUALLY SAW ME DO ANY OF THIS.
DID YOU KILL THAT OFFICER, EDDIE?
ARE YOU ASKING IF EDDIE BROCK ACTUALLY DID THE DEED?
THAT'S WHAT'S AT QUESTION HERE, ISN'T IT?
THE INNOCENCE OR GUILT OF ONE EDDIE BROCK?
NOT THE INNOCENCE OR GUILT OF AN UNNAMED ALIEN, RIGHT?
IF THAT IS THE CASE, THE ANSWER IS AN UNEQUIVOCAL NO.
THAT'S NOT THE ANSWER I WANTED TO HEAR...
...BUT IT WILL HAVE TO DO.

ARE YOU THROUGH WITH THIS WITNESS, MS. HIDALGO?
YES I AM, JUDGE BECKWORTH.
YOU MAY STEP DOWN, DETECTIVE CLARK.
DOES THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAVE THE NEXT WITNESS READY?
I CERTAINLY DO, YOUR HONOR. THE STATE WOULD LIKE TO CALL...
...CLETUS KASADY, AKA CARNAGE!
LOOK AT THIS. A WHOLE COURTROOM FULL OF SIMPS, JUST WAITING TO BE KILLED!!
AND HERE'S MY PAL, EDDIE! HE'S REALLY MY DAD**, YA KNOW!
THEY GOT YOU JUICED UP WITH THE SAME SYMBIOTE SUPPRESSANT, HUH?
TOO BAD THE STATE IS GONNA GET TA WASTE YA AND I WON'T HAVE THE PLEASURE!
YOU'RE NOT KILLING ANYTHING, DIRTBAG--
--NOT AS LONG AS THE DOPAMINE BLOCKER* THAT DR. YAO SHOT YOU UP WITH KEEPS YOUR OTHER IN CHECK!
**CARNAGE'S OTHER WAS SPAWNED BY VENOM'S IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #344,—TOM
WHY YOU PSYCHOTIC--
EASY!
* MPTP, IT PREVENTS THE BRAIN FROM MAKING DOPAMINE WHICH IS ESSENTIAL FOR THE SYMBIOTIC CONNECTION!—TOM

...AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?
I DO.
MR. KASADY, DID YOU SHARE A CELL WITH THE DEFENDANT IN RIKERS ISLAND?
AH, YESSS, I REMEMBER IT WELL!
HE WAS SO AGGRAVATING!!
CONSTANTLY DOING THOSE CHIN-UPS AND SIT-UPS AND PUSH-UPS!!
AND ALL THE WHILE RANTING AND RAVING--
IT WAS ENOUGH TO DRIVE A MAN INSANE!!
IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO HEAR MY WONDERFULLY INTELLECTUAL CLASSICAL MUSIC TAPES--
BEETHOVEN, MOZART--AND MANTOVANI--BECAUSE OF BROCKO'S LOONY LIP!
AS A SERIAL KILLER, YOU ARE SOME CHUMP, KASADY!
YOU GOT CONVICTED ON ELEVEN COUNTS.
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN BEGGING TO GET CAUGHT!
I PUT DOWN MORE THAN TWICE AS MANY, AND THEY'RE NEVER GOING TO MAKE ANYTHING STICK TO ME!
OH, YEAH? I BET YOU NEVER WHACKED NOBODY IN YOUR LIFE!!

I DID A COP.
IN THE CHURCH WHERE I USED TO HIDE OUT.
HE CAME IN TO ROUST ME FOR PILFERING POOR BOXES AND I DID HIM RIGHT THERE BETWEEN THE PEWS!
CHOKED HIM UNTIL HE TURNED BLUE AND RATTLED!
I COULD HAVE LET HIM SLIDE, BUT I WANTED TO WATCH HIM DIE!
AND I DIDN'T HAVE ANY HELP FROM MY ALIEN OTHER, EITHER!
IT WAS ALL JUST ME!!
I DID IT, AND I HAD A GOOD TIME DOING IT!
THAT'S A LIE!!!
HE'S FABRICATING THIS WHOLE STORY!
I NEVER TOLD HIM ANY SUCH THING!!!
DON'T WORRY.
IF THIS IS A FABRICATION, I WILL CATCH HIM IN CROSS.
HE DID TOO SAY THAT! I SWEAR!!
HE'S A VICIOUS NASTY KILLER AND YOU SHOULD JUST TAKE HIM OUT BACK AND SHOOT HIM!
YOU WILL CONFINE YOUR VERBALIZATIONS TO ANSWERING DIRECT QUESTIONS, AND BEAR IN MIND THAT THERE ARE MANY HERE WHO WOULD JUST AS SOON TAKE YOU OUT IN BACK AND SHOOT YOU.
ANY FURTHER QUESTIONS?
NO, YOUR HONOR. THE WITNESS IS ALL YOURS, MR. MURDOCK.


SO, MR. KASADY, YOU CONTEND THAT MR. BROCK TOLD YOU THAT HE KILLED THE POLICEMAN OF HIS OWN VOLITION WITH NO AID FROM THE ALIEN OTHER?
IF I REMEMBER THE TRANSCRIPT OF THE TESTIMONY FROM THE MEDICAL EXAMINER....
...HE STATED THAT THE CAUSE OF DEATH WAS DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE BECAUSE OF THE ADVANCED DECOMPOSITION OF THE BODY...
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HE TOLD ME!!
I SWEAR IT!
...AND THAT IT WAS MOST LIKELY THAT THE VICTIM WAS SUFFOCATED.
BUT THERE WAS NO DISLOCATION OR DISRUPTION OF THE NECK VERTEBRAE CONSISTENT WITH CHOKING OR STRANGULATION.
YOU DID SAY THAT MR. BROCK TOLD YOU HE CHOKED THE POLICEMAN, DIDN'T YOU?
AND THAT HE DID IT WITHOUT THE HELP OF THE ALIEN OTHER?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID!!
THEN, HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT THERE WERE TRACES OF ALIEN TISSUE CAUGHT IN THE VICTIM'S TEETH...
...IN SUCH A MANNER CONSISTENT WITH MANUAL SUFFOCATION?

OUTSIDE...
I KNOW I'M A BIT EARLY FOR MY BIT...
...BUT I THOUGHT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO GO INSIDE AND MONITOR THE PROCEEDINGS!
THE DEFENSE WON'T GET ITS TURN UP AT BAT FOR WEEKS! BESIDES, IT'S A ZOO IN THERE!
YOU KNOW WHO THEY GOT TESTIFYING RIGHT THIS MINUTE?
THAT PSYCHO, CARNAGE!!
YOU HAVE TO LET ME IN!!
I HAVE IMPORTANT INFORMATION!!
YEAH, SURE. AND MY MOM'S MADONNA!
NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I'M DR. YAO-- I DEVELOPED THE DOPAMINE BLOCKER TREATMENT THAT KEEPS BOTH VENOM AND CARNAGE IN CHECK!
I HAVE BEEN RUNNING CONTROL TESTS ON SYMBIOTE TISSUE THAT WE HAD IN THE MORGUE--*
* LEFT OVER FROM THE INVASION OF THE SYMBIOTES IN THE 1995 SPIDER-MAN ANNUALS.— TOM

--AND I HAVE FOUND THAT ADRENALINE INCITES THE SYMBIOTE TISSUE TO EXCRETE A COUNTER TO THE BLOCKER, AND NEGATES THE DAMPING EFFECT!!
HUH? WHUZZAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
IT MEANS THAT IF THEY GET EXCITED, YOUR PRISONERS WILL BE ABLE TO CONNECT WITH THEIR ALIEN OTHERS--
--AND MANIFEST THEMSELVES AS CARNAGE AND VENOM!!!
I GOTTA CHECK WITH MY SUPERIORS!
I CAN'T LET YOU THROUGH ON JUST YOUR SAY-SO!!
IS THIS ON THE LEVEL?
BOTH OF THEM COULD MORPH INTO HECKLE AND JECKYL RIGHT IN THE COURTROOM??

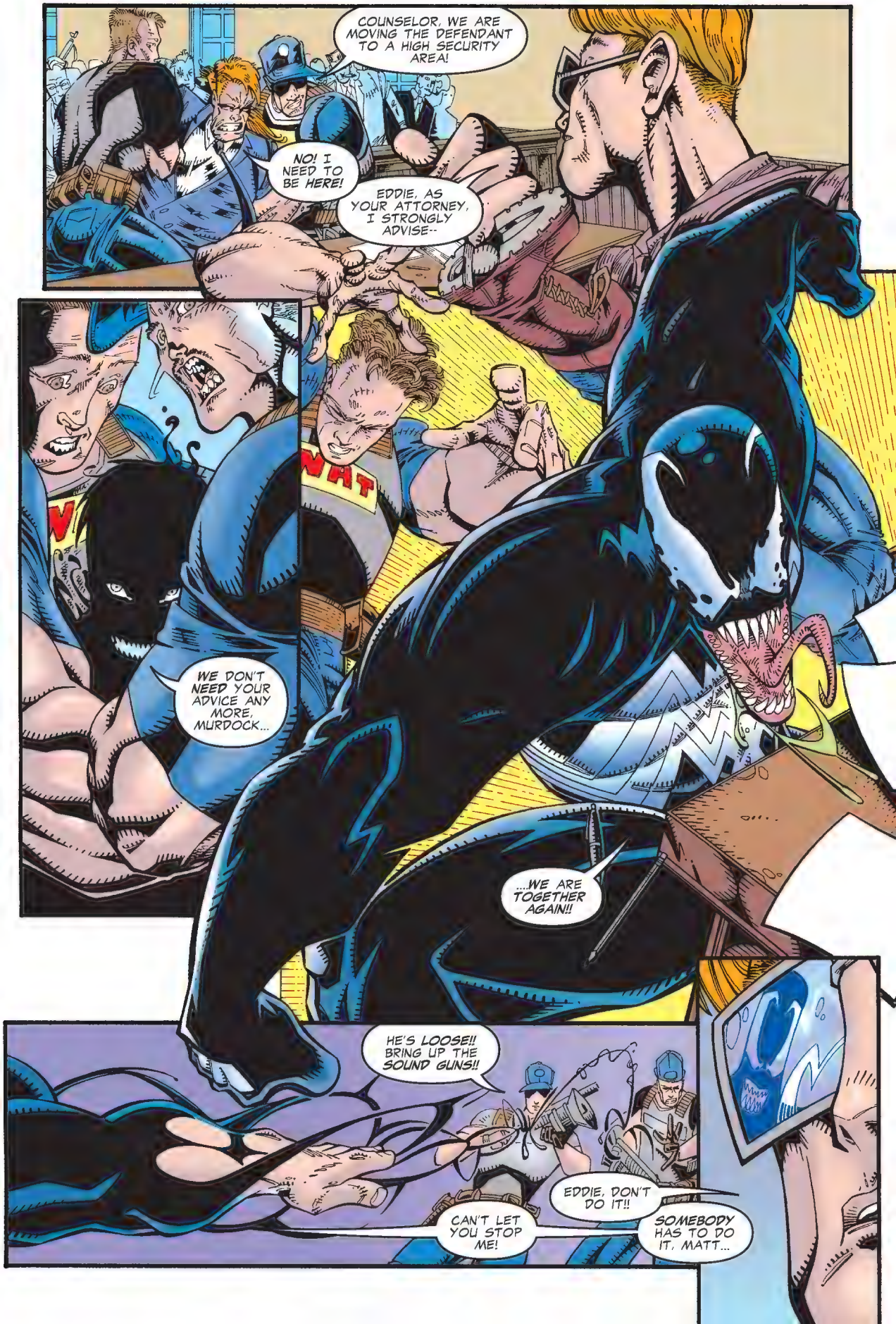
THEN GETTING YOU INSIDE IS TOP PRIORITY!
UH, RIGHT--
--BUT NOT OF A PRIORITY THAT WOULD COMPROMISE MY PERSONAL SAFETY!
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, SPIDER-MAN!
MY ORDERS ARE TO STOP ANY UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS FROM ENTERING!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, SON!
THAT DOCTOR HE'S HOISTING IS WITH THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE!
INTERNAL SECURITY? THIS IS SERGEANT ARHOOLIE AT THE FRONT DOOR--YOU'RE GONNA HAVE SPIDER-MAN COME THROUGH WITH A STIFF-CUTTTER FROM THE M.E.'S OFFICE!
WHAT--?

--YOU CAN'T LET ANYONE THROUGH!
ALL HECK IS BREAKING LOOSE IN HERE!
BAILIFFS, RESTRAIN THE WITNESS! I WILL NOT TOLERATE ANY FURTHER OUTBURST IN MY COURT!
MURDOCK, YOU TRICKED ME!! YOU, YOU--
--LAWYER!!
ORDER!
YOU'RE A LIAR, KASADY!!!
WE NEVER SAID THOSE THINGS!!
YOU CAN'T ACCEPT THE TESTIMONY OF A PSYCHOTIC SERIAL KILLER!!
ORDER!
CALL IN THE SWAT TEAM!
SWAT TEAM ON DECK, YOUR HONOR!

THERE'S A WHOLE ARMY TRYING TO GET INSIDE!
WE'LL NEVER GET IN THERE!
NEVER SAY NEVER, DOC--
SWAT
--NOT WHILE I'VE GOT A FULL LOAD OF WEB-FLUID!
I CAN BYPASS THE THRONG, AND GET INSIDE BY CRAWLING ACROSS THE CEILING!
PERHAPS ENTERING THE COURTROOM AT THIS TIME IS NOT A GOOD IDEA, SPIDER-MAN...
...IN LIGHT OF THE MASS PANIC THAT IS BREAKING OUT AMONG THE SPECTATORS!
DON'T TELL ME IT'S HAPPENING!!
EXITS

OH, IT'S HAPPENING, ALL RIGHT!
YOU JUST CAN'T HOLD LITTLE CLETUS KASADY BACK FROM WANTIN' TO BOND WITH THE ALIEN IN HIS BLOOD--
--SO WE CAN EAT ALL YOUR BRAINS!!
BUT FIRST, I'M GONNA CHOMP DOWN ON THE HEAD OF DADDY DEAREST!

WE'VE GOT ALL THESE FLAME-THROWERS AND HEAVY HARDWARE--
--BUT NO WAY CAN WE OPEN FIRE IN THIS CROWD!!
EXCUSE ME, DOC--
HEY, DON'T MIND ME!
YOU SHOULD CUT OUT THE GROSS SLOBBERING, CHUM, YOU'LL MAKE A BAD IMPRESSION--
--IN THE WALL!
HOO-HA!!
THAT'S SO FUNNY, I FORGOT TO DIE!
LOOKS LIKE I GET A SPIDER-MAN APPETIZER BEFORE I CHOW DOWN ON THE VENOM MAIN COURSE!
YEESH! I FORGOT HOW FAST THIS WACKO IS!
GOTTA USE MY WITS!
MS. HIDALGO, CONTROL YOUR WITNESS!
WITH WHAT?


COUNSELOR, WE ARE MOVING THE DEFENDANT TO A HIGH SECURITY AREA!
NO! I NEED TO BE HERE!
EDDIE, AS YOUR ATTORNEY, I STRONGLY ADVISE--
WE DON'T NEED YOUR ADVICE ANY MORE, MURDOCK...
...WE ARE TOGETHER AGAIN!!
HE'S LOOSE!! BRING UP THE SOUND GUNS!!
EDDIE, DON'T DO IT!!
CAN'T LET YOU STOP ME!
SOMEBODY HAS TO DO IT, MATT...

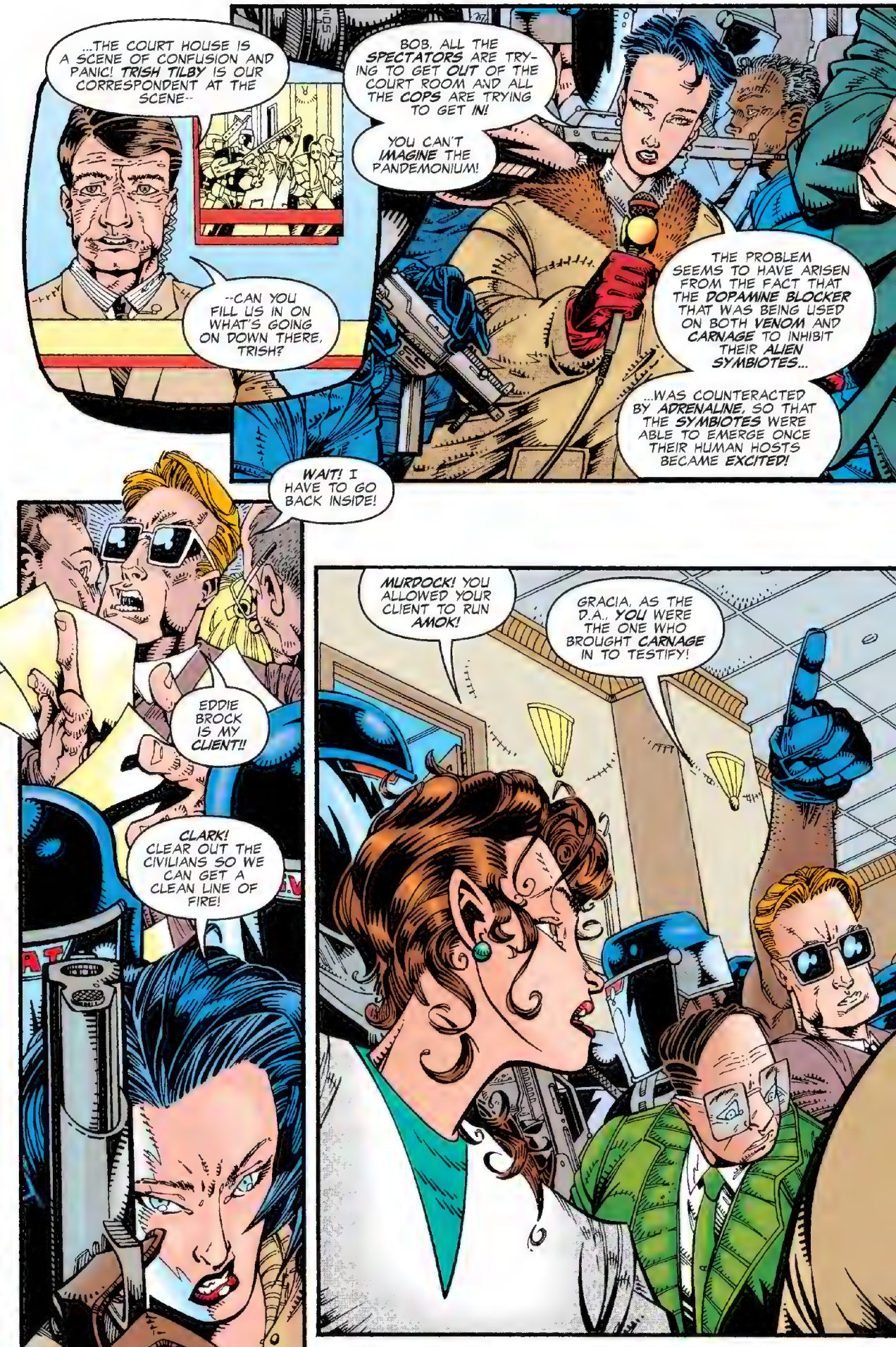
...SOMEBODY HAS TO SAVE SPIDER-MAN!
OY...
NEXT: TRIAL AND ERROR!

MARVEL COMICS
VENOM
ON TRIAL
THE SHOCKING CONCLUSION!
featuring
SPIDER-MAN! DAREDEVIL! CARNAGE!
SPIDER-MAN
MAY '97
3

YOU CALL THIS TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE A TRIAL??
YOU HAUL IN CARNAGE TO TESTIFY AGAINST US, AND WHEN HE GETS LOOSE AND GOES BERSERK...
...YOU STAND BY AND TWIDDLE YOUR THUMBS WHILE THAT LYING VIGILANTE SPIDER-MAN MAKES A TOTAL MESS OUT OF TRYING TO SUBDUE HIM!
S.W.A.T.
EDDIE BROCK, OR VENOM, OR WHOEVER YOU ARE, I WOULD FOLLOW THE ADVICE OF YOUR ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK TO CEASE AND DESIST IMMEDIATELY--

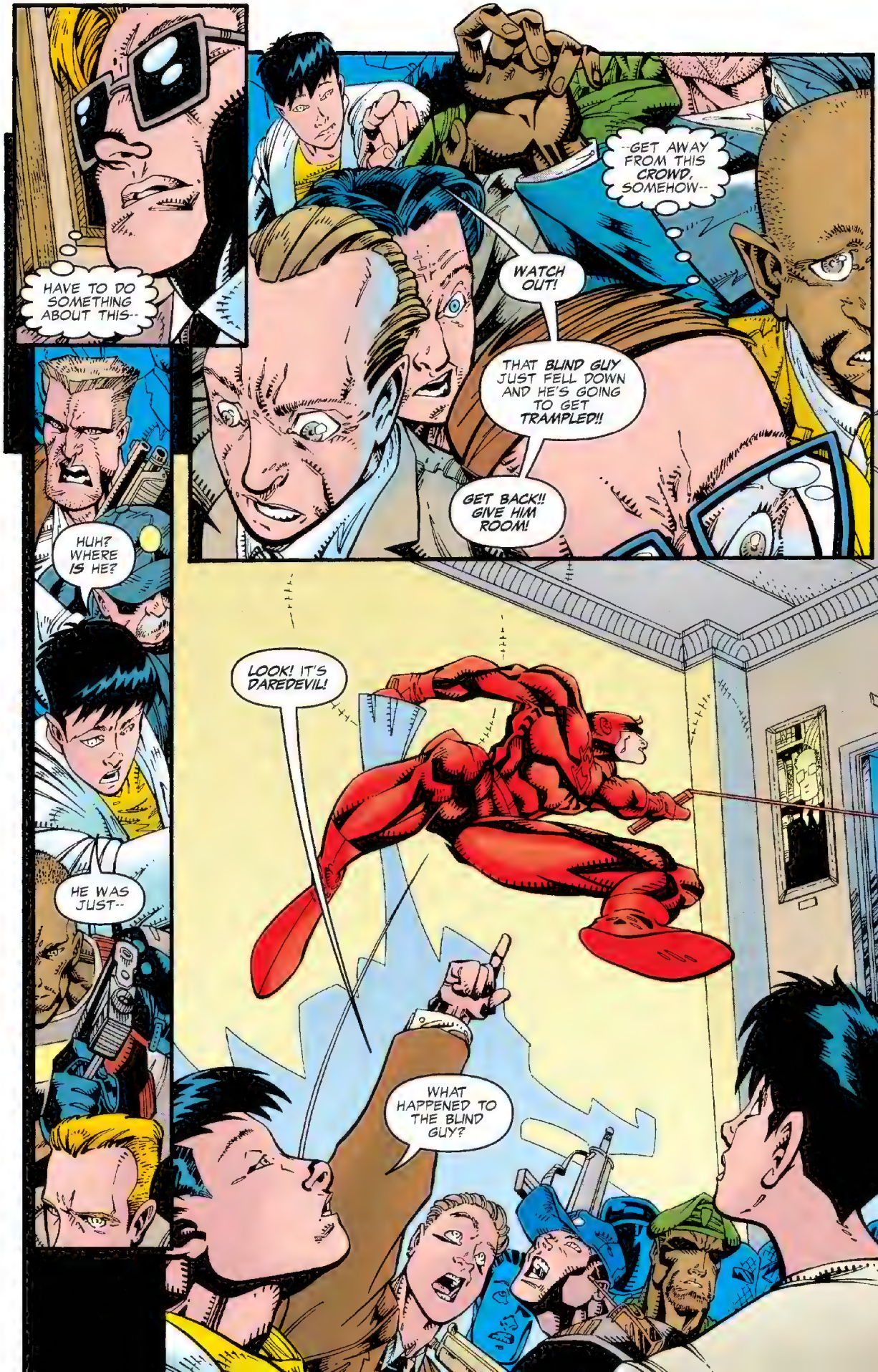
TRIAL AND ERROR!
script [illegible]
pencils [illegible]
inks [illegible]
coloring [illegible]
lettering [illegible]
editor [illegible]
editor in chief [illegible]
a [illegible] presentation
CEASE AND DESIST??
WHILE A PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER AND A PERNICIOUS SLANDERING CAREER RUINER ARE DISRUPTING OUR VERY OWN TRIAL??
WE'LL EAT BOTH THEIR BRAINS!!
DADDY DEAREST--
--YOU WANT A SLICE OF THIS SPIDER-PUNK, TOO?
VENOM--!
IT'LL GO EASIER ON YOU IF YOU PUT YOURSELF BACK INTO CUSTODY AND LET ME AND THE COPS HANDLE THIS!

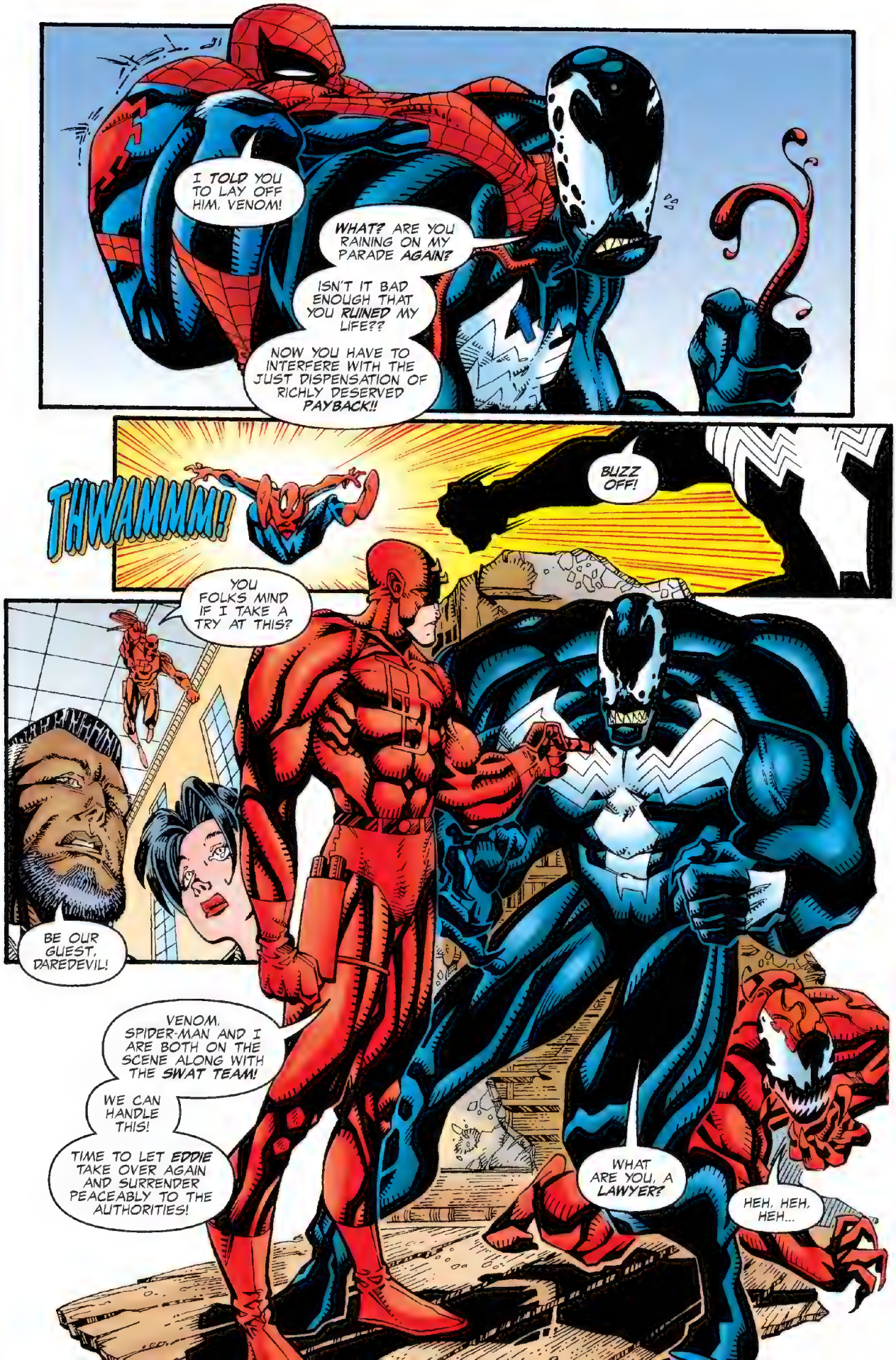
LET YOU HANDLE IT??
DON'T MAKE US LA--
THWIPPP!
I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT!
UURGH! SPIDER-MAN, AS SOON AS WE TAKE CARE OF CARNAGE--
SEZ YOU, POPS!
WE'LL SEE WHO GETS TAKEN CARE OF!
GET THOSE SWAT SHARPSHOOTERS IN HERE ASAP!
C'MERE, YOU--!
EAT WALL, CARNAGE!
NOW YOU'RE GETTING ME ANNOYED, SPIDER-JERK!
PA-THOOOM!


...THE COURT HOUSE IS A SCENE OF CONFUSION AND PANIC! TRISH TILBY IS OUR CORRESPONDENT AT THE SCENE--
--CAN YOU FILL US IN ON WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE, TRISH?
BOB, ALL THE SPECTATORS ARE TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE COURT ROOM AND ALL THE COPS ARE TRYING TO GET IN!
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE PANDEMONIUM!
THE PROBLEM SEEMS TO HAVE ARISEN FROM THE FACT THAT THE DOPAMINE BLOCKER THAT WAS BEING USED ON BOTH VENOM AND CARNAGE TO INHIBIT THEIR ALIEN SYMBIOTES...
...WAS COUNTERACTED BY ADRENALINE, SO THAT THE SYMBIOTES WERE ABLE TO EMERGE ONCE THEIR HUMAN HOSTS BECAME EXCITED!
WAIT! I HAVE TO GO BACK INSIDE!
EDDIE BROCK IS MY CLIENT!!
CLARK! CLEAR OUT THE CIVILIANS SO WE CAN GET A CLEAN LINE OF FIRE!
MURDOCK! YOU ALLOWED YOUR CLIENT TO RUN AMOK!
GRACIA, AS THE D.A., YOU WERE THE ONE WHO BROUGHT CARNAGE IN TO TESTIFY!

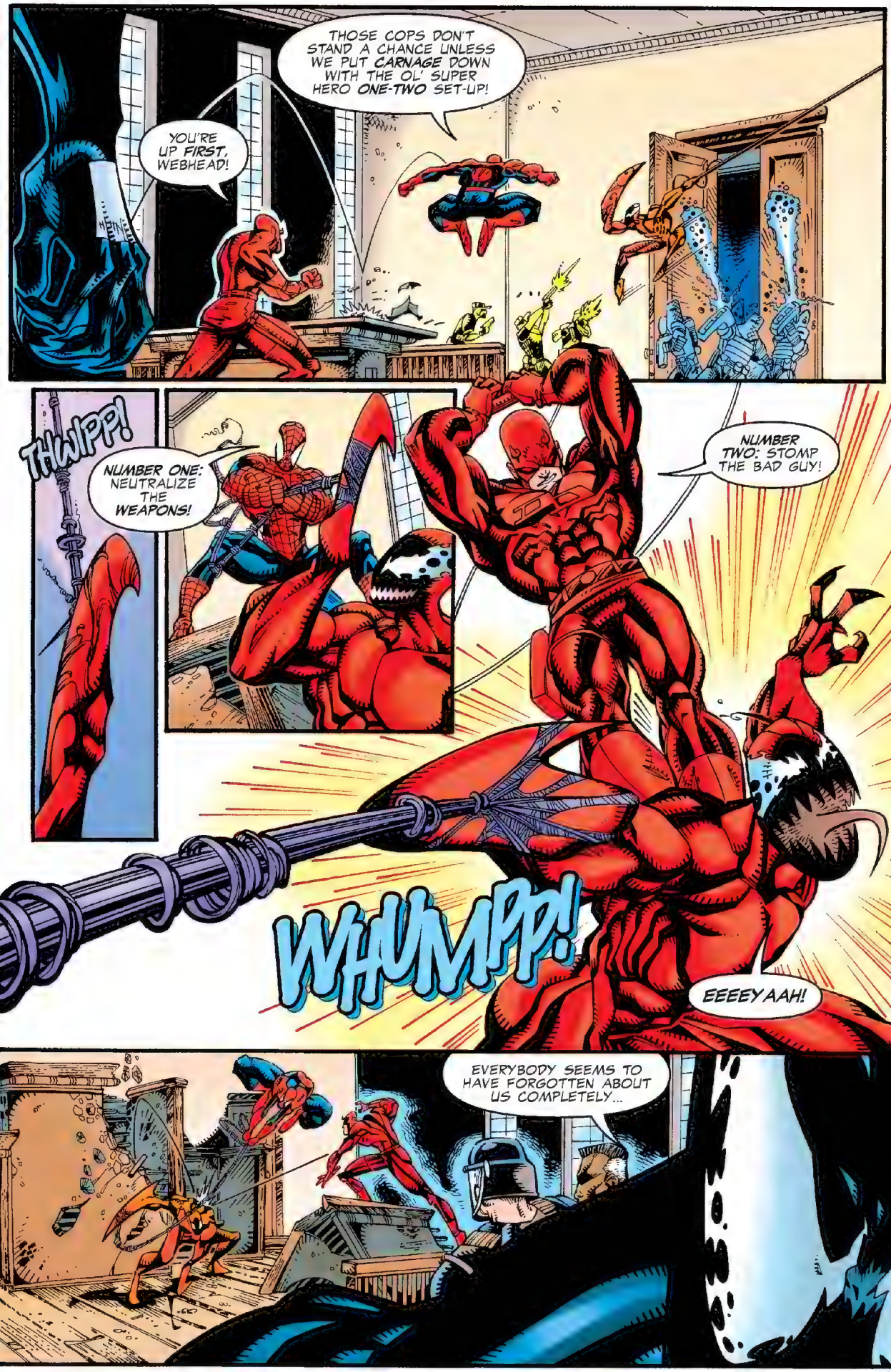
BLAMM!
POW!
OKAY, THE LAST CIVILIAN JUST BOOGIED OUT THE DOOR--
--OPEN FIRE!!
BRRRRAPPP!
RATATATATAT!
HEY! WE HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN CONVICTED YET!
AND AS YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN--
I'M A CARD-CARRYING MEMBER OF THE GOOD GUYS!
CEASE FIRE!!
YOU HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL CARNAGE IS TOTALLY IN THE CLEAR BY HIMSELF!!
BUT, DETECTIVE CLARK--
OH YEAH? IF IT'S OPEN SEASON ON ME--
--I'M DECLARING OPEN SEASON ON SLEAZY COPS!
SHOOOM!
S.W.A.T.
CAN WE SHOOT HIM NOW, DETECTIVE CLARK?
ULP!

WE'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR DEPRAVED ANTICS, CARNAGE!
CLETUS KASADY WAS JUST ANOTHER MURDEROUS MENTAL CASE UNTIL HE WAS TRANSFORMED BY A LITTLE PIECE OF OUR ALIEN SYMBIOTE!
SO WE ARE RESPONSIBLE--
-- AND WE ARE GOING TO MAKE HIM PAY!
HOO-HA!!
I ALWAYS KNEW THAT EDDIE COULD BE TWICE THE PSYCHO THAT CLETUS WAS!!
THIS ONLY PROVES IT!
LET HIM BE, VENOM!
YOU JUST CAN'T KILL HIM OUT OF HAND LIKE HE WAS A MAD DOG!
JUST WATCH ME!
NOT GOING TO HAPPEN, BUDDY!


HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS--
--GET AWAY FROM THIS CROWD, SOMEHOW--
WATCH OUT!
THAT BLIND GUY JUST FELL DOWN AND HE'S GOING TO GET TRAMPLED!!
GET BACK!! GIVE HIM ROOM!
HUH? WHERE IS HE?
LOOK! IT'S DAREDEVIL!
HE WAS JUST--
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BLIND GUY?


I TOLD YOU TO LAY OFF HIM, VENOM!
WHAT? ARE YOU RAINING ON MY PARADE AGAIN?
ISN'T IT BAD ENOUGH THAT YOU RUINED MY LIFE??
NOW YOU HAVE TO INTERFERE WITH THE JUST DISPENSATION OF RICHLY DESERVED PAYBACK!!
THWAMMM!
BUZZ OFF!
YOU FOLKS MIND IF I TAKE A TRY AT THIS?
BE OUR GUEST, DAREDEVIL!
VENOM, SPIDER-MAN AND I ARE BOTH ON THE SCENE ALONG WITH THE SWAT TEAM!
WE CAN HANDLE THIS!
TIME TO LET EDDIE TAKE OVER AGAIN AND SURRENDER PEACEABLY TO THE AUTHORITIES!
WHAT ARE YOU, A LAWYER?
HEH, HEH, HEH...

HE'S A GOODY-TWO-SHOES SUPER HERO, EDDIE!
IT'S HIS JOB TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FROM FUN-LOVING ROMPING-STOMPING PSYCHO-CHICKENS LIKE YOU AND ME!!
WHOOOO-EEEEEEEE!
I AM LIKE ULTRA-JUICED ON A MEGA-ADRENALINE RUSH!
I FEEL LIKE I COULD BITE THE HEADS OFF THE WHOLE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN AND STILL HAVE ROOM FOR BROOKLYN!
YOU HEARD THE SICK PUPPY--
--TOAST HIM!
TOAST ME?
I DON'T HEAR ANY SKÖALS, SALUDS, PROSITS OR CHEERS!
I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO EVISCERATE ALL OF YOU AND MAKE FESTIVE DECORATIONS OUT OF YOUR ENTRAILS!


THOSE COPS DON'T STAND A CHANCE UNLESS WE PUT CARNAGE DOWN WITH THE OL' SUPER HERO ONE-TWO SET-UP!
YOU'RE UP FIRST, WEBHEAD!
THWIPP!
NUMBER ONE: NEUTRALIZE THE WEAPONS!
NUMBER TWO: STOMP THE BAD GUY!
WHUMPP!
EEEEYAAH!
EVERYBODY SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT US COMPLETELY...

...WHICH MAKE THIS A PERFECT TIME TO BECOME SCARCE!
HOLD ON!
THAT'S DR. YAO, THE ONE WHO SHOT US UP WITH THE DOPAMINE BLOCKER!
AND WHO IS THAT WITH HIM BUT D.A. GRACIA HIDALGO--
--WHO VOWED TO GET US THE DEATH PENALTY!
AHA!
I KNEW YOU WERE A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL AND A PSYCHOTIC, BUT NOW I SEE YOU'RE A CRAVEN COWARD AND HEEL AS WELL...
...RUNNING AWAY FROM CARNAGE AND LETTING HIM RUN RAMPANT OVER THE GOOD GUYS!
DAREDEVIL AND SPIDER-MAN HAVE THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL!
IS THAT SO...?

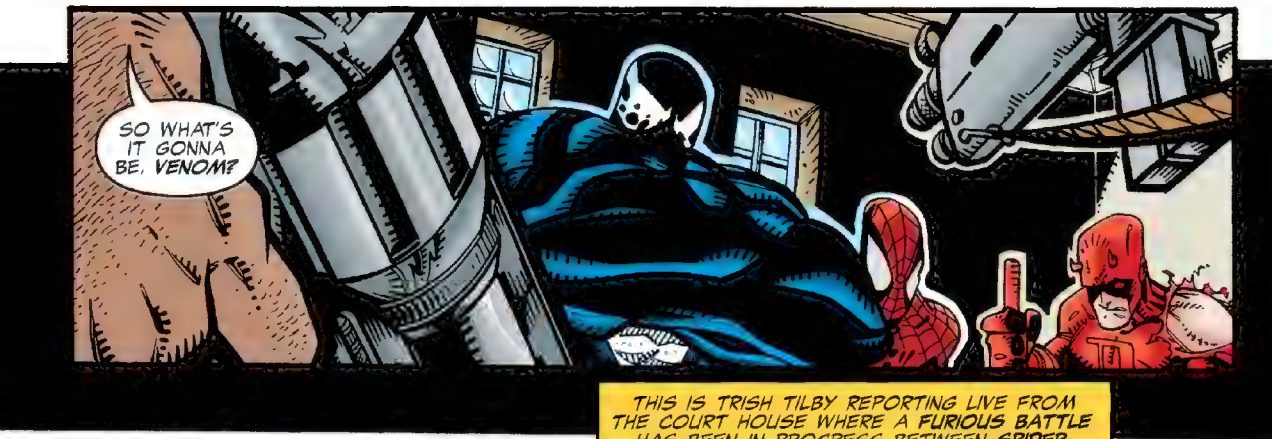
IT DOESN'T LOOK THAT WAY TO ME!
HOO-HA!!
I AM PUMPED!!
I AM, LIKE, FEELING NO PAIN!
I CAN FIX THAT SOON ENOUGH--
---WITH A SUNDAY PUNCH THAT'S GOT EVERYTHING I'VE GOT BEHIND IT!
PA-THOOOM!
IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?
THAT IS SO PATHETIC.
UH-OH...
IT WAS A SAD DAY WHEN ALL THE REAL SUPER HEROES WENT AWAY...
THEY DIDN'T ALL SPLIT!
YOU STILL GOT THAT DOPAMINE BLOCKER, DOC?
RIGHT HERE.

YOU'RE NEXT, DAREDEVIL--!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT...
MIND IF I CUT IN LINE?
ARE YOU STILL HERE?
HEY...
...YOU JUST CAN'T KEEP A GOOD SYMBIOTE DOWN!
LET US JUST HOPE THAT DOESN'T APPLY TO YOU!
WHAT? NO SNAPPY REPARTEE?
NO PITHY MALEDICTIONS?
NO IN-YOUR-FACE RUDENESS?
THWAMM!
THOOM!
SLAMM!
WHOMP!

IT ALMOST MAKES ME FEEL BAD TO NEEDLE YOU LIKE THIS!
NO, THAT WAS A LIE...
...THIS IS DOWNRIGHT FUN AND SOME GOOD JOKE!
VOOOSH!
HOPE YOU GET THE POINT!
GUH! GUH! GUH!
NOOOOO!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY BEAUTIFUL OTHER??

NOT FAIR!
I NEVER HAD A BREAK!
EVERYBODY IS ALWAYS DUMPING ON ME!
I'M JUST A VICTIM!
DOESN'T ANYBODY CARE ABOUT ME???
FRANKLY, CARNAGE...
...NO.
YOU'RE JUST A SELF-CENTERED GEEK WHO LIKES TO INFLICT PAIN AND SUFFERING ON OTHERS, CLETUS...
...YOU'RE SCUM!
HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT I FIND MYSELF AGREEING WITH VENOM ON THIS ONE!
WELL, MAYBE THE GIST OF THE SENTIMENTS!
SCUM AM I? I'VE GOT A MORPH OR TWO LEFT IN ME AND--
BUT I'VE GOT ANOTHER DOSE OF DOPAMINE BLOCKER TO DAMP DOWN YOUR OTHER, CLETUS!
WHUMP!
THOOOK!

OKAY, WE'LL TAKE THIS SICK PUPPY BACK TO THE POUND WHERE HE BELONGS.
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, VENOM!!
YOU JUST WAIT!
IT'S SETTLING UP TIME, VENOM.
WHY DON'T YOU LET EDDIE BROCK TAKE OVER AND COME ALONG NICE AND QUIET...
I THINK IT WOULD BE IN YOUR OWN BEST INTERESTS, VENOM, IF YOU'D ALLOW DR. YAO TO INJECT YOU WITH THE DOPAMINE BLOCKER AND SURRENDER TO THE CUSTODY OF THE COURT.
I AM SURE THAT JUDGE BECKWORTH WOULD TAKE THAT ACTION INTO CONSIDERATION ALONG WITH YOUR EFFORTS IN SUBDUING CARNAGE!
I WILL CERTAINLY TAKE IT ALL INTO CONSIDERATION--
--BUT ONLY IF THE DEFENDANT SURRENDERS!



THIS IS TRISH TILBY REPORTING LIVE FROM THE COURT HOUSE WHERE A **FURIOUS BATTLE** HAS BEEN IN PROGRESS BETWEEN **SPIDER-MAN, DAREDEVIL, VENOM** AND **CARNAGE.**

WE HAVE JUST SEEN **CLETUS KASADY, AKA CARNAGE** BEING BUNDLED OUT IN RESTRAINTS AND APPARENTLY MEDICATED WITH MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF **DOPAMINE BLOCKER.**

AS FAR AS WE KNOW, **VENOM** HAS NOT BEEN RECAPTURED OR SUBDUED, BUT THERE IS AN OMINOUS **SILENCE** WITHIN THE COURTROOM!

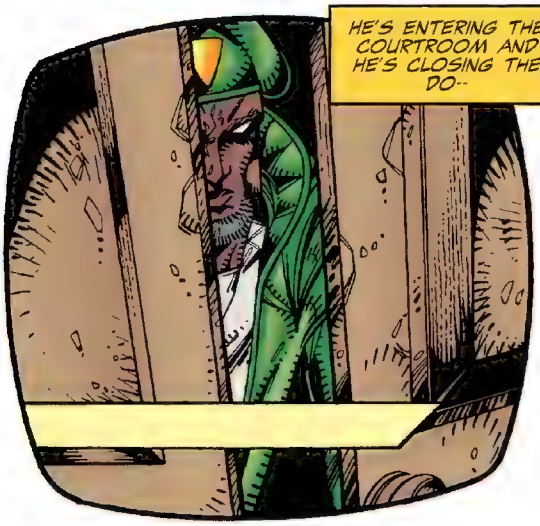
WAIT!

JUDGE MURIEL BECKWORTH IS STILL INSIDE, AS ARE DETECTIVES CLARK AND STEEN. IS THERE A HOSTAGE DRAMA BEING PLAYED OUT THAT WE ARE NOT PRIVY TO--?

A LARGE MAN IN SOME SORT OF **PARA-MILITARY UNIFORM** IS INTERFERING WITH MY CAMERA CREW!

SIR! WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT BUSINESS DO YOU HAVE HERE? CAN YOU ENLIGHTEN US AS TO WHAT--

SIR? **SIR?**



HE'S ENTERING THE COURTROOM AND HE'S CLOSING THE DO--

JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, AND WHAT AUTHORIZATION DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE IN MY COURTROOM?
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, YOUR HONOR, I AM SPECIAL AGENT DARYLL SMITH...
...FROM A RATHER CLASSIFIED AGENCY THAT YOU WILL NOT EASILY FIND A LISTING FOR IN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT DIRECTORY.
...THE ATTORNEY GENERAL AND THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE.
WHAT KIND OF HIGH-LEVEL VOODOO ARE YOU PULLING, SMITH?
ASK THE JUDGE, MISS.
MY IDENTIFICATION IS THEREBY MOOT, TO SAY THE LEAST.
I DO HAVE LETTERS OF AUTHORIZATION FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES...
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IS ASSUMING ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR MR. BROCK FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY.
HE IS NOW IN FEDERAL PROTECTIVE CUSTODY AND ALL CHARGES ARE SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY.

WHAT??
UNCLE SAM CAME THROUGH!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?
THE FEDS KNOW WHO IS REALLY ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS!
THERE IS FAIRNESS IN LIFE, AFTER ALL!!
THERE IS ONE TEENSY CONDITION.
VENOM WILL HAVE TO MORPH BACK INTO HIS EDDIE BROCK PERSONA FOR HIS TRIP TO HIS NEW TOP SECRET ABODE...
..AND HE WILL BE MAKING THE JOURNEY IN HANDCUFFS.
NO WAY!!
WE'D RATHER--
SO WHO'S ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS NOW, HUH?
PUT UP OR SHUT UP, VENOM.

HRMPH!
I'M READY TO GO, AGENT SMITH.
SHUKK!
SMART MOVE, EDDIE.
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.
WHAT ON EARTH COULD THE FEDS WANT WITH HIM?
NATIONAL SECURITY, IN A PIG'S EYE!
AT LEAST THE STATE IS SAVED THE COST OF THE TRIAL!
UNTIL THE NEXT TIME!

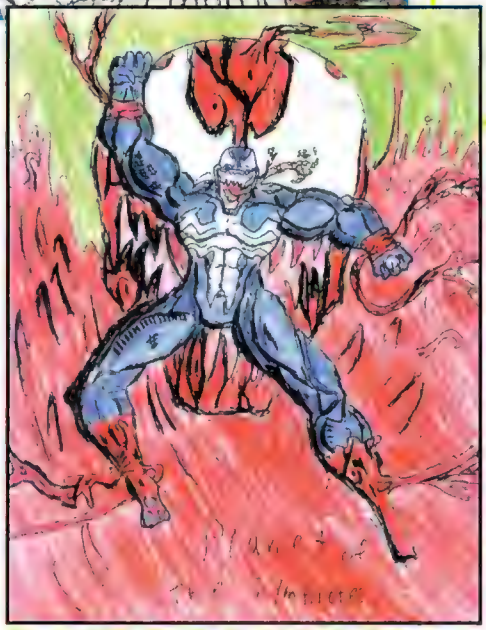
...EDDIE BROCK HAS JUST BEEN LED OUT IN MANACLES BY THE MYSTERIOUS UNIFORMED MAN WHO JUST MINUTES EARLIER BULLIED HIS WAY INTO THE COURTROOM AND--
WHAT'S THE DEAL, SMITH? AM I IN THE WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM?
NOPE. WE WANT YOUR TALENTS AND SKILLS FOR A SPECIAL PROGRAM. YOU COOPERATE AND YOU GET AMNESTY.
TALENTS AND SKILLS? WHAT--?
WE'RE GONNA MAKE YOU A SECRET AGENT, EDDIE.
HOW D'YOU LIKE THEM APPLES?
NEXT
LICENSE TO KILL!

More VENOM Fan Art!

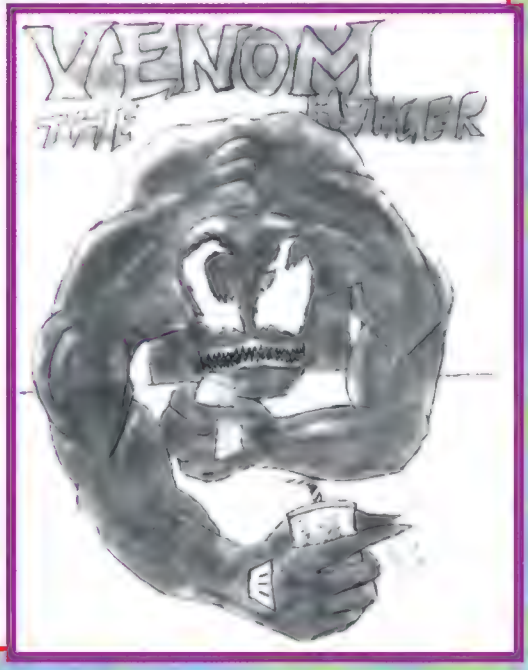
VENOM
by
Christopher
Key
Age 9

VENOM vs
SCARLET SPIDER
by Jerrad Greer
Age 7 ½

VENOM & SPIDER-MAN
by Lucas & Thomas Golden

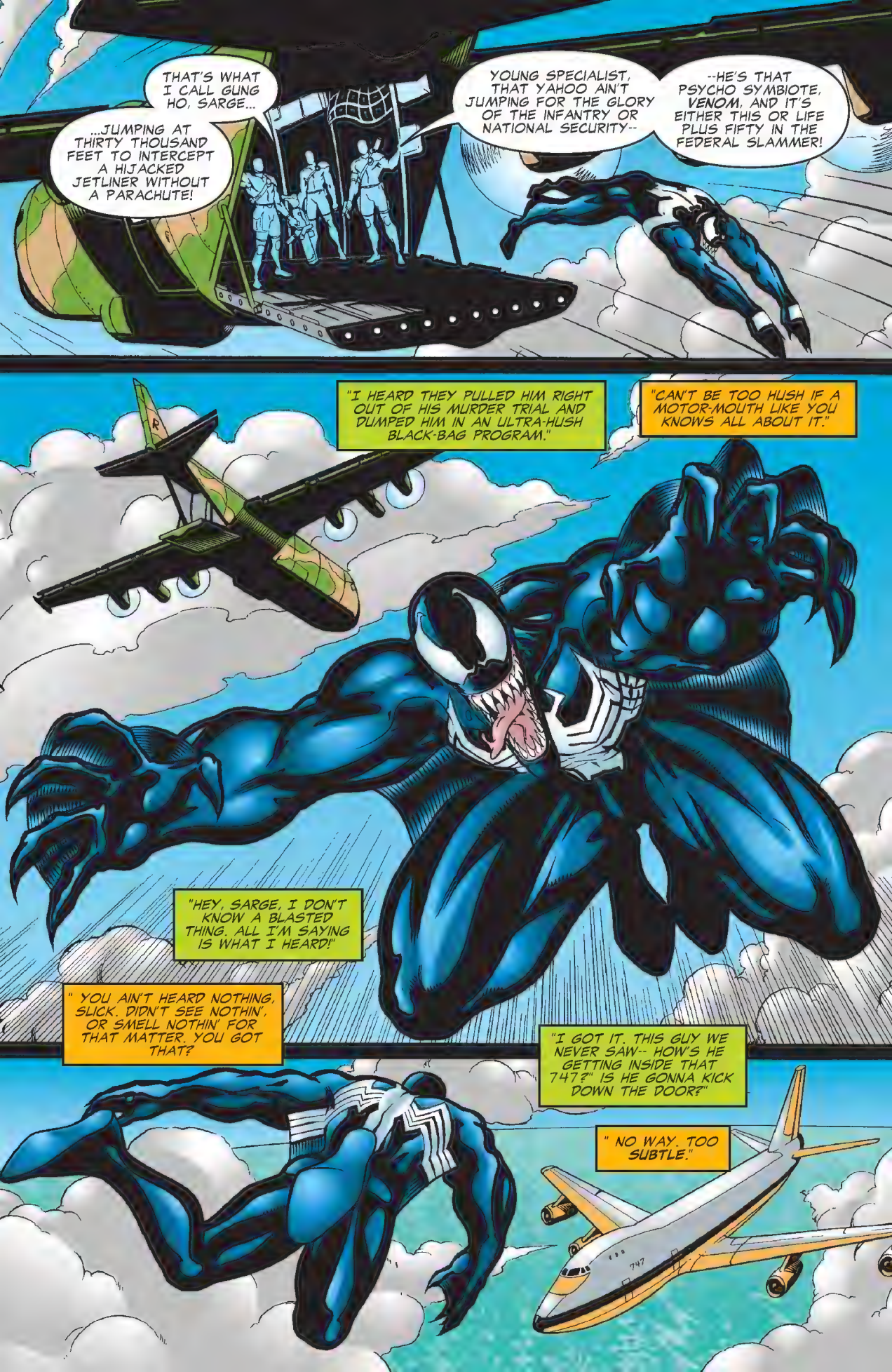


PLANET OF THE SYMBIOTES
by Joel Malerich



VENOM THE HUNGER
by Carlos Gonzalez

MARVEL COMICS
SPIDER-MAN
JUN '97
1
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
VENOM
LICENSE TO KILL
I AM THE LAW!
LICENSE TO KILL


THAT'S WHAT I CALL GUNG HO, SARGE...
...JUMPING AT THIRTY THOUSAND FEET TO INTERCEPT A HIJACKED JETLINER WITHOUT A PARACHUTE!
YOUNG SPECIALIST, THAT YAHOO AIN'T JUMPING FOR THE GLORY OF THE INFANTRY OR NATIONAL SECURITY--
--HE'S THAT PSYCHO SYMBIOTE, VENOM, AND IT'S EITHER THIS OR LIFE PLUS FIFTY IN THE FEDERAL SLAMMER!
"I HEARD THEY PULLED HIM RIGHT OUT OF HIS MURDER TRIAL AND DUMPED HIM IN AN ULTRA-HUSH BLACK-BAG PROGRAM."
"CAN'T BE TOO HUSH IF A MOTOR-MOUTH LIKE YOU KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT."
"HEY, SARGE, I DON'T KNOW A BLASTED THING. ALL I'M SAYING IS WHAT I HEARD!"
" YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHING, SLICK. DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN', OR SMELL NOTHIN' FOR THAT MATTER. YOU GOT THAT?
"I GOT IT. THIS GUY WE NEVER SAW-- HOW'S HE GETTING INSIDE THAT 747?" IS HE GONNA KICK DOWN THE DOOR?"
" NO WAY. TOO SUBTLE."
747

VENOM: LICENSE TO KILL!

DR. YES!

SKRUUUUNCH!

HOO-HA!!

COFFEE, TEA OR BRAINS?!

BRRRRRAPP!

WELL, IF IT AIN'T THAT MONGREL PERVERT MURDERIN' ALIEN-LOVIN' PSYCHO-KILLER, VENOM!!

YOU GOT A LOT O' NERVE BUSTIN' IN ON A TACTICAL ACTION O' THE NEO CRYPTO-FASCIST RIGHT-THINKERS PARTY!

SPLATT!

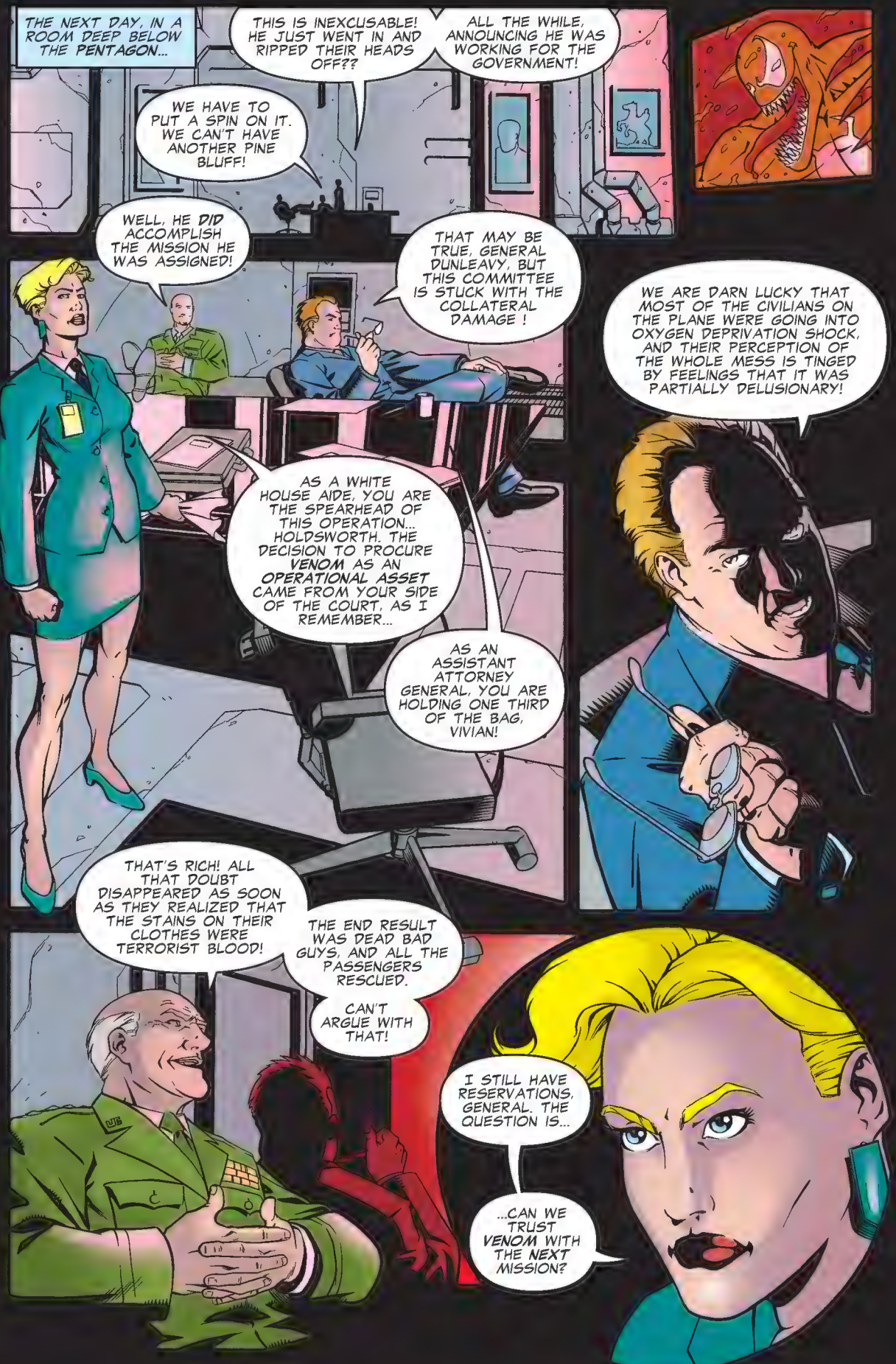
THE TERRORIST HIJACKING PORTION OF THIS FLIGHT HAS JUST CONCLUDED--!

PLEASE FOLD UP YOUR TRAY TABLES AND RETURN YOUR SEATS TO THE UPRIGHT POSITION!!

Script: LARRY HAMA
Pencils: DEREC ALCOM
Inks: RICH FADER and RALPH CABRERA
Coloring: TOM SMITH
Lettering: KEN LOPEZ
Editor: TOM BREVOORT
Editor in Chief: BOB HARRAS

BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR STINKIN' SYMBIOTE BUDDY AND GO BACK TO YOUR FOREIGN PLANET. YA ALIEN-HUGGIN' CREEP!
MY. AREN'T WE THE EXCLUSIONARY ONES TODAY?
WE'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT WE, MY SYMBIOTE AND I, ARE NOW DULY SWORN AGENTS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT--!
BY THE WAY, BULLETS ARE TOTALLY INEFFECTUAL AGAINST US SYMBIOTES!
NOW, ON THE OTHER HAND, OUR ALIEN OTHER'S PSEUDOPOD TENDRILS--
KA-SPLATT!
--WORK REAL GOOD!

WE THOUGHT WE COUNTED THREE OF THOSE DISTASTEFUL LITTLE SOCIOPATHIC GEEK-ILANTE LOSERS--
BLAMM!
OH, THERE YOU ARE!
WE SURE WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO MISS OUT ON WHAT YOUR BUDDIES GOT, WOULD WE??
SNAPP!
KRACKLE!!
POPP!
I WONDER IF THIS MODEL COMES WITH A TWIST-OFF CAP--?
IT DOES!!
GAAAAAA!
SPLOOT!
HOO-HA! WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN THIS??
WE GET TO RID THE WORLD OF SCUM AND VERMIN--
--AND WE ARE LEGALLY ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS!

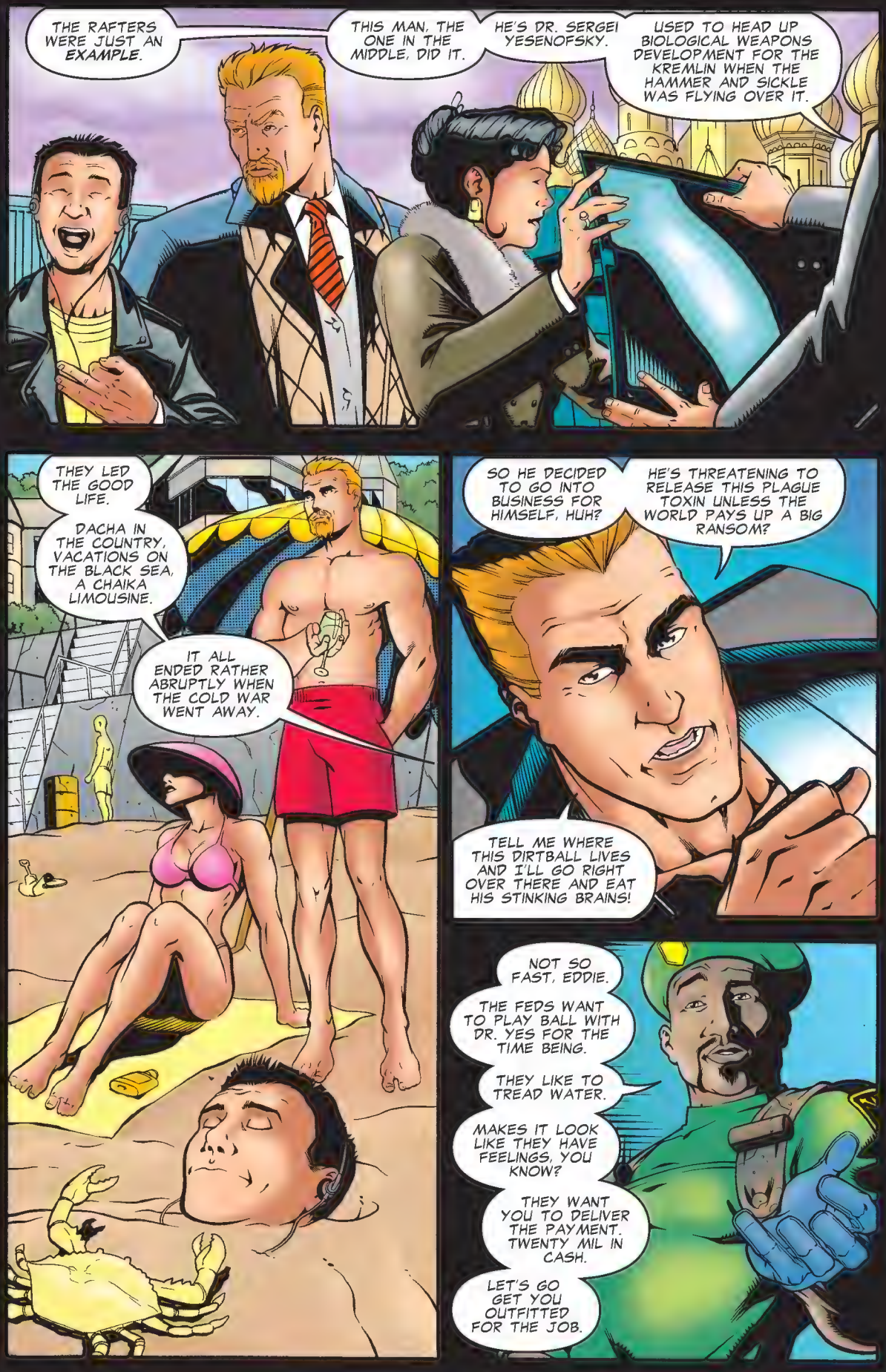

THE NEXT DAY, IN A ROOM DEEP BELOW THE PENTAGON...
THIS IS INEXCUSABLE! HE JUST WENT IN AND RIPPED THEIR HEADS OFF??
ALL THE WHILE, ANNOUNCING HE WAS WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT!
WE HAVE TO PUT A SPIN ON IT. WE CAN'T HAVE ANOTHER PINE BLUFF!
WELL, HE DID ACCOMPLISH THE MISSION HE WAS ASSIGNED!
THAT MAY BE TRUE, GENERAL DUNLEAVY, BUT THIS COMMITTEE IS STUCK WITH THE COLLATERAL DAMAGE !
WE ARE DARN LUCKY THAT MOST OF THE CIVILIANS ON THE PLANE WERE GOING INTO OXYGEN DEPRIVATION SHOCK, AND THEIR PERCEPTION OF THE WHOLE MESS IS TINGED BY FEELINGS THAT IT WAS PARTIALLY DELUSIONARY!
AS A WHITE HOUSE AIDE, YOU ARE THE SPEARHEAD OF THIS OPERATION... HOLDSWORTH. THE DECISION TO PROCURE VENOM AS AN OPERATIONAL ASSET CAME FROM YOUR SIDE OF THE COURT, AS I REMEMBER...
AS AN ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL, YOU ARE HOLDING ONE THIRD OF THE BAG, VIVIAN!
THAT'S RICH! ALL THAT DOUBT DISAPPEARED AS SOON AS THEY REALIZED THAT THE STAINS ON THEIR CLOTHES WERE TERRORIST BLOOD!
THE END RESULT WAS DEAD BAD GUYS, AND ALL THE PASSENGERS RESCUED.
CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT!
I STILL HAVE RESERVATIONS, GENERAL. THE QUESTION IS...
...CAN WE TRUST VENOM WITH THE NEXT MISSION?

AH, HERE COMES SPECIAL AGENT SMITH.
HAVE YOU GOT THAT EVALUATION REPORT ON THE DR. YES FIASCO, DARYLL?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE IT, SIR.
GOOD NEWS FIRST, SMITH.
DR. YES IS THE REAL McCOY. HE CAN DELIVER ON WHAT HE THREATENS IN SPADES. HE HAS ALSO TAKEN DELIVERY ON MATERIAL TO BUILD AND OUTFIT A FORTRESS.
THAT'S THE GOOD NEWS?
THE BAD NEWS IS WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THE FORTRESS IS.
HOW SECURE A FORTRESS ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?
STEEL-REINFORCED CONCRETE, MOLY-STEEL BLAST DOORS, SELF-CONTAINED ENVIRONMENT, SHOCK-TREMOR DAMPERS. THE WHOLE NINE YARDS.
WHAT WOULD WE NEED TO THROW AT IT?
AIR STRIKE, COMBINED AMPHIB AND AIRBORNE ASSAULT. SEAL TEAMS, DELTA AND RANGERS. BEST CASE SCENARIO IS 20 PERCENT LOSSES IN THE FIRST WAVE...
...AND THAT'S IF WE FIND THE PLACE!
OF COURSE, WE COULD JUST NUKE IT.
DON'T EVEN SAY THAT WORD!
WHAT'S THE FEASIBILITY OF THROWING VENOM INTO THE BREACH?
OUR CONCERN IS OVER LACK OF CONTROL--
WE'RE WORKING ON THAT, M'AM.

LATER, IN A SECRET INSTALLATION SOMEWHERE IN VIRGINIA...
WHAT GIVES, SMITH? I THOUGHT I HAD COMPLETE AMNESTY AND I WAS THE NEW ALL-AMERICAN JAMES BOND!
SO, WHAT'S WITH THE JUNIOR ROCKET RANGERS AND THEIR COLLECTION OF FIELD ARTILLERY?
THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE HAS DECIDED THAT, ALTHOUGH THEY TRUST YOUR ABILITY TO CARRY OUT THE ASSIGNMENTS...
...THEY ARE WARY OF THE WAY IN WHICH YOU CHOOSE TO CARRY THEM OUT, AND ARE IN NEED OF CERTAIN ASSURANCES.
SURE. YOU NEED ME TO SIGN A CONTRACT OR A GUARANTEE?
GIVE IT HERE.
THEY WON'T ACCEPT A WRITTEN ASSURANCE, EDDIE.
THOOOP!
HOW LONG WILL THAT DART PUT HIM OUT FOR?
LONG ENOUGH.

LATER STILL...
HE'S COMING AROUND, DOC!
HE'S DOSED UP WITH THE DOPAMINE BLOCKER*, BUT IF HE SHOULD START TO ACT OUT, JUST AIM FOR A NICE FLESHY PART AND TRY NOT TO HIT ANY VITALS.
* A DRUG THAT PREVENTS THE EMERGENCE OF VENOM'S ALIEN OTHER—TOM
LEMME UP!!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO OPERATE ON ME WITHOUT MY CONSENT!!
KIND OF LATE FOR THAT.
WE'VE IMPLANTED A THERMITE BOMB, EDDIE. ANTI-TAMPER SWITCH, REMOTE RADIO CONTROL, THE WORKS.
IT'S THE ONLY "ASSURANCE" THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE WOULD AGREE TO.
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, IT WAS EITHER THIS OR TAKE YOU OUT IN THE SWAMP AND LOSE YOU.

24 HOURS LATER...
...AND THIS IS WHAT IS LEFT OF THE LAST AGENT WHO HAD A THERMITE IMPLANT.
HE GOT REAL CUTE AND TRIED TO HAVE A SWISS SURGEON REMOVE THE DEVICE...
OF COURSE, WE COULDN'T COMPLETELY SEPARATE OUT THE SURGEON AFTER THE ANTI-TAMPER DEVICE WENT OFF.
FOOMP!
I GET THE PICTURE.
PLEASE DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE LARGE SCREEN.
THIS GIRL WAS ONE OF A PARTY OF THIRTY-SEVEN WHO WENT WHITE-WATER RAFTING ON THE COLORADO.
HALFWAY DOWN THE ROUTE, THEY WERE BUZZED BY A LIGHT PLANE AND SPRAYED WITH AN UNKNOWN AEROSOL.
WITHIN 48 HOURS, THEY WERE ALL DEAD EXCEPT FOR THIS ONE GIRL WHO MANAGED TO HOLD OUT AN EXTRA 10 HOURS.
SOMEBODY DID THAT ON PURPOSE?
WHAT DID THEY HAVE AGAINST THOSE PEOPLE?
WHAT COULD THAT GIRL HAVE DONE TO DESERVE THAT?

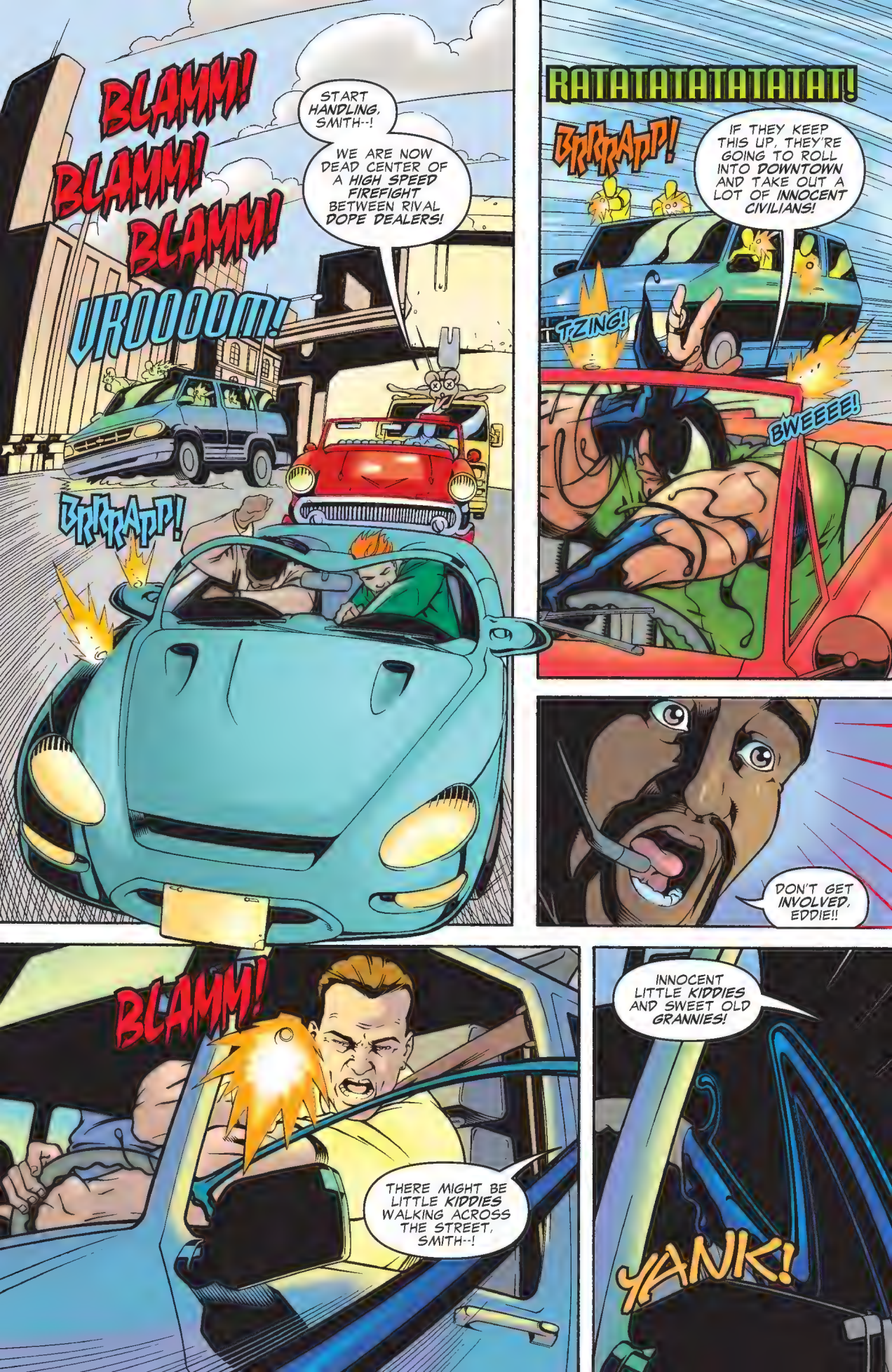

THE RAFTERS WERE JUST AN EXAMPLE.
THIS MAN, THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE, DID IT.
HE'S DR. SERGEI YESENOFSKY.
USED TO HEAD UP BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS DEVELOPMENT FOR THE KREMLIN WHEN THE HAMMER AND SICKLE WAS FLYING OVER IT.
THEY LED THE GOOD LIFE.
DACHA IN THE COUNTRY, VACATIONS ON THE BLACK SEA, A CHAIKA LIMOUSINE.
IT ALL ENDED RATHER ABRUPTLY WHEN THE COLD WAR WENT AWAY.
SO HE DECIDED TO GO INTO BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF, HUH?
HE'S THREATENING TO RELEASE THIS PLAGUE TOXIN UNLESS THE WORLD PAYS UP A BIG RANSOM?
TELL ME WHERE THIS DIRTBALL LIVES AND I'LL GO RIGHT OVER THERE AND EAT HIS STINKING BRAINS!
NOT SO FAST, EDDIE.
THE FEDS WANT TO PLAY BALL WITH DR. YES FOR THE TIME BEING.
THEY LIKE TO TREAD WATER.
MAKES IT LOOK LIKE THEY HAVE FEELINGS, YOU KNOW?
THEY WANT YOU TO DELIVER THE PAYMENT. TWENTY MIL IN CASH.
LET'S GO GET YOU OUTFITTED FOR THE JOB.

OBOY! THIS IS WHERE I GET ALL THAT NEAT GEAR, HUH?
DO I GET ONE OF THOSE BRIEFCASES THAT FIRE BULLETS AND A LIGHTER THAT'S A BOMB? HOW ABOUT AN ASTON MARTIN DB5?
DO I GET A BERETTA OR A WALTHER PPK?
YOU DON'T EVEN GET A MARTINI, STIRRED NOT SHAKEN.
THIS IS IN CASE YOU GET CAPTURED AND HAVE TO ACTIVATE THE THERMITE PERSONALLY FOR WHAT WE CALL A "JUDICIOUS SELF-DESTRUCT".
THE TOP BUTTON BLOWS THE CHARGE IMMEDIATELY.
THE SECOND BUTTON GIVES YOU A TEN SECOND DELAY.
THIS ISN'T EVEN A REAL ROLEX!
IT'S A CHEAP HONG KONG KNOCK-OFF!
USING A REAL ONE WOULD BE KIND OF A WASTE UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, DON'T YOU THINK?
YOU WILL BE GETTING A CAR, THOUGH...

"...IT'S A LONG DRIVE TO MIAMI!"
SO WHERE IS THIS MEET, ANYWAY?
JUST COOL YOUR HEELS, BROCK...
...THE MEET IS ON THE BEACH, JUST A FEW MILES DOWN THE COAST HIGHWAY.

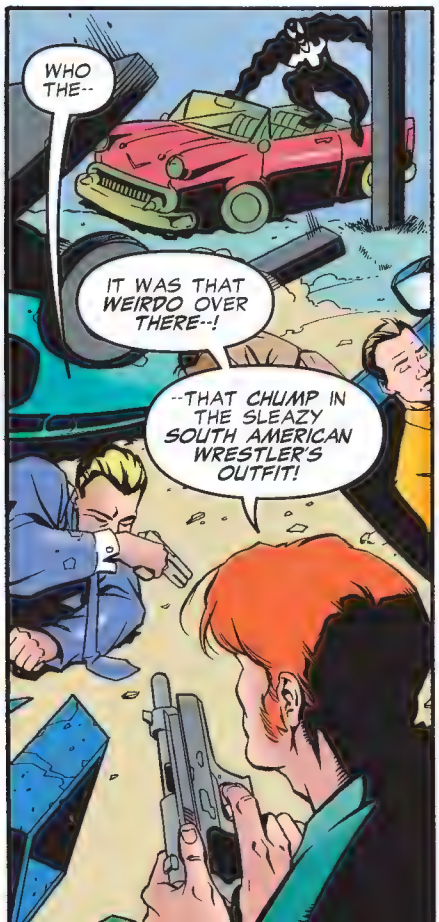
DON'T *OVERREACT* IF ANYTHING GOES DOWN. REMEMBER, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE INCOGNITO.
THERE ARE THREE OF US IN THE EXTERMINATOR VAN BEHIND YOU, SO JUST LET US HANDLE IT!

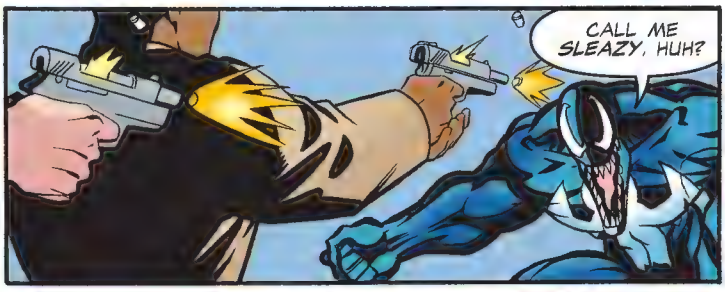
IF YOU GUYS COULD HANDLE IT, WHY AREN'T *YOU* SITTING UP HERE IN THE CADDY?
VRRRROOOOOOOM!
LOOKS LIKE WE GOT TROUBLE.


BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
VROOOOM!
START HANDLING, SMITH--!
WE ARE NOW DEAD CENTER OF A HIGH SPEED FIREFIGHT BETWEEN RIVAL DOPE DEALERS!
BRRRRAPP!
RATATATATATATAT!
BRRRRAPP!
IF THEY KEEP THIS UP, THEY'RE GOING TO ROLL INTO DOWNTOWN AND TAKE OUT A LOT OF INNOCENT CIVILIANS!
TZING!
BWEEEE!
DON'T GET INVOLVED, EDDIE!!
BLAMM!
THERE MIGHT BE LITTLE KIDDIES WALKING ACROSS THE STREET, SMITH--!
INNOCENT LITTLE KIDDIES AND SWEET OLD GRANNIES!
YANK!

KA-THOOOOOM!

SKREEEEEEEEEEEEE!
FOUND


WHO THE--
IT WAS THAT WEIRDO OVER THERE--!
--THAT CHUMP IN THE SLEAZY SOUTH AMERICAN WRESTLER'S OUTFIT!


CALL ME SLEAZY, HUH?

I'LL EAT YOUR MEDULLA OBLONGATA!!
AIIII!!!!!
GUSH!
SPLOT!

YOW! HE'S RIPPING THEIR HEADS RIGHT OFF!
VENOM! BACK OFF!!
DO YOU HEAR ME? I SAID--
SLAMMM!
WE HEARD YOU, SMITH!
THIS IS THE REMOTE FOR THE THERMITE BOMB IN YOUR CHEST!
CAN'T WE TAKE YOU ANYWHERE WITHOUT YOU KILLING HORDES OF PEOPLE?
Paco
I SWEAR, I'LL COOK YOU DOWN TO SIZZLING FAT AND CHARRED BONE!
NOW, CHANGE BACK TO EDDIE BEFORE THE RUBBERNECKERS START SHOWING UP!

I THOUGHT I WAS DOING THE RIGHT THING--
RIGHT, AND JACK THE RIPPER WAS JUST TRYING TO CLEAN UP HIS NEIGHBORHOOD!
OKAY, HERE'S YOUR BOAT, YOUR BAG OF GUNS, YOUR GPS LINK AND YOUR SUITCASE FULL O' MONEY.
ALMOST FORGOT--!
YOU HAVE TO SIGN THIS!
JUST PADDLE OUT THERE, HAND OVER THE BUCKS AND SMILE A LOT. GOT THAT?
MFFGG!
WHUZZIS?
A RECEIPT.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PAY FOR ANYTHING YOU LOSE. OH, AND BY THE WAY-- WE IMPLANTED A MICRO-RADIO IN YOUR CHEST ALONG WITH THE BOMB SO WE CAN KEEP TABS ON YOU AND FEED YOU INSTRUCTIONS!

ONE HOUR LATER...
HMMMM... ACCORDING TO THE GLOBAL POSITIONING SATELLITE, I'M RIGHT ON THE MARK...
SO WHERE ARE THESE GOONS THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO HAND THE MONEY OVER TO?
THEY'LL BE SHOWING UP ANY SECOND!
HOW CONVENIENT. NOW I HAVE A CELL PHONE IN MY CHEST.
VRRROOOOOM!
HEY, GIRLS--
--GO PLAY SOMEWHERE ELSE! SOMETHING IMPORTANT IS GOING DOWN HERE!
SOMETHING IMPORTANT LIKE A TRANSFER OF FUNDS?
HAND OVER THE MONEY, CHUCKLEHEAD...
...OR GET TOASTED!

HERE IT IS!
ASK FOR A RECEIPT.
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU FOR A RECEIPT.
A RECEIPT?
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
RATATATATATATATATATATATAT!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
THAT GOT A RISE OUT OF THEM!
I'M NOT LAUGHING, SMITH!
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT MORPHING INTO VENOM, EDDIE! THAT'S YOUR ACE IN THE HOLE--!

HE'S DEAD.
LET'S MAKE SURE.
BRRRRRAPP!
BRRRRRAPP!
WE LOST CONTACT FOR A WHILE, EDDIE-- WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS UNDERWATER!
EDDIE, IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE SHOOTING INSTEAD OF HANDING OVER MONEY, LIKE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO!
SUE ME! I STILL HAVEN'T GOTTEN MY RECEIPT!

DR. YES? THIS IS MONIKA--WE HAVE A PROBLEM!
VIP!
VIP!
BWEEEE!
DON'T MAKE ME PUSH THE BUTTON, EDDIE!
BRRRAPPP!
YOU INCINERATE ME, ALL THE MONEY GOES UP IN SMOKE, TOO!
...HE OPENED FIRE ON YOU, MONIKA? AND IT WAS UNPROVOKED--?
BUT HE BROUGHT THE MONEY?
HOLD ON-- I'LL SEND KOSTYA UP THERE!

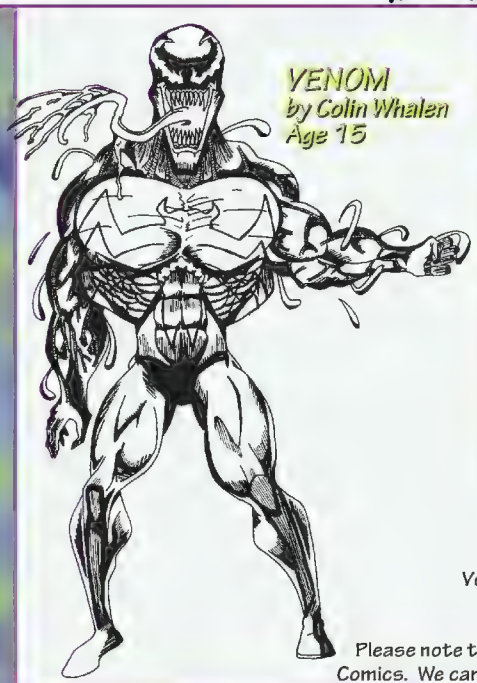
DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND SURRENDER, EDDIE! MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE YOU TO THEIR SECRET FORTRESS!
MAYBE??
THEY'RE TRYING TO BLOW MY HEAD OFF, SMITH!
THEY'RE--
SOMETHING'S COMING UP FROM BELOW--
--SOMETHING BIG!
WHATEVER IT IS, DO NOT BLOW YOUR COVER BY MORPHING INTO VENOM!
DO YOU HEAR ME, EDDIE?
EDDIE??
NEXT!
DOWN UNDER, DOWN DEEP!

The VENOM Fan Art Page

A GALLERY OF AWESOME ART, SUBMITTED BY LOYAL FANS OF VENOM!

THE SYMBIOTE
by Kenneth Wickham - Age 7

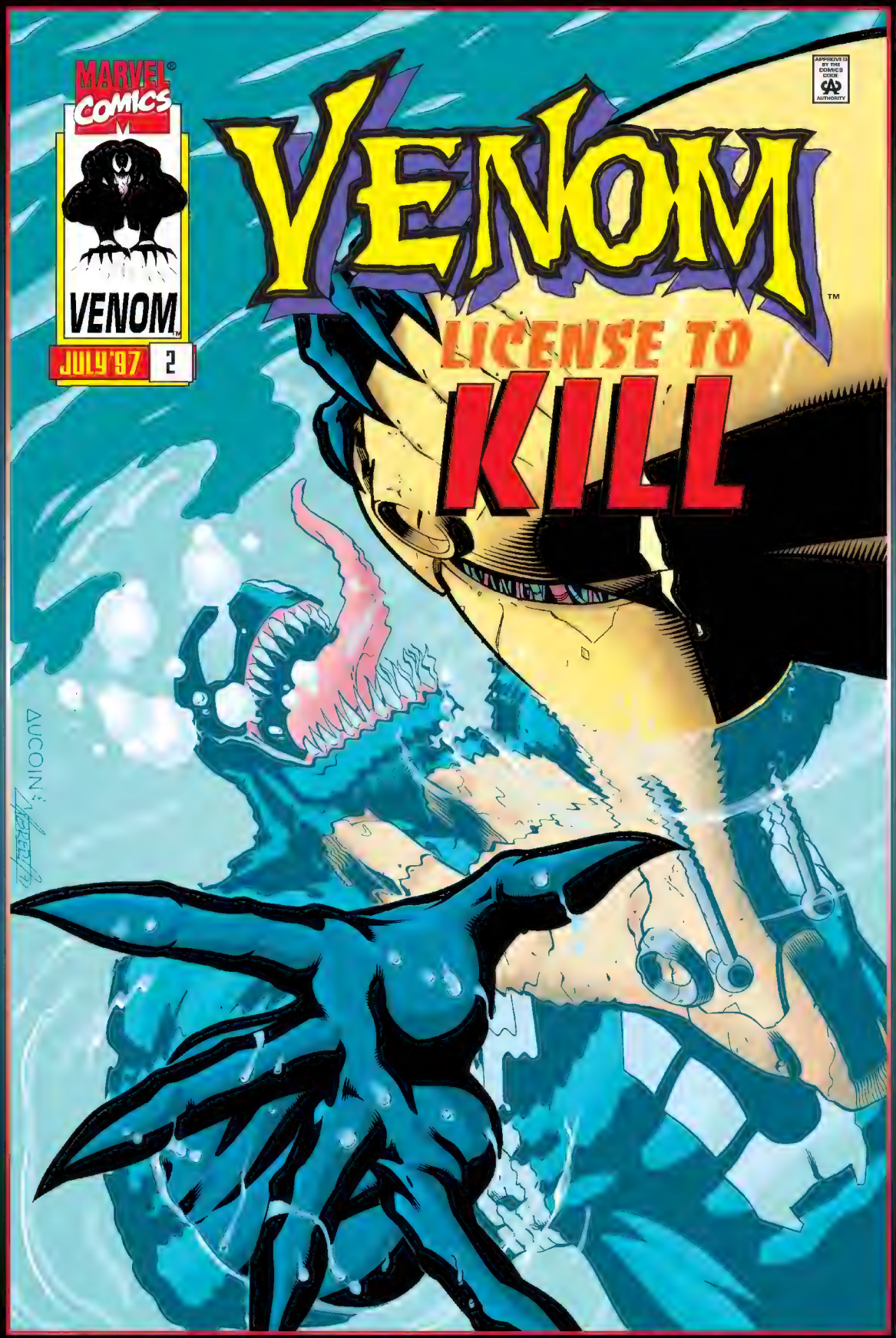
CYBER.VENOM
by Brett Lopez



VENOM
by Colin Whalen
Age 15

VENOM
SYMBIOTE vs
SPIDER-MAN
by Jason
Anderson

If you'd like to contribute to the Venom Fan Art Page, just send your drawings to: *Eddie's Clubhouse, c/o Marvel Comics, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.* Please note that all artwork submitted becomes the property of Marvel Comics. We can't promise to print everything we receive...but we'll sure try!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VENOM
JULY '97
2
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
VENOM
LICENSE TO
KILL
AUCOIN

IN THE ATLANTIC, OFF MIAMI...
EDDIE BROCK, AKA VENOM, NOW DEPUTIZED AS A SPECIAL FEDERAL AGENT, IS ON A MISSION TO PAY OFF A TERRORIST EXTORTIONIST.
THE BAD GUYS AREN'T PLAYING FAIR, SMITH!
THEY SENT GIANT ROBOTS, SO ALL BETS ARE OFF!
DON'T DO IT, EDDIE!

IF YOU MORPH INTO VENOM AND RIP APART HIS ANDROID ENVOY, DR. YES IS GONNA LET LOOSE THE PLAGUE TOXIN!
NEED I REMIND YOU THAT WE PLANTED A REMOTE-CONTROLLED THERMITE BOMB IN YOUR CHEST....

FWOOOOSH!

FROM RUSSIA WITH BLOOD-LUST!

...ALONG WITH THIS RADIO?

HOW COULD I FORGET A THING LIKE THAT?

GIMME A BREAK, SMITH...

...HOW MUCH OF THIS DO I HAVE TO TAKE?

LARRY HAMA
SCRIPT
DEREC AUCOIN
PENCILS
RICH FABER
INKS
TOM SMITH
COLORING
KEN LOPEZ
LETTERING
TOM BREVOORT
EDITOR
BOB HARRAS
EDITOR IN CHIEF

I'LL TAKE THE MONEY, NOW.
AS MUCH AS HE'S PREPARED TO DISH OUT!
THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY...
...YOU'RE NOT OVER HERE GETTING MANGLED AND MAIMED BY A REFUGEE FROM A JAPANESE MONSTER MOVIE!
WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE NOISE, EDDIE? IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING BEING DRAGGED THROUGH THE WATER AT HIGH SPEED!
ARRRRRRRRGH!
TAKE CARE OF THIS TRASH, MONIKA!
OOF!
THE MONEY IS ALL HERE, FATHER!
SHOULD I HAVE MONIKA THROW THE AMERICAN AGENT OVERBOARD?
NYET, KOSTYA...

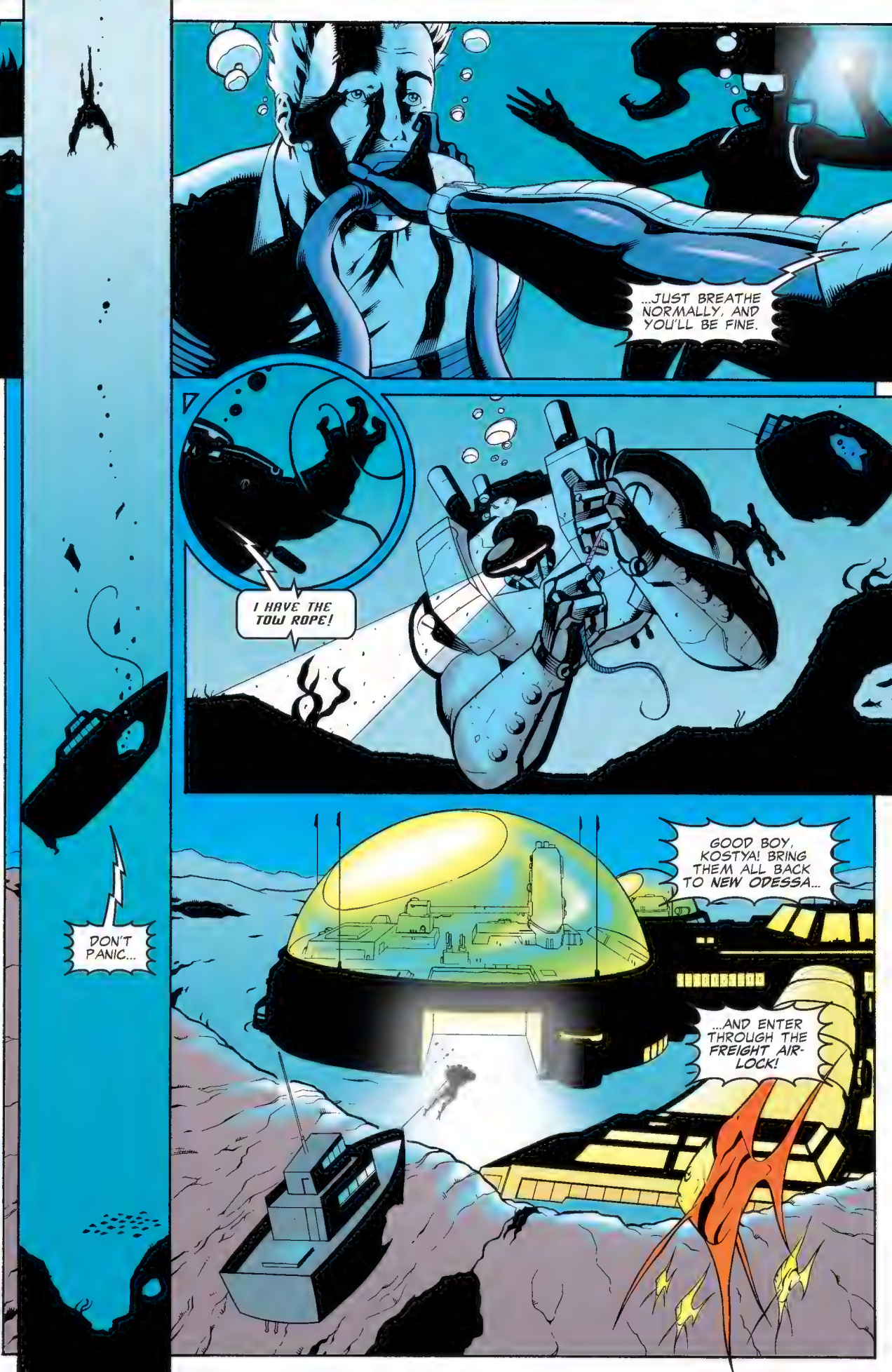
...BRING HIM BACK TO THE BASE.
WE MAY HAVE USE FOR HIM LATER.
SECURE THE PRISONER FOR RETURN TO THE BASE!
WE'LL SECURE HIM AFTER WE SUBDUE HIM, KOSTYA!
HEY, SMITH! THE ROBOT'S NAME IS KOSTYA, IF THAT'S ANY HELP!
THAT'S THE NAME OF YESENOFSKY'S SON!
THAT'S NO ROBOT, THAT'S A GUY IN A POWERED SUIT!
THEY GOT ME ON A HYDROFOIL.
DON'T WORRY, EDDIE--WE'RE TRACKING YOU!

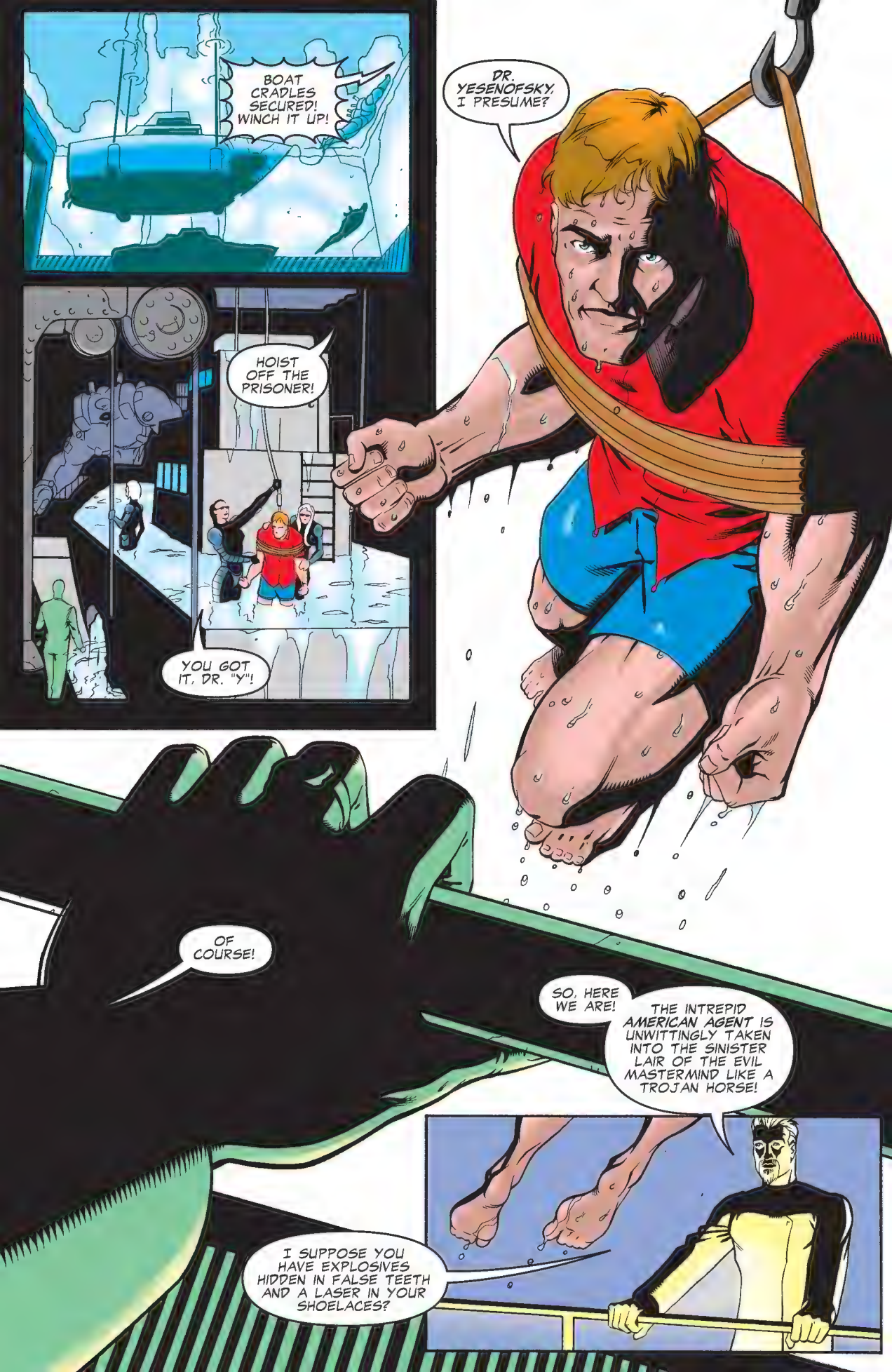
VRRROOOM!
SMITH, DON'T YOU THINK THAT DR. YES IS SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT WE WILL HAVE PUT A TRACER IN WITH THE MONEY?
OF COURSE, BUT WHAT ELSE ARE WE GOING TO DO?
TRUST VENOM TO COME THROUGH ON HIS OWN?
ON THE HYDROFOIL...
THERE'S THE AMERICAN TRACKING PLANE, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE! MAKE SMOKE!
SMITH! GET UP TO THE COCKPIT ASAP!
WE GOT A VISUAL ON THE HYDROFOIL?
THAT SHIP IS EITHER MAKING SMOKE...
...OR IT'S ON FIRE!!
THEY WOULDN'T MAKE SMOKE. THEY WANT TO AVOID BEING SEEN!
THEN THAT SHIP IS GOING DOWN!

CAPTAIN, IT IS TIME TO BLOW THE MAIN SCUTTLING CHARGES!
YOU HEARD KOSTYA! WE'RE SCUTTLING! GET THE PRISONER BELOW!
PLINK!
WHOA!! IF YOU'RE GOING TO SINK THIS TUB, WHY ARE WE GOING BELOW DECKS?
PA-THOOOM!
THEY JUST BLEW HOLES IN THE HULL BELOW THE WATER LINE! THAT SHIP IS GONNA DEEP SIX!
EDDIE! WHAT THE BLUE-BLAZES IS GOING ON?

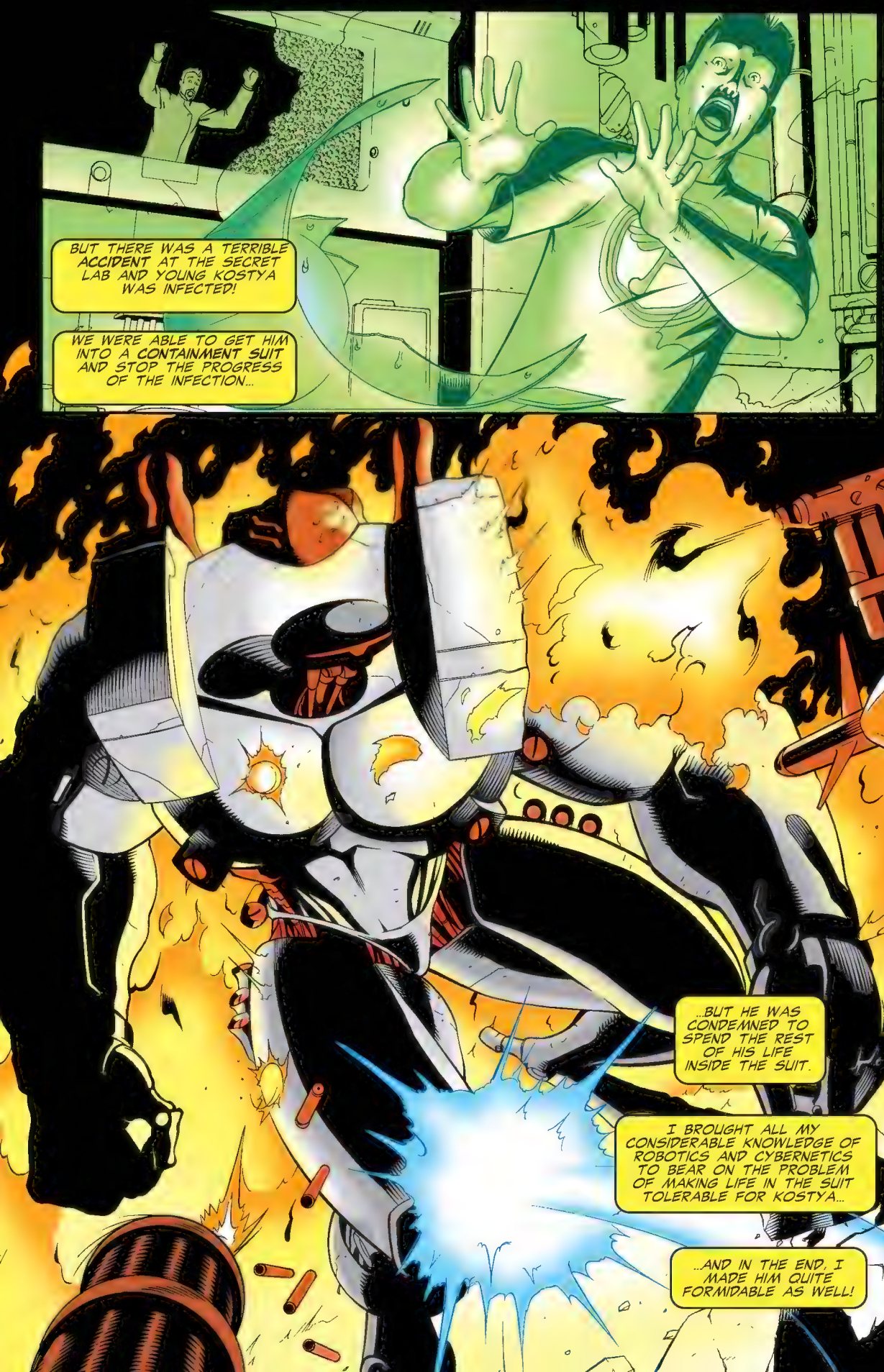
AM I MISSING SOMETHING? IS THERE A LIFEBOAT OR AN ESCAPE HATCH DOWN HERE?
NO LIFEBOAT.
NO ESCAPE HATCH.
THIS IS CRAZY! WE'RE GOING TO DROWN--!
MORPH, EDDIE! GET OUTTA THERE!!
EDDIE! CAN YOU HEAR ME??
THE RADIO SIGNALS DON'T PENETRATE WATER, SMITH!
EDDIE BROCK IS CUT OFF FROM ALL CONTACT WITH US AND THE HYDROFOIL IS SINKING LIKE A STONE IN DEEP WATER!
KEEP AN EYE ON KOSTYA!
AT LEAST WE CAN STILL TRACK THE MONEY!

THE HYDROFOIL IS COMPLETELY SUBMERGED, FATHER!
PROCEED TO PHASE TWO, KOSTYA.
GLOOOSH!
BAD NEWS, SMITH...
...YOUR BOY KOSTYA JUST TOOK A HALF-GAINER INTO THE DEEP END OF THE POOL!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?
NOW, WE HAVE TO SIT TIGHT...
...AND HOPE THAT VENOM COMES THROUGH ON HIS OWN!


...JUST BREATHE NORMALLY, AND YOU'LL BE FINE.
I HAVE THE TOW ROPE!
DON'T PANIC...
GOOD BOY, KOSTYA! BRING THEM ALL BACK TO NEW ODESSA...
...AND ENTER THROUGH THE FREIGHT AIR-LOCK!


BOAT CRADLES SECURED! WINCH IT UP!
HOIST OFF THE PRISONER!
YOU GOT IT, DR. "Y"!
DR. YESENOFSKY, I PRESUME?
OF COURSE!
SO, HERE WE ARE!
THE INTREPID AMERICAN AGENT IS UNWITTINGLY TAKEN INTO THE SINISTER LAIR OF THE EVIL MASTERMIND LIKE A TROJAN HORSE!
I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE EXPLOSIVES HIDDEN IN FALSE TEETH AND A LASER IN YOUR SHOELACES?

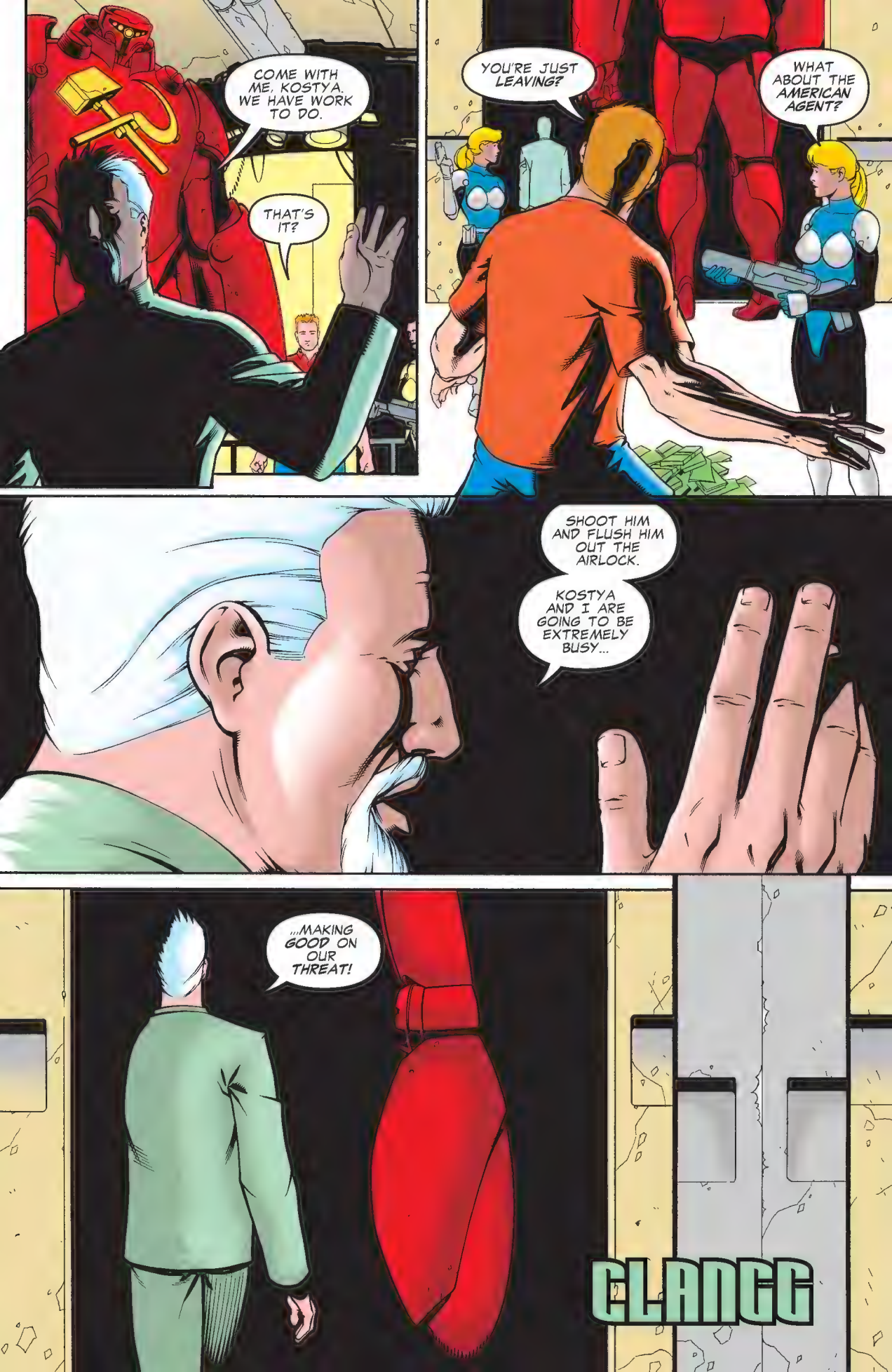
WE ARE NOT BARBARIANS HERE, DESPITE WHAT YOU MUST THINK. MR.--?
BROCK.
EDWARD BROCK.
THERE'S NO NEED FOR RESTRAINTS IN NEW ODESSA.
THE ONLY WAY OUT IS THROUGH THE AIRLOCK AND THAT HAS TO BE OPERATED FROM THE CONTROL BOOTH.
MOVE THAT HAND, OR LOSE IT!
YOU'LL EXCUSE ME IF I DON'T WANT TO GET TOO BUDDY-BUDDY WITH A CREEP WHO WAS ABOUT TO RELEASE A DEADLY PLAGUE TOXIN ON THE WORLD!
HRMPH!
I DEVELOPED THIS STRAIN OF PLAGUE BEFORE THE FALL OF COMMUNISM!
I DID IT FOR THE RODINA, THE MOTHERLAND...


BUT THERE WAS A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT THE SECRET LAB AND YOUNG KOSTYA WAS INFECTED!
WE WERE ABLE TO GET HIM INTO A CONTAINMENT SUIT AND STOP THE PROGRESS OF THE INFECTION...
...BUT HE WAS CONDEMNED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE INSIDE THE SUIT.
I BROUGHT ALL MY CONSIDERABLE KNOWLEDGE OF ROBOTICS AND CYBERNETICS TO BEAR ON THE PROBLEM OF MAKING LIFE IN THE SUIT TOLERABLE FOR KOSTYA...
...AND IN THE END, I MADE HIM QUITE FORMIDABLE AS WELL!

OF COURSE, WITH THE FALL OF COMMUNISM, I FOUND MYSELF RATHER RUDELY UNEMPLOYED.
AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, THE UPKEEP ON KOSTYA'S SUIT AND LIFE-SUPPORT APPARATI WAS WELL BEYOND MY MEANS.
I WENT TO THE MIDEAST WHERE I AMASSED A SMALL FORTUNE DEVELOPING NERVE TOXINS AND OTHER NASTY CHEMICAL WEAPONS FOR VARIOUS TIN POT DICTATORS.
ENOUGH TO REFIT THIS FORMER SOVIET COVERT SUB BASE FOR MY OWN PURPOSES--
--ALL OF WHICH HAVE TO DO WITH KEEPING KOSTYA ALIVE.
IT IS ALL SO EXPENSIVE, YOU SEE. HENCE THE NEED FOR GLOBAL BLACKMAIL.
BUT I CAN MERELY STALL THE ADVENT OF THE DISEASE. I CAN'T REVERSE IT! IN THE END, KOSTYA WILL DIE--
--AND WHEN HE DOES, ALL OF HUMANITY WILL PAY!
KIND OF A HEAVY REVENGE FOR SUCH A CHEAP PUNK, ISN'T IT?

WE SHOULD BE GETTING SOMETHING FROM THE SONOBUOYS WE'RE DROPPING...
IF KOSTYA WAS PICKED UP BY A SUBMARINE, OUR SONAR WILL DETECT THE SOUND OF ITS SCREWS AND PROPULSION MACHINERY.
NO SUB DOWN THERE, SIR, BUT I AM PICKING UP MACHINERY NOISE FROM A BIG STATIONARY OBJECT.
THERE'S A BASE DOWN THERE, WAY DEEP!
WE ARE BETWEEN THE ROCK AND THE HARD PLACE.
NO WAY TO CONTACT EDDIE, AND SOON DR. YES IS GOING TO BE TAKING A CLOSE LOOK AT THAT MONEY IN THE BRIEFCASE!
PATCH ME THROUGH ON A SCRAMBLED LINE TO THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE!
GENERAL DUNLEAVY? THIS OP IS GOING TO HECK IN A HANDBASKET!
YOU HAD BETTER HAND THE FOOTBALL TO THE QUARTERBACK AND TELL THE MAN THAT HE'S GOT A CHOICE BETWEEN PLAGUE AND FALLOUT!

YOU ARE TRYING TO, HOW DO YOU SAY, "GET MY GOAT", NYET?
HOW CAN YOU CALL KOSTYA CHEAP AFTER YOU HAVE SEEN THIS NEW CONTAINMENT SUIT I JUST FINISHED FOR HIM?
MAGNIFICENT, EH? HE IS NOW *RED FLAG*, THE *SWORD* OF THE PARTY!
GIVE ME A *BREAK!*
DR. YES! WE HAVE JUST EXAMINED THE MONEY UNDER ULTRAVIOLET...
...AND NOT ONLY ARE THE BILLS ALL *COUNTERFEIT*, THEY'RE *MARKED* WITH BLACK LIGHT DYE...
...AND THERE ARE MAGNETIC TRACERS IMBEDDED IN THE PAPER FIBER!
THE *BRIEFCASE* ITSELF IS A TRANSMITTER!


COME WITH ME, KOSTYA. WE HAVE WORK TO DO.
THAT'S IT?
YOU'RE JUST LEAVING?
WHAT ABOUT THE AMERICAN AGENT?
SHOOT HIM AND FLUSH HIM OUT THE AIRLOCK.
KOSTYA AND I ARE GOING TO BE EXTREMELY BUSY...
...MAKING GOOD ON OUR THREAT!
CLANGG

I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANY USE IN TRYING TO TALK YOU GIRLS OUT OF THIS, IS THERE?
AIM FOR THE HEAD AND CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM.
I DIDN'T THINK SO...
...SO I GUESS THERE'S NO POINT IN MAINTAINING MY COVER ANYMORE!!
HOO-HA!!
THERE'S NOBODY HERE TO TATTLE TO SMITH ANYWAY...
...SO WE MAY AS WELL EAT SOME BRAINS!!

BWAM! BWAM!
WHU??
SCHRRRIPPP!
SHE'S AN ANDROID!!!
BWAM!
BWAM!
BWAM!
WRONG, MUTANT...!
WE ARE CLASS III CYBORGS!!
WE'RE NOT A MUTANT, WE'RE A SYMBIOTE...
THOOP!
PLOP!
PLIP!
BWAM!
BWAM!
BWAM!
...GET THAT THROUGH YOUR HEAD!
KUDZU TECH
KA-SPLATT!

ACTIVATE INTEGRAL WEAPON SYSTEMS!
SYSTEMS ARMED AND READY!
I'LL IMMOBILIZE HIM...
...TAKE HIM OUT WITH LASER-FIRE AND HIGH PRESSURE FLAME PROJECTION!
DO YOU KNOW HOW HONKED OFF IT MAKES US THAT AFTER WE THRASH, BASH AND SMASH ALL OF YOU...
...THERE AREN'T EVEN GOING TO BE ANY BRAINS TO EAT?

DR. YES! THERE IS A PROBLEM IN THE LAB, WITH THE AMERICAN AGENT--!
A PROBLEM? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
HE IS NOT WHAT HE APPEARED TO BE!
IF YOU WILL PERMIT ME TO ACTIVATE MY INTEGRAL DISPLAY UNIT, I SHALL VISUALLY ELUCIDATE.
AS YOU CAN SEE, THE AGENT HAS MORPHED INTO SOME SORT OF MONSTER.
THE SENSOR SCANS INDICATE TWO LIFE FORMS OPERATING IN A SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP!
A SYMBIOTE!!
I HAVE HEARD OF SUCH THINGS--BUT I NEVER DREAMED I COULD HAVE ONE!
OH, KOSTYA, THERE ARE POSSIBILITIES HERE!
A REAL CURE, PERHAPS!
SKREEEEEEE!

HA!
DR. YES COULD HAVE AT LEAST PROGRAMMED SOME NICE SCREAMS INTO THIS BATCH--!
VERY UNSATISFYING!!
SMITH! WE HAVE A COMM-LINK FROM THE PENTAGON!
LAY IT ON ME!
WE JUST GOT THE GREEN LIGHT FROM THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE!
THE QUARTERBACK HAS HANDED OFF THE FOOTBALL!
BAD NEWS ALL AROUND, BOYS.
ARM THE NUKE AND SWING AROUND FOR A TORPEDO RUN!
NEXT:
GROUND ZERO

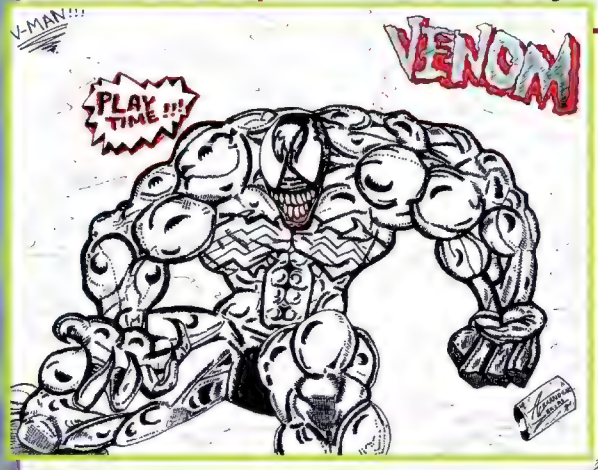
More VENOM Fan Art!

VENOM
by Jason Porter
Age 8

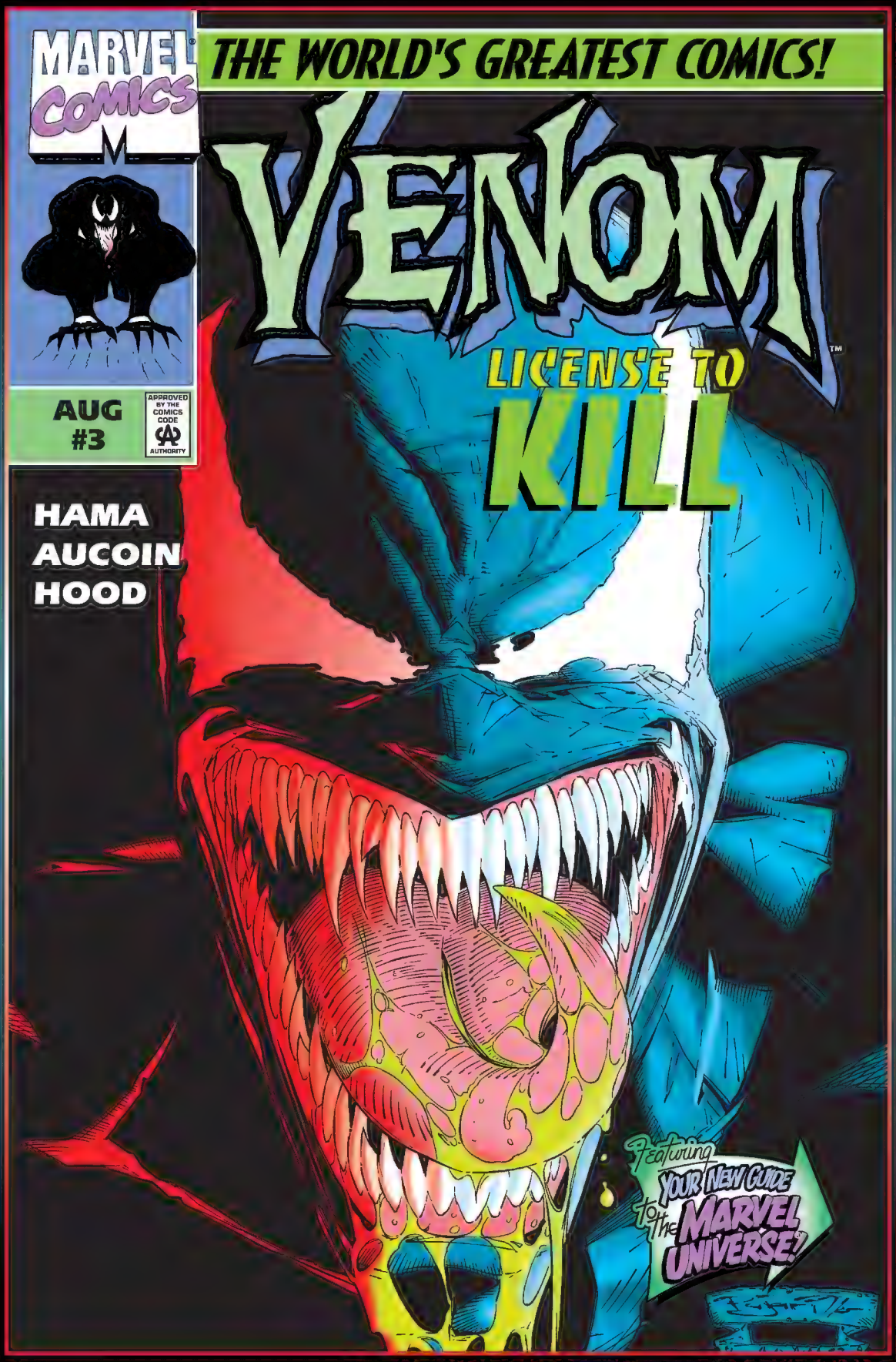
VENOM
by Paul
Donaldson

"NEXT"
by Jean-François
Carroll
Age 16

VENOM-
"PLAY TIME"
by Alexander Zervas



VENOM
by
Matt
Lane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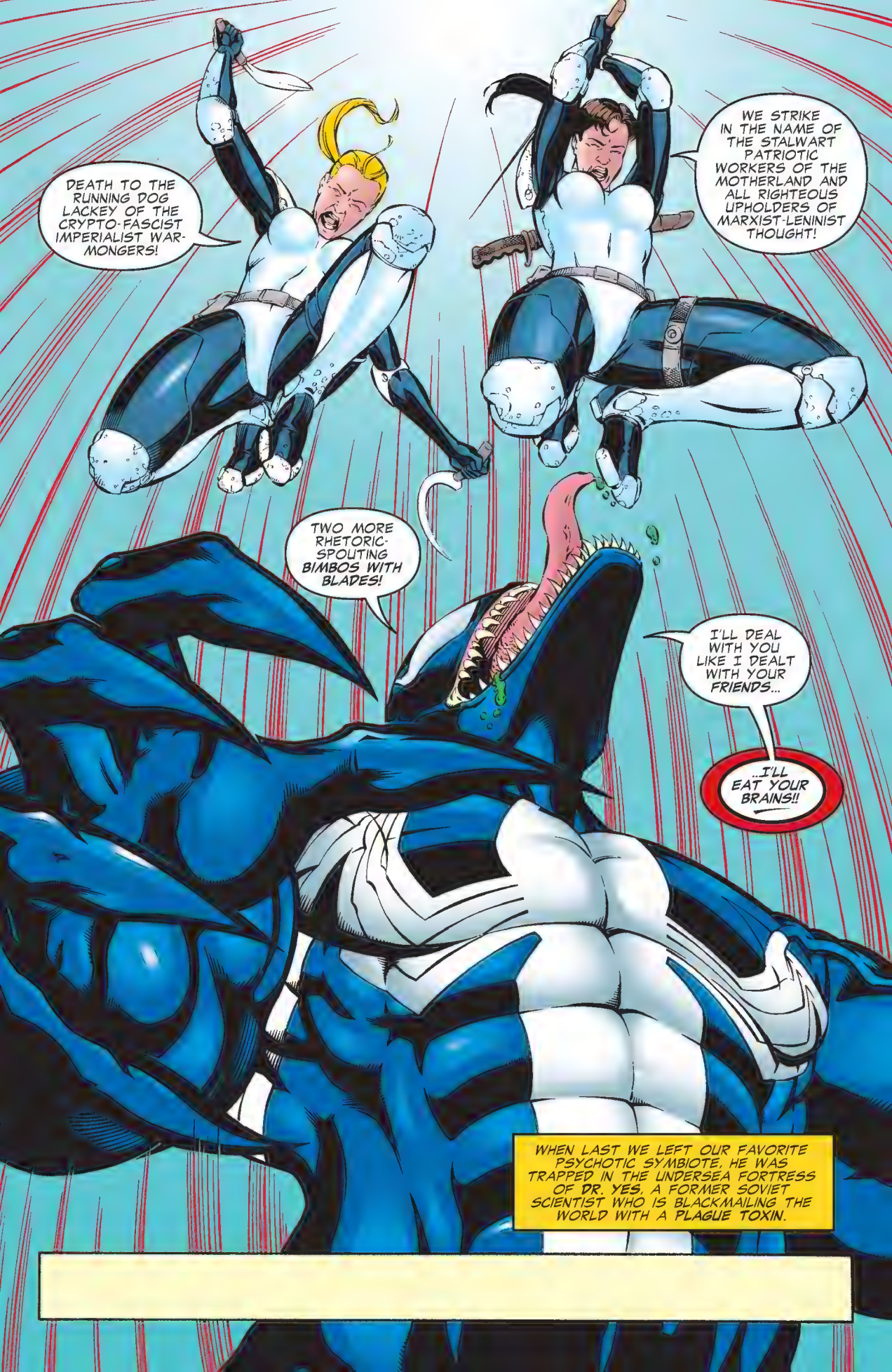

DEATH TO THE RUNNING DOG LACKEY OF THE CRYPTO-FASCIST IMPERIALIST WAR-MONGERS!
WE STRIKE IN THE NAME OF THE STALWART PATRIOTIC WORKERS OF THE MOTHERLAND AND ALL RIGHTEOUS UPHOLDERS OF MARXIST-LENINIST THOUGHT!
TWO MORE RHETORIC-SPOUTING BIMBOS WITH BLADES!
I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LIKE I DEALT WITH YOUR FRIENDS...
..I'LL EAT YOUR BRAINS!!
WHEN LAST WE LEFT OUR FAVORITE PSYCHOTIC SYMBIOTE, HE WAS TRAPPED IN THE UNDERSEA FORTRESS OF DR. YES, A FORMER SOVIET SCIENTIST WHO IS BLACKMAILING THE WORLD WITH A PLAGUE TOXIN.

THE ANDROID ASSASSINS ARE THE PRAETORIAN GUARD OF A GENIUS UNHINGED BY A PERSONAL TRAGEDY OF HIS OWN MAKING...

...THE ACCIDENTAL INFECTION OF HIS ONLY SON, KOSTYA, BY THE PLAGUE TOXIN HE CREATED!

KA-SHUNGGG!

WHIRRRRRRRRR

HOO-HA!

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I'LL PASS ON THE BRAINS!

I'M CUTTING BACK ON SILICON AND UPPING MY FIBER INTAKE THESE DAYS!

COLD FINGER!

script-LARRY HAMA
pencils-DEREC AUCOIN & JOSH HOOD
inks-ERIC CANNON with SCOTT KOBLISH
coloring-TOM SMITH
lettering-KEN LOPEZ
editor-TOM BREVOORT
editor in chief-BOB HARRAS

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAB BLAST DOORS...
LET ME GO INTO THE LAB AND DEAL WITH HIM, FATHER!
NO! VENOM MIGHT BE THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEM, KOSTYA!
IF HIS ALIEN SYMBIOTE COULD BE INDUCED TO MERGE WITH YOU, IT MIGHT BE ABLE TO REVERSE THE PLAGUE INFECTION THAT IS HELD IN CHECK ONLY BY YOUR POWERED CONTAINMENT SUIT!
DR. YESENOFSKY...
...THE SENSORS HAVE PICKED UP SONO-BUOYS!
IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THE AMERICANS HAVE PINPOINTED THE LOCATION OF OUR BASE!
THAT WAS AN INEVITABILITY THAT WAS EXPECTED...
...BUT WHAT ARE THEIR OPTIONS? WE ARE INVULNERABLE TO ANYTHING SHORT OF A TACTICAL NUCLEAR DEVICE!

GET US A FIRING ORDER, SMITH...!
FLYING A HOLDING PATTERN WITH AN ARMED NUKE IN THE CHUTE GIVES ME THE SCREAMING WILLIES!
WE ARE NOT LAUNCHING UNTIL I HAVE A CONFIRMED POSITIVE LOCK ON THE TARGET!
CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE HALF THE EASTERN SEABOARD GLOWING IN THE DARK FOR THE SAKE OF A MISS!
THIS IS WHAT WE GET FOR SENDING A SICK PUPPY LIKE VENOM IN ON THIS MISSION!
I WASN'T THE ONE WHO DECIDED TO GIVE HIM A JUNIOR G-MAN BADGE AND SEND HIM OUT TO DEFEND THE FREE WORLD!
COMPLAIN TO YOUR CONGRESSMAN!
YOU PSEUDO-GIRLS ARE JUST A BARREL OF SURPRISES, AREN'T YOU?
RATATATATATATATAT!
UHHRRRRRRR!
RATATATATATATATAT!
TZING!
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU KEEP IN YOUR WONDER BRAS!
BWEE!

SO WHAT'S WITH THE SILENT TREATMENT?
VIP!
YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THROWING DOWN AND RECITING THE PARTY LINE AT THE SAME TIME?
FLAP THAT JAW...
...USE IT, OR LOSE IT!
SPROINGG!
SCHRRRIPPP!
THE REVOLUTION OF THE PROLETARIAT WILL SWEEP AWAY THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE ELITIST CAPITALIST BOURGEOISIE!
YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'VE GOT SOME CHIPS LOOSE IN THE CABEZA!
SKREE!--OPIATE OF THE MASSES!
OPIATE OF THE MASSES!
YOU NEED TO GET A GRIP...

...BEFORE YOU START FALLING APART!
SCHRRRUNGGF!
THE AMERICAN AGENT IS TOO FORMIDABLE FOR THE ANDROIDS!
ALLOW RED FLAG TO SHOW HIM THE ERROR OF IMPERIALIST EXPANSIONIST WAYS!
THE THING TO DO, SON, IS TO GO TO THE AIRLOCK AND MAKE A STAND THERE!
THAT IS THE ONLY WAY OUT OF NEW ODESSA. IT IS A NATURAL CHOKE POINT!
TAKE ALL THE REMAINING ANDROIDS AND CAPTURE THE SYMBIOTE THERE!
YOU ALWAYS MAKE SUCH GOOD PLANS, FATHER!
THE INTRUDER HAS LEFT THE LAB, SIR.
HE IS HEADING FOR THE AIRLOCK AS YOU PREDICTED!
REASSIGN THE TRACKING CAMERAS AND FEED ME THE VISUALS AS SOON AS YOU HAVE HIM LOCKED IN!

OKAY, I'M OUT OF HERE!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SWIM THROUGH THE AIRLOCK AND--
AIRLOCK
YOU HAVE TO GET PAST ME FIRST, PAWN OF WESTERN PLUTOCRAT PIGS!
YOU MAY NOT DAMAGE HIS CORPOREAL MASS, BUT IT IS PERMITTED TO INFLICT AS MUCH PAIN AS POSSIBLE!
THOOOM!
THOOOM!
THOOOM!

IN THE TRACKING PLANE...
THOOM! THOOM!
LOCK IT ON THE GUIDANCE COMPUTER AND LAUNCH!!
EEEEYAAA!!
SOUNDS LIKE WW III JUST POPPED OFF DOWN THERE!
HEAVY DUTY FIRE-POWER IN A BIG WAY!
WE GOT US A FIX!!
KA-CHONK!!
TORPEDO IS LOCKED AND RUNNING, SIR!

BACK IN NEW ODESSA...
YOU CALL THIS INCAPACITATING?
THE ONLY DAMAGE I'M SUSTAINING IS THIS NASTY HANGNAIL FROM RIPPING YOUR CUTE LITTLE HEADS OFF!
PERHAPS MY FATHER'S PLAN WAS NOT AS GOOD AS WE THOUGHT!
THIS AMERICAN SYMBIOTE IS MOWING DOWN OUR ANDROIDS LIKE STALIN LIQUIDATED THE OFFICER CLASS OF THE RED ARMY!
FORGET HIM, KOSTYA.
IT IS TIME TO TEACH THE WORLD A LESSON.
IT IS TIME TO LOOSE THE PLAGUE TOXIN.
I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU HERE BEFORE THE SITUATION WITH THE SYMBIOTE IS RESOLVED!
LET ME HANDLE IT, KOSTYA.
YOU HAVE A MISSION OF HISTORIC IMPORTANCE TO ACCOMPLISH.

I WILL RETURN, FATHER...
...AND I WILL PERSONALLY NEUTRALIZE THE SYMBIOTE!
CALLING OUT THE BIG GUNS, ARE YOU?
BEEN FEEDING THIS ONE SILICON STEROIDS?
BIG BERTHA HOUSES A PLASMA CANNON, SYMBIOTE.
THE TARGETING COMPUTER IN HER BRAIN HAS BEEN PRE-SET WITH SAFETY PARAMETERS TO PRECLUDE HER ACCIDENTALLY COMPROMISING THE STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY OF THE DOME.
I WOULD ADVISE YOU TO SURRENDER BEFORE I AM FORCED TO GIVE HER THE ORDER TO FIRE.
TORPEDO!
SUIT SENSORS INDICATE THAT IT IS A TACTICAL NUCLEAR DEVICE...
...AND IT IS TARGETED ON NEW ODESSA!

BEE EEEEEEEEP!
YES? WHAT IS IT NOW?
URGENT TRANSMISSION FROM KOSTYA, DR. YESENOFSKY!
THE AMERICANS HAVE FIRED A NUCLEAR TORPEDO AT NEW ODESSA!
I AM INTERCEPTING AND INTERDICTING!
WHAT? A FIRST STRIKE? WHAT UNEXPECTED AUDACITY!
GET AWAY FROM HERE, KOSTYA!!
RUN AWAY AND LIVE!
LIVE AND GET REVENGE!
LIVE??
IT IS I WHO HAVE THE PLAGUE, FATHER...
...IT IS YOU WHO MUST LIVE!
PLONK!

PLASMA CANNON, HUH?
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, SHOOT PLATELETS AT ME?
WRONG PLASMA, TOOL OF THE RULING CLASS!
THIS WEAPON UTILIZES A SUPER-CONDUCTOR INDUCED HYPER MAGNETIC FIELD TO DIRECT A STREAM OF HIGHLY IONIZED GAS--
YADDA YADDA YADDA!
THAT FANCY DEATH RAY IS ABOUT AS USELESS AS A SCREEN DOOR ON A SUBMARINE...
...IF YOU CAN'T HIT ANYTHING WITH IT!
PTHOOM!

SCHREKK!
SPAK!
SPUT!
RAZOR-SHARP TALONS, ON THE OTHER HAND...
...PRETTY MUCH HIT THE TARGET EVERY TIME!
IT IS ALL RATHER FUTILE NOW, SYMBIOTE.
A NUCLEAR TORPEDO IS HOMING IN ON US, AND I HAVE LOCKED THE BLAST DOORS AND THE AIR LOCK.
I'M AFRAID THERE IS NO WAY OUT.
OH, NO?
YOU SAID THE TARGETING LIMITERS WERE IN HER HEAD!
WELL, THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM ANYMORE!
AS FOR FIRING THIS WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION...
..ALL I HAVE TO DO IS INSINUATE MY OTHER AS A MONOFILAMENT INTO THE WIRING SYSTEM!

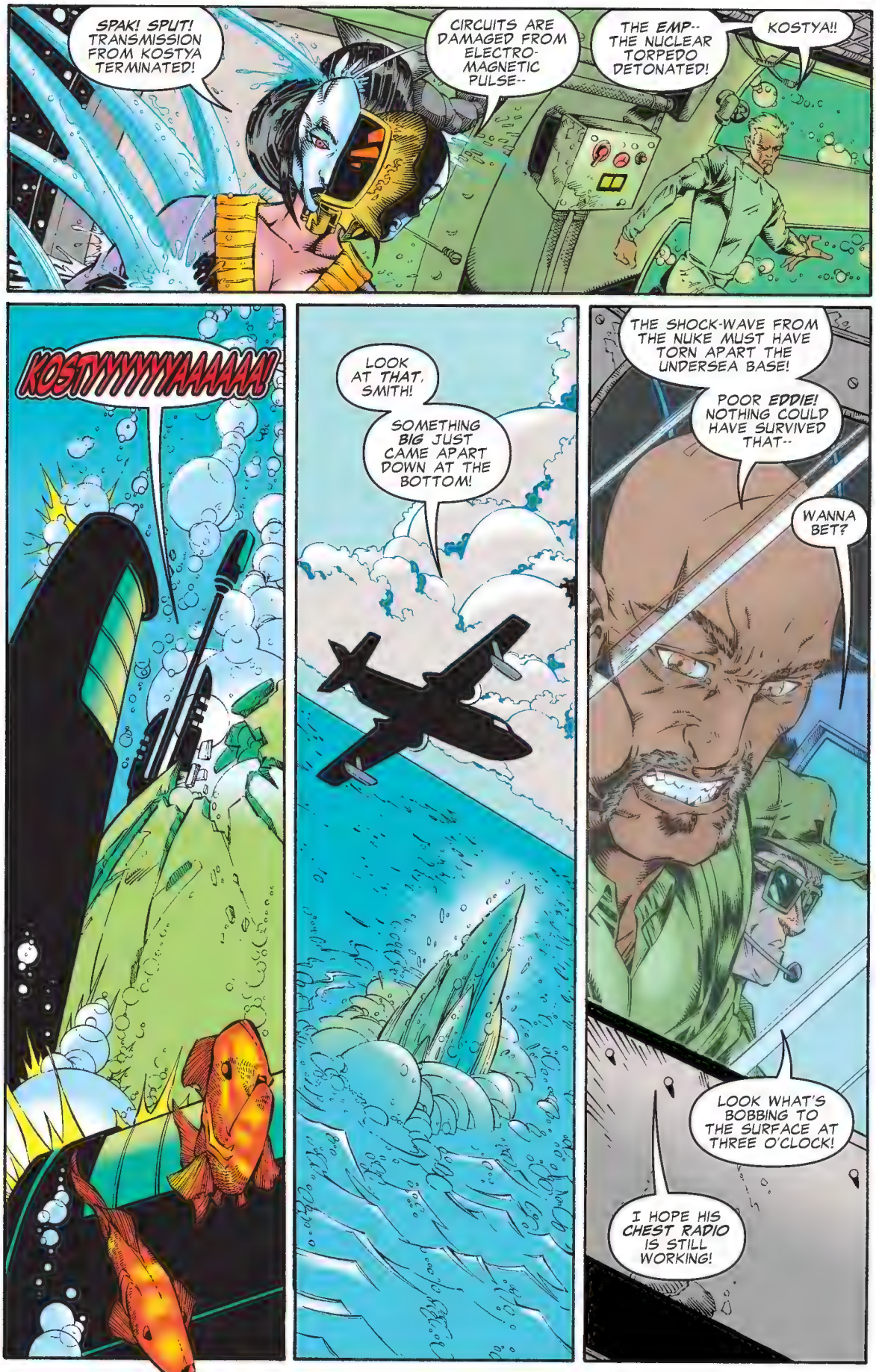
I DID IT!
I DIVERTED THE COURSE OF THE TORPEDO AWAY FROM NEW ODESSA!
ON THE TRACKING PLANE...
SMITH! THE NUKE JUST CHANGED COURSE!
GOOD LORD! WHAT DIRECTION???
I CAN SEND MY TENDRILS RIGHT INTO THE FIRING CONTROLS...
...AND I CAN COMPLETE THE CIRCUITS!
CRC 110

HE IS MY FATHER, BUT HE IS WRONG!
TO RELEASE THIS PLAGUE ON THE WORLD IS NOTHING SHORT OF MONSTROUS!
I KNOW THIS AS SURELY AS I KNOW THAT I MUST CARRY THIS NUCLEAR TORPEDO AND THE CANISTER OF TOXIN INTO THE DEEPEST TRENCH ON THE OCEAN FLOOR!
NOW THAT MY FEET ARE STANDING CLOSE TO THE GREAT CHANGE MEN CALL DEATH...
...I UNDERSTAND HOW PRECIOUS LIFE IS!
GOOD-BYE, FATHER!
IT'S UP TO YOU, SMITH! THAT NUKE IS A RUNAWAY, AND YOU HAVE TO MAKE THE COMMAND DECISION TO HIT THE SELF-DESTRUCT BUTTON!
THAT WAS THE ONLY NUKE WE HAD! IT WAS OUR ONE CHANCE TO STOP THE PLAGUE TOXIN!
HOO-HA!
IS THAT A FIFTY-CYCLE HUM, I HEAR? IS THAT THE CAPACITOR WARMING UP?
OH, I DO BELIEVE WE ARE GEARING UP TO DISCHARGE HOT IONS HERE!

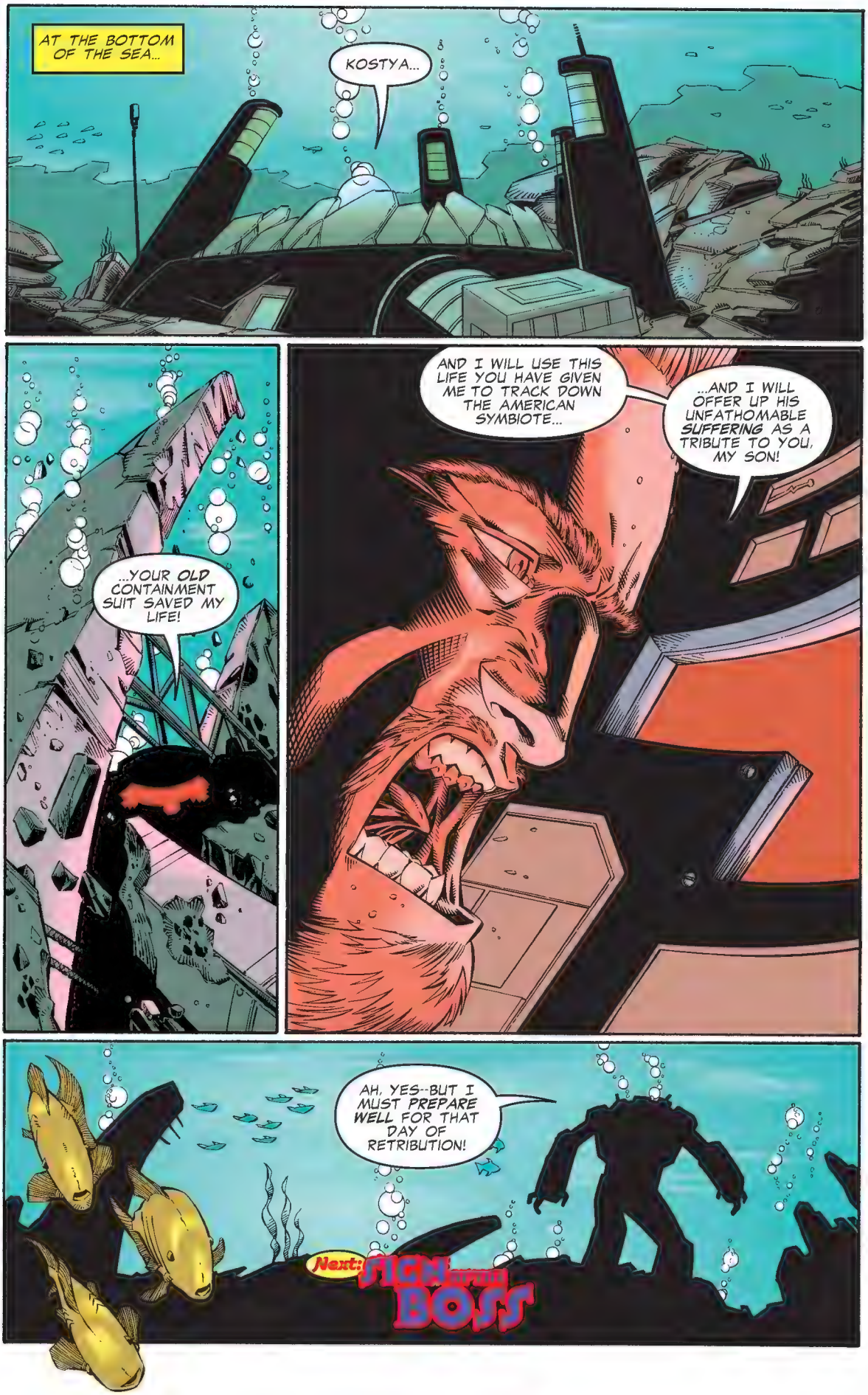
PTHOOOM!
YOU IDIOT!
YOU'RE GOING TO CRACK THE DOME!!
DU-UH!!
THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT, SHERLOCK!
SHOOOOM!
SLAMM!
SPLOOOOSH!
TIME TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH...
...AND DO THE ALIEN OTHER DOGGIE PADDLE!

DR. YESENOFSKY, WE HAVE A REMOTE TRANSMISSION FROM KOSTYA--
THAT'S THE NUCLEAR TORPEDO!
KOSTYA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING??
I DON'T SEE WHY THE SALMON DO THIS EVERY YEAR--
--HOW MUCH BETTER CAN THE MATING BE UPSTREAM?
KOSTYA! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS??
BECAUSE IT IS THE RIGHT THING TO DO...
...AND BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, FATHER!
I CAN'T LET THAT NUKE GET AWAY!
STAND BY FOR JUDICIOUS SELF-DESTRUCT!
BINK!

WHOOMP!
YEEEE-HA!


SPAK! SPUT! TRANSMISSION FROM KOSTYA TERMINATED!
CIRCUITS ARE DAMAGED FROM ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PULSE--
THE EMP-- THE NUCLEAR TORPEDO DETONATED!
KOSTYA!!
KOSTYYYYYAAAAAA!
LOOK AT THAT, SMITH!
SOMETHING BIG JUST CAME APART DOWN AT THE BOTTOM!
THE SHOCK-WAVE FROM THE NUKE MUST HAVE TORN APART THE UNDERSEA BASE!
POOR EDDIE! NOTHING COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT--
WANNA BET?
LOOK WHAT'S BOBBING TO THE SURFACE AT THREE O'CLOCK!
I HOPE HIS CHEST RADIO IS STILL WORKING!

SMITH! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING SO-AND-SO!!
YOU FIRED A NUKE AT ME!!
JUST TRYING TO SAVE THE WORLD, MAN!
WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT? YOU WEREN'T VAPORIZED AND YOUR SHORTS AREN'T GLOWING IN THE DARK!
SOME CONSOLATION!
GET DOWN HERE AND PICK ME UP!
NO CAN DO, EDDIE!
THIS BIRD DIDN'T COME WITH THE PONTOON OPTION, SO WE CAN'T DO A SEA-LANDING...
..BUT WE CAN DROP YOU A RAFT AND A PADDLE!
JUST HEAD DUE WEST UNTIL YOU HIT MIAMI, EDDIE...
...IT'S ONLY A HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES!
SMITH! I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU!!


AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA...
KOSTYA...
...YOUR OLD CONTAINMENT SUIT SAVED MY LIFE!
AND I WILL USE THIS LIFE YOU HAVE GIVEN ME TO TRACK DOWN THE AMERICAN SYMBIOTE...
...AND I WILL OFFER UP HIS UNFATHOMABLE SUFFERING AS A TRIBUTE TO YOU, MY SON!
AH, YES--BUT I MUST PREPARE WELL FOR THAT DAY OF RETRIBUTION!
Next: FICH... BOSS

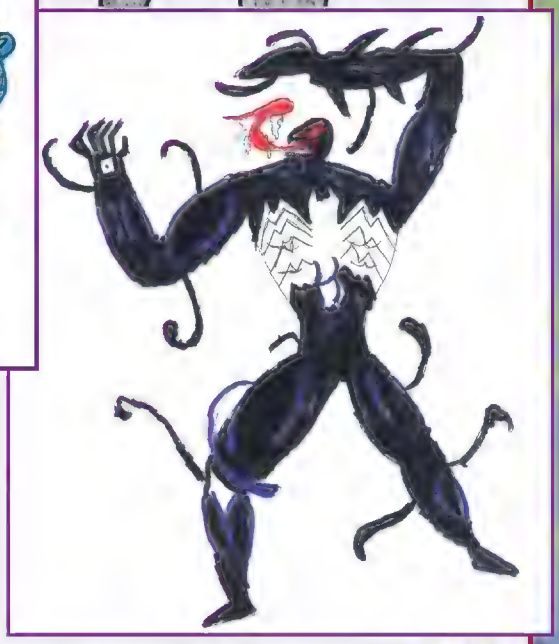
The VENOM Fan Art Page

A GALLERY OF AWESOME ART, SUBMITTED BY LOYAL FANS OF VENOM!

REVENGE OF VENOM 3
by Richey Pier
Age 8

VENOM
by Aaron Calhoun

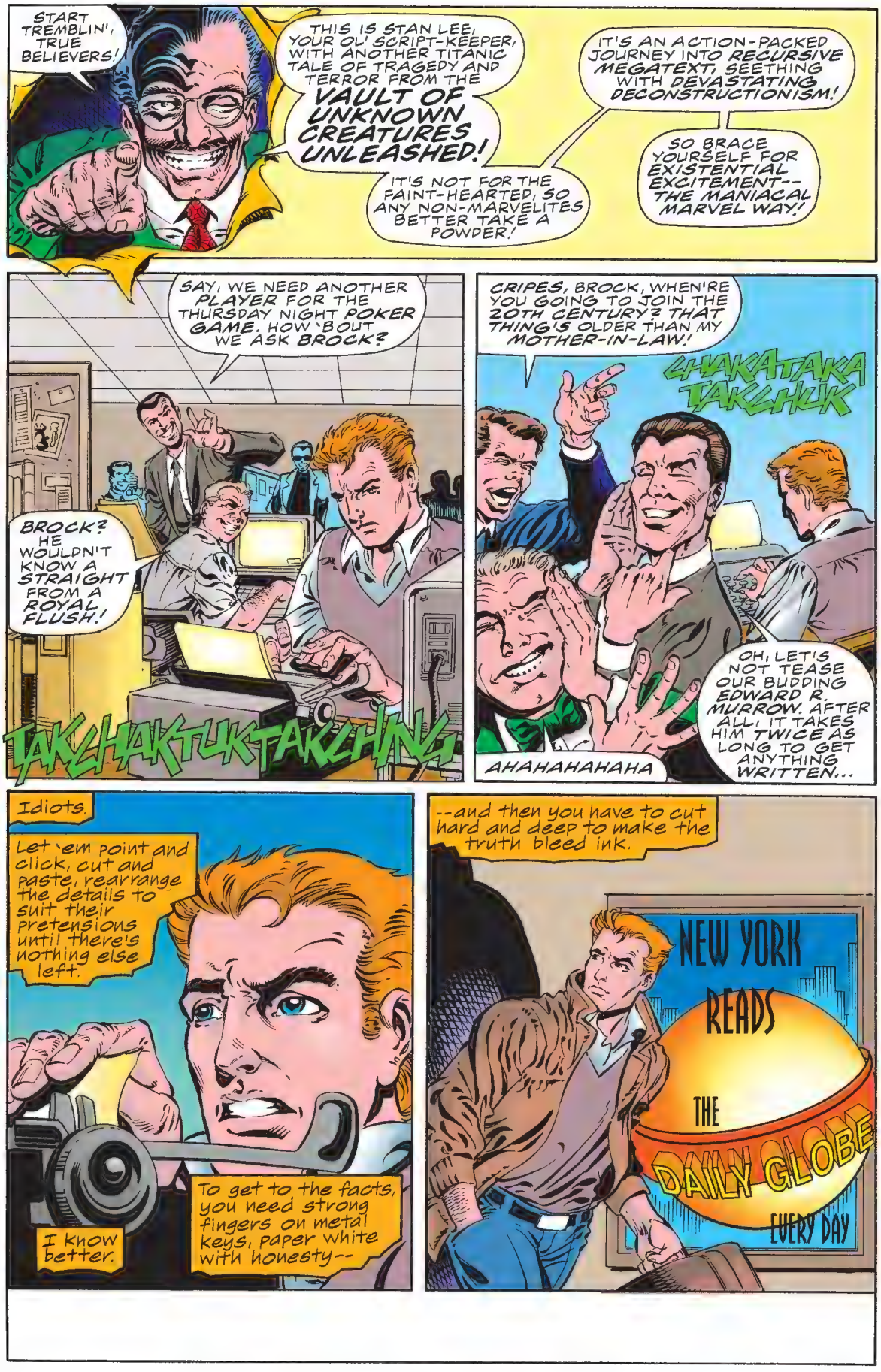
VENOM
by Andrew McBride
Age 6



VENOM
by Jon Eric Ariza

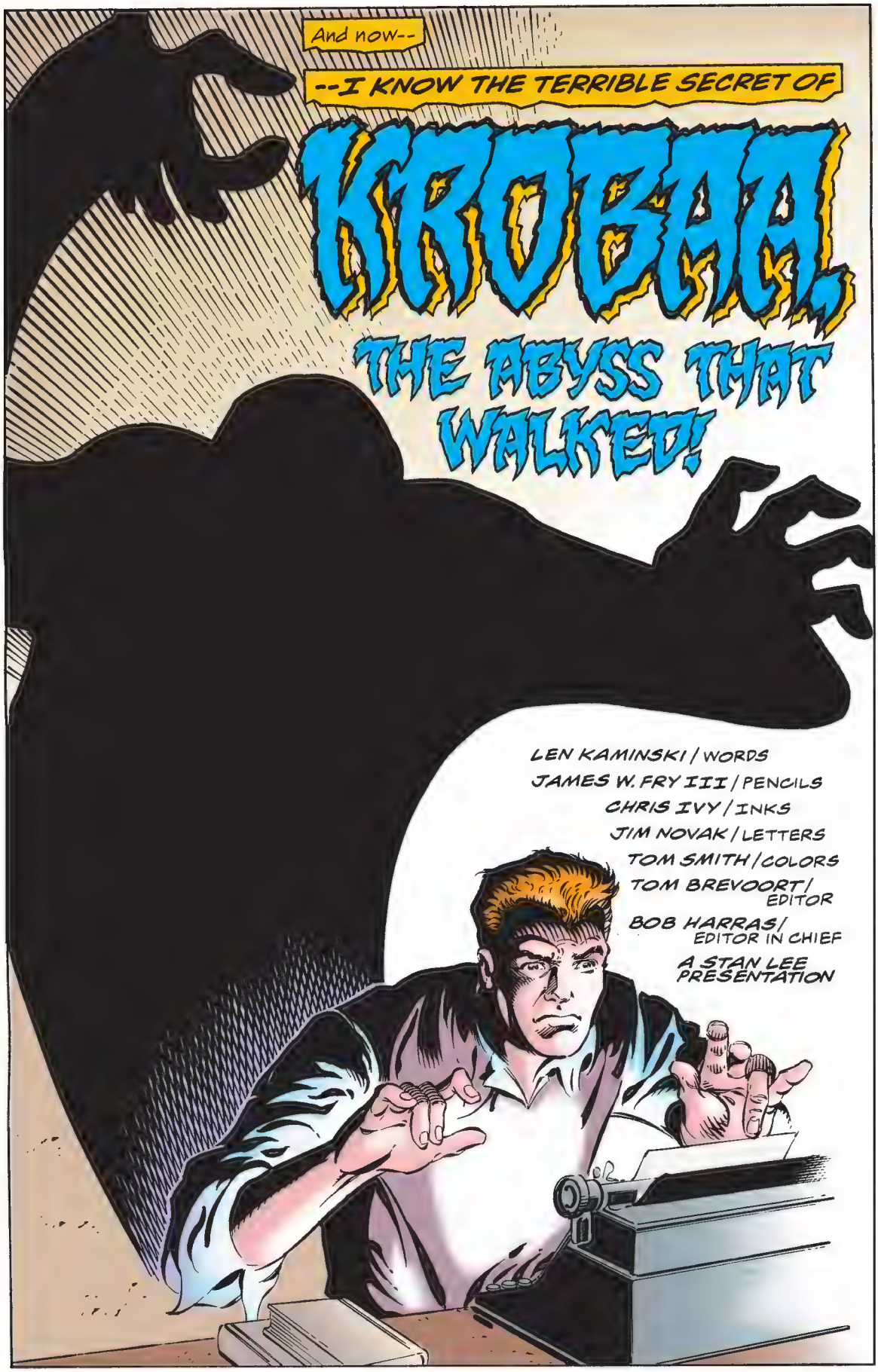
If you'd like to contribute to the Venom Fan Art Page, just send your drawings to: *Eddie's Clubhouse, c/o Marvel Comics, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.* Please note that all artwork submitted becomes the property of Marvel Comics. We can't promise to print everything we receive...but we'll sure try!

FLASHBACK
VENOM
SEED OF DARKNESS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
MINUS 1 JULY
IT WAS THE STORY OF THE CENTURY -- BUT IT MIGHT COST ME MY LIFE...
...FOR I, EDDIE BROCK, HAD LEARNED THE HORRIFYING SECRET OF
KROBAA
THE LIVING DARKNESS!


START TREMBLIN', TRUE BELIEVERS!
THIS IS STAN LEE, YOUR OL' SCRIPT-KEEPER, WITH ANOTHER TITANIC TALE OF TRAGEDY AND TERROR FROM THE VAULT OF UNKNOWN CREATURES UNLEASHED!
IT'S NOT FOR THE FAINT-HEARTED, SO ANY NON-MARVELITES BETTER TAKE A POWDER!
IT'S AN ACTION-PACKED JOURNEY INTO RECURSIVE MEGATEXT, SEETHING WITH DEVASTATING DECONSTRUCTIONISM!
SO BRACE YOURSELF FOR EXISTENTIAL EXCITEMENT-- THE MANIACAL MARVEL WAY!
SAY, WE NEED ANOTHER PLAYER FOR THE THURSDAY NIGHT POKER GAME. HOW 'BOUT WE ASK BROCK?
BROCK? HE WOULDN'T KNOW A STRAIGHT FROM A ROYAL FLUSH!
TAKCHAKTUKTAKCHNG
CRIPES, BROCK, WHEN'RE YOU GOING TO JOIN THE 20TH CENTURY? THAT THING'S OLDER THAN MY MOTHER-IN-LAW!
CHAKATAKA TAKCHKK
AHAHAHAHAHA
OH, LET'S NOT TEASE OUR BUDDING EDWARD R. MURROW. AFTER ALL, IT TAKES HIM TWICE AS LONG TO GET ANYTHING WRITTEN...
Idiots.
Let 'em point and click, cut and paste, rearrange the details to suit their pretensions until there's nothing else left.
I know better.
To get to the facts, you need strong fingers on metal keys, paper white with honesty--
--and then you have to cut hard and deep to make the truth bleed ink.
NEW YORK READS THE DAILY GLOBE EVERY DAY

I'll show them.
They'll be sorry they laughed at me.
What I've got'll put me front page above the fold for weeks.
Publishing contracts, movie rights, a syndicated talk show.
My name in the history books.
Who knows? Maybe even a decent night's sleep now and then--
--or a walk after sunset without feeling the shadows crawling behind me, just out of sight.
S.D. RULES!
Maybe.
But being able to look into other people's eyes and not see something else, something evil, behind them--
--that, I'm not so sure about.
STEVIE D
NO PARKING
CAFÉ

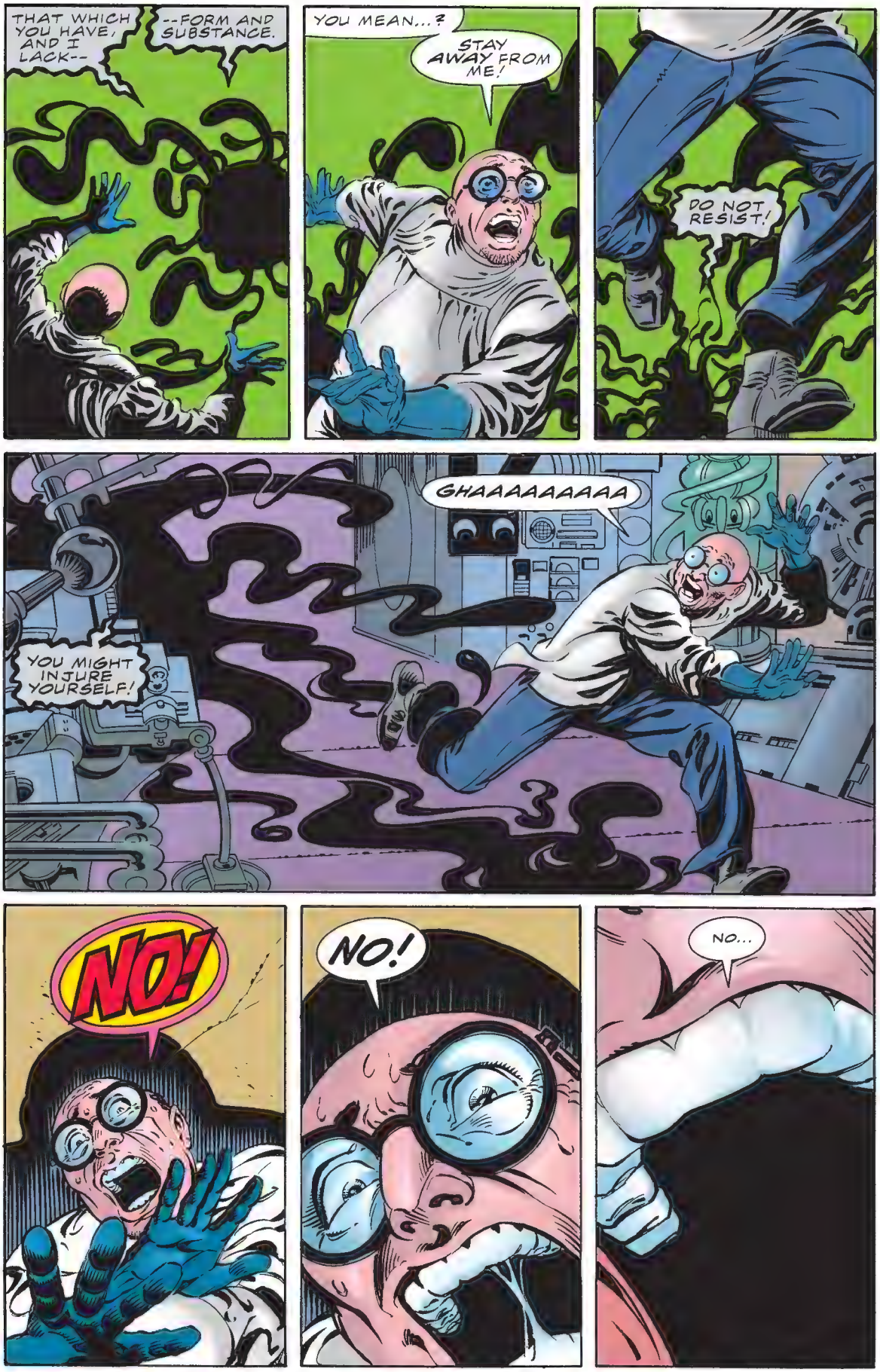
On April 21, mere miles from New York City, Mankind faced it's greatest enemy.
TAKATUKCHAKTIKTAK
It came in a form long anticipated, but never seriously expected.
Beginning with only a handful of random puzzle pieces, only now am I able to finally assemble the complete sequence of events.
CHAKTAK TIKTAK
I went looking for the truth, and lord help me, I found it. I witnessed the void that drives us to spend our lives cultivating an inner darkness.
It's blacker than ink, darker than the grave.
TUKCHAKAKCHANG
I was there.
I touched it.


And now--
--I KNOW THE TERRIBLE SECRET OF
KROGAR,
THE ABYSS THAT WALKED!
LEN KAMINSKI / WORDS
JAMES W. FRY III / PENCILS
CHRIS IVY / INKS
JIM NOVAK / LETTERS
TOM SMITH / COLORS
TOM BREVOORT / EDITOR
BOB HARRAS / EDITOR IN CHIEF
A STAN LEE PRESENTATION

JUST OUTSIDE MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY, TUESDAY, MARCH 30; APPROXIMATELY 10:30 PM.
The old Kingsbridge mansion has been deserted for most of the past twenty years.
The local residents whispered darkly of blasphemous rituals and human sacrifices, decades-past--and avoided it at all costs.
That made it a perfect secluded location for Nigel Donlevy, PhD to conduct his rather unusual experiments.
Where once servants of the Dark Forces defied God, Donlevy sought to subvert the laws of physics.
AT LAST, IT IS COMPLETE!
ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO ACTIVATE IT.
A three time Nobel Prize nominee, Donlevy grew eccentric in the 70's and 80's, moving further and further towards the scientific fringe.
Shunned by the "official" scientific community for his "radical" ideas, Donlevy withdrew into seclusion, determined to prove himself right in the end.
SNAKT
GYROSCOPIC FREINISTAT, ENGAGED!
GRAVIMETRIC INTERPOLATOR! CHECK!
ZZRASHK
KLYSTRON MONITOR, ON-LINE!
SNAKT

METAPARTICLE FLUX STABILIZER... AE-36 UNIT... TESLA HYPERCOIL... ALL AT 98.9% CAPACITY.
IT WORKS! IT WORKS!
IT WORRRRKS!!
Then, in a blink, his lifelong ambition, everything he believed in, turned on him.
SKA-BLOOM
I can't help but imagine that a part of him died at that moment--and that that death must have influenced what followed.
WHAT TH--?!
GOOD LORD...
SOMETHING... SOMETHING'S TAKEN CONTROL OF THE SYSTEM--
--FROM THE OTHER END!

YESSSSSS...
SSSPLENDID...
A PRIMITIVE WORLD, FAR FROM THE GALACTIC HEGEMONY, PRECISELY WHAT I SEEK.
WHAT... WHAT HAVE I DONE?!
YOU HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT THE COMING OF KROBAA TO THIS PLANETARY SPECK.
AND THERE IS ONE OTHER THING I REQUIRE OF YOU...

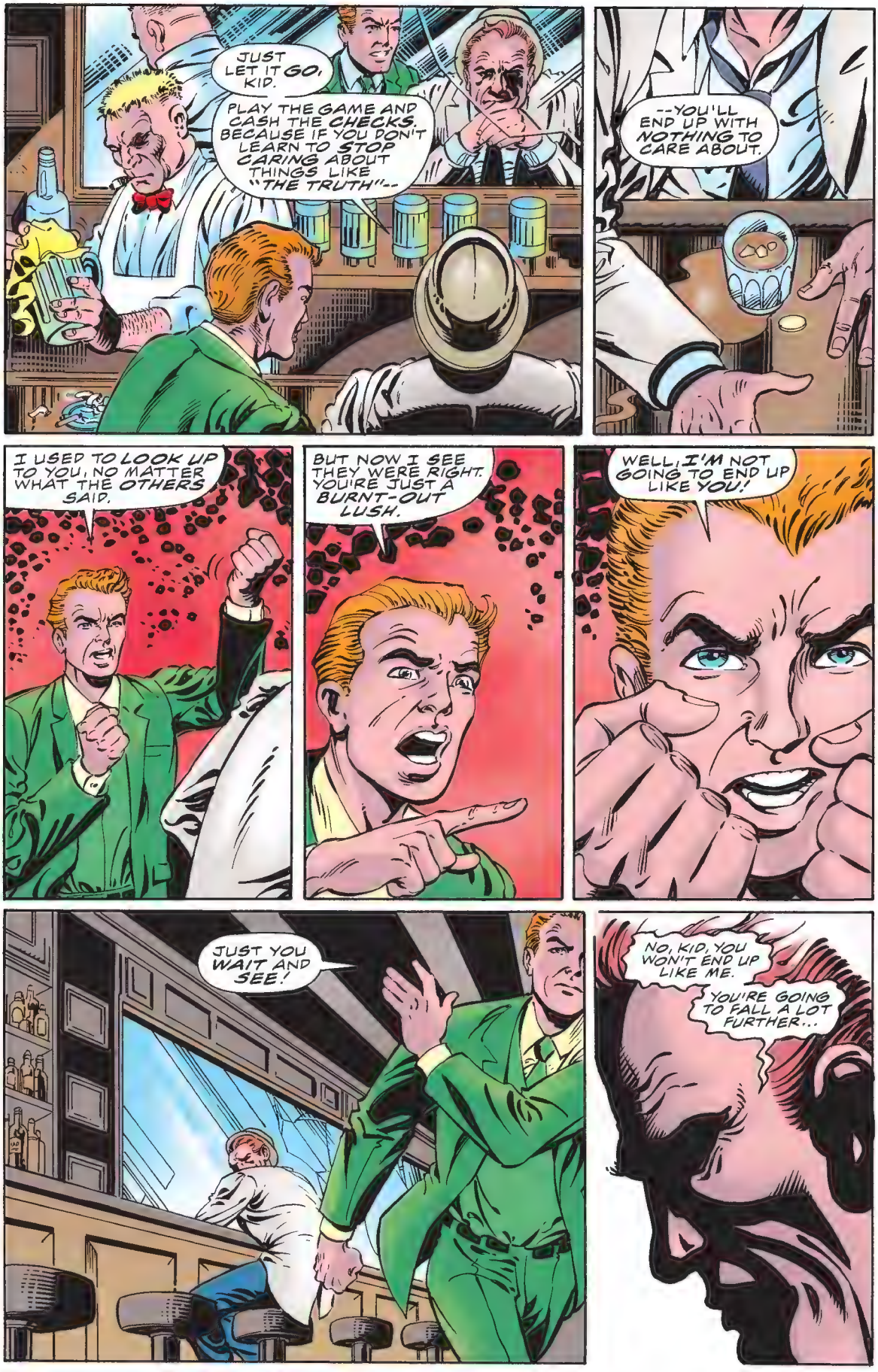

THAT WHICH YOU HAVE, AND I LACK--
--FORM AND SUBSTANCE.
YOU MEAN...?
STAY AWAY FROM ME!
DO NOT RESIST!
GHAAAAAAAAA
YOU MIGHT INJURE YOURSELF!
NO!
NO!
NO...

"NEWBORN BABY GLOWS IN DARK"
"HEADLESS BODY FOUND IN TOPLESS BAR"
I CAN'T BELIEVE WE PRINT THIS STUFF...
BROOO BOOO BOOP
DAILY GLOBE.
YES, I'M TRYING TO REACH MR. CARLCHOK...?
I'M AFRAID HE'S NOT AROUND RIGHT NOW. YOU WANNA LEAVE A MESSAGE?
OH, GOD... I DON'T KNOW WHO ELSE TO CALL... IT'S WRECKING EVERYTHING, KILLING PEOPLE RIGHT AND LEFT... I'M STUCK ON ROUTE 17 BY THE THRIFTYMART AND I CAN'T--
PLEASE, MA'AM, TRY TO CALM DOWN AND DESCRIBE--
AAAIIIIGHK
HAHAHA HAHAHA!
-CLIK-
brrrrrr
GOSH, THIS ALL SEEMS SO... DISORGANIZED ... COMPARED TO OUR OFFICES.
EVERYBODY SEEMS SO... FRANTIC...
HEY, ANYONE KNOW WHERE CAL IS?
WHADDAYA WANT WIT DAT BUM, BROCK?
HE'S NUTHIN' BUT A PSYCHO LUSH, EVERYBODY KNOWS DAT.
YEAH, YOU WANNA FIND HIM, EDDIE--
--GO LOOK INSIDE THE NEAREST BOTTLE...

Meanwhile, just across the Hudson River, a nightmare walked the Earth, demanding an enigmatic form of vengeance...
HA! HA! HA!
HANK & DON'S BIRDCAGE
MOUSE OF STAG
BIG R BURGERS
Static Shack
YES, FLEE!
I SAVOR YOUR FEAR!
YOUR TERROR NOURISHES ME!
IT'S-- IT'S NOT HUMAN!
NOTICED THAT, DID YOU?
BULLETS CAN'T STOP IT! EARTH IS DOOMED UNLESS--
OH, JUST SHUT UP AND RUN!

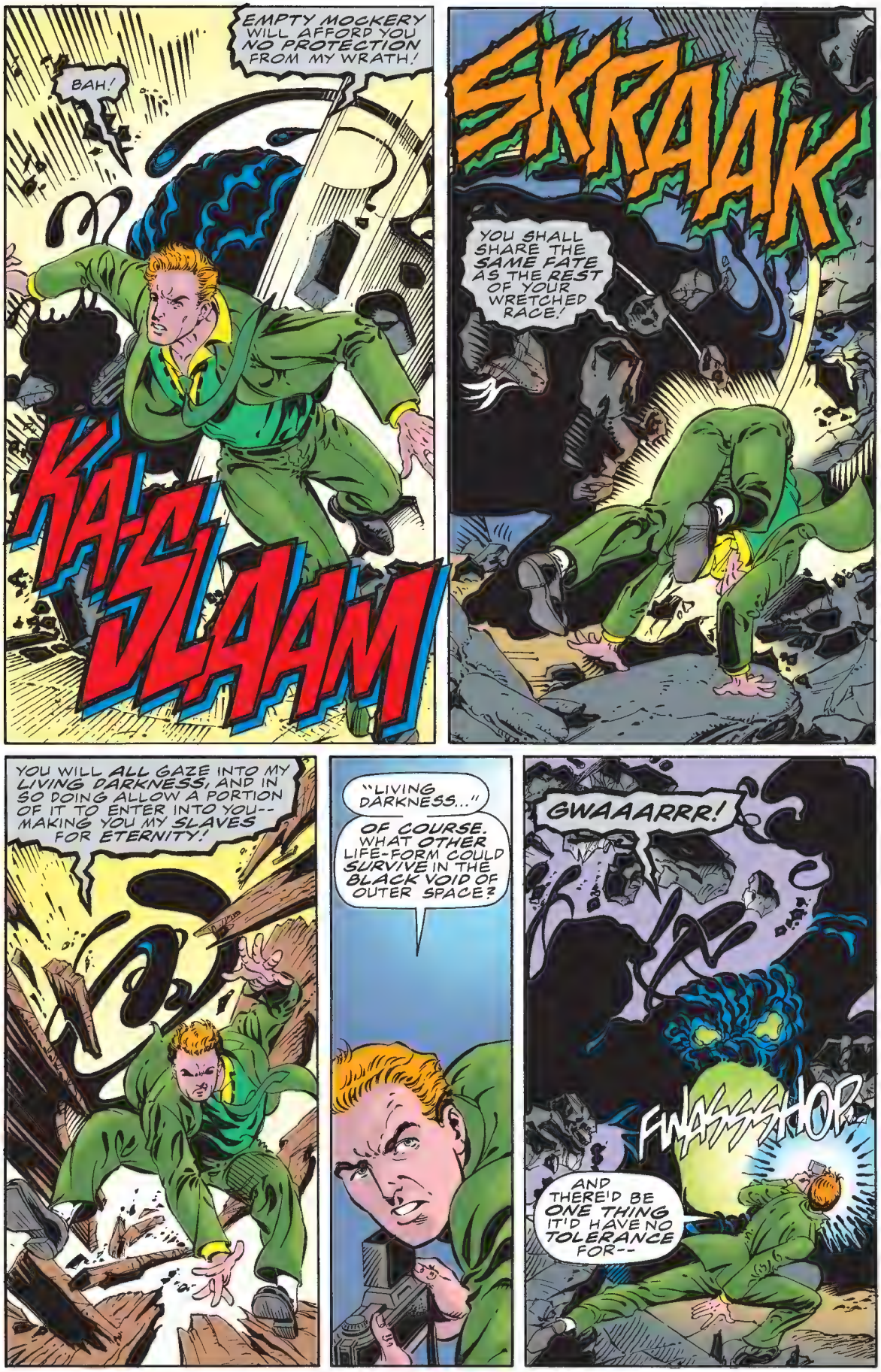
YOU CAN DENY ME NO LONGER!
MY MERE EXISTENCE IS A WEAPON AGAINST YOUR FEEBLE MINDS!
YOUR DREAD VALIDATES THE SUPERIORITY I EMBODY!
HA! HA! HA!
The citizens of Morristown could scarcely have understood what it was they faced.
Their worldview held no place for the unspeakable hunger of darkness incarnate.

Carlchok would've recognized it; his filing cabinets overflowed with the secrets of the night.
He'd stood against the darkness time after time, fighting it with both the ancient ways and the light shed by the printed page.
All it cost him was his credibility, his career, and most of his liver.
CAL!
THERE WAS A CALL FOR YOU--A WOMAN, SAID YOU'D HELPED HER BEFORE--THEN SHE SCREAMED AND I... I HEARD...
SOMETHING THAT WASN'T... COULDN'T HAVE BEEN... HUMAN.
"NOT HUMAN"? HNUHH! THROW A STICK, YOU'LL HIT SIX OF 'EM.
SKRULLS, DIRE WRAITHS, VAMPIRES, ELDER GODS, TAKE YOUR PICK.
NOT MY BEAT ANYMORE. I TRADED IN CATTLE MUTILATIONS FOR DOG SHOWS A LONG TIME AGO.
WHAT ABOUT THE PUBLIC'S RIGHT TO KNOW?
WHAT ABOUT THE TRUTH?!
WHAT GOOD IS THE PUBLIC'S RIGHT TO KNOW WHEN THE PUBLIC DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW?
THE REASON "THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE" IS BECAUSE NOBODY WANTS IT IN HERE WHERE IT CAN LEAVE MUDDY FOOTPRINTS ON THE RUG.

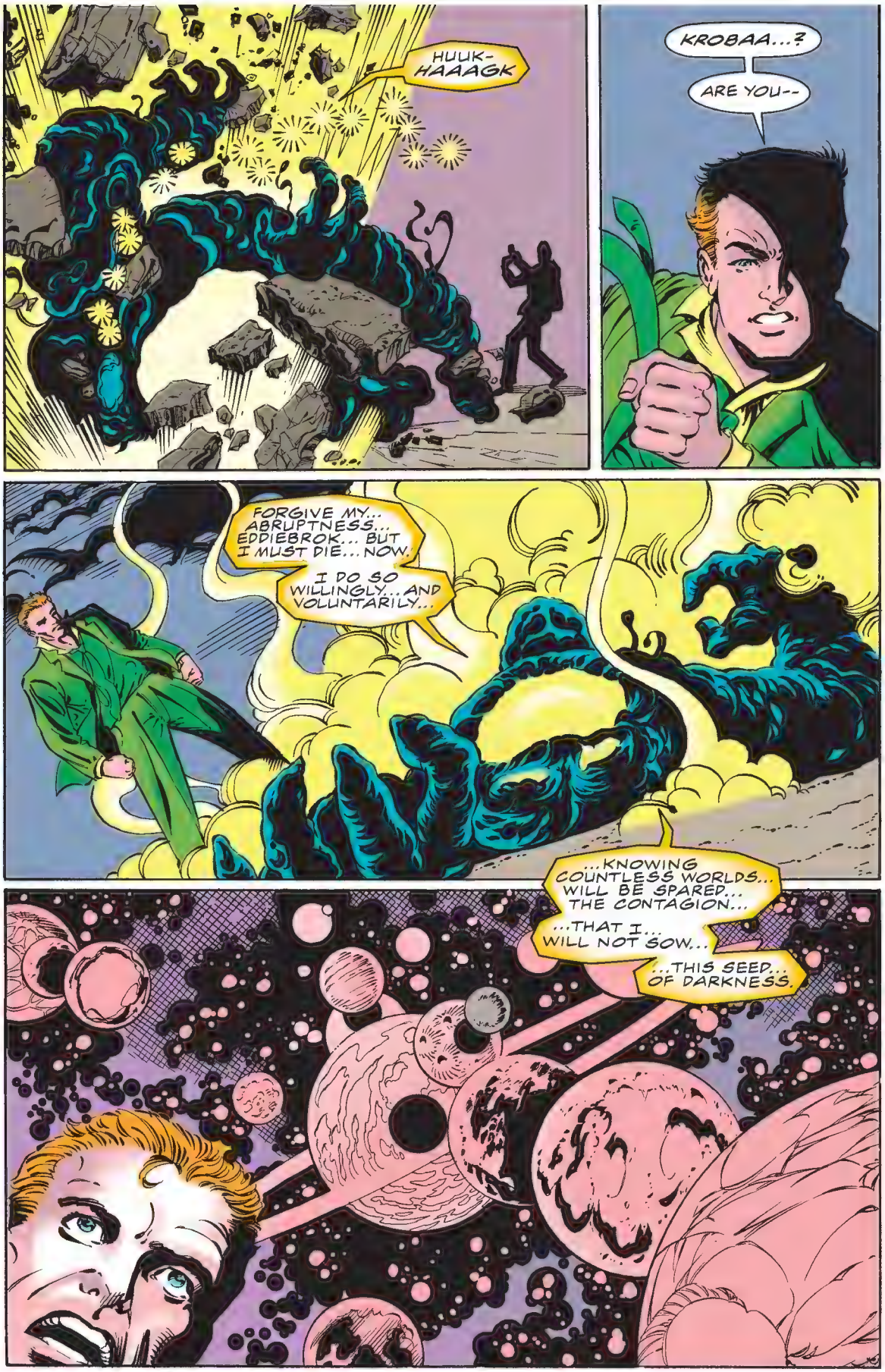

JUST LET IT GO, KID.
PLAY THE GAME AND CASH THE CHECKS. BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO STOP CARING ABOUT THINGS LIKE "THE TRUTH"--
--YOU'LL END UP WITH NOTHING TO CARE ABOUT.
I USED TO LOOK UP TO YOU, NO MATTER WHAT THE OTHERS SAID.
BUT NOW I SEE THEY WERE RIGHT. YOU'RE JUST A BURNT-OUT LUSH.
WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO END UP LIKE YOU!
JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE!
NO, KID, YOU WON'T END UP LIKE ME.
YOU'RE GOING TO FALL A LOT FURTHER...

Roadmap pointed the rental car towards route 17 by the Thrifty Mart.
VRRROOOOM
I couldn't stop thinking about Cal.
He'd gone up against things there aren't even names for, and when he wrote about it afterwards you could hear Dash Hammett weeping.
QUATERMAAS CORNERS
5 MILES
The man had the holy fire once.
What did it take to put it out?
HOLY...!
HAVE TO--
SKTHAM!
HHCTOB
SKREEEB
WHAT TH...?

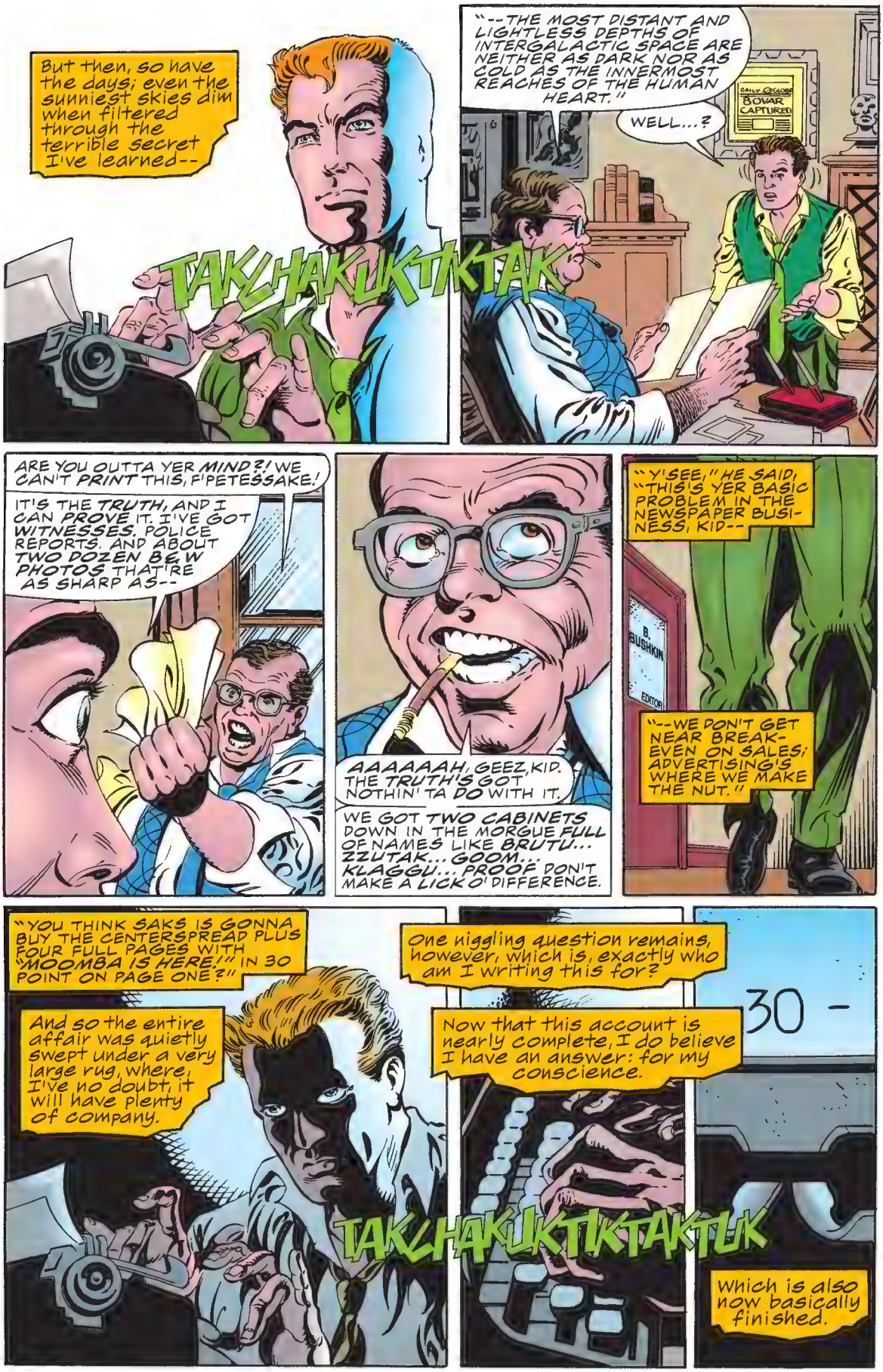
I AM THAT WHICH GAZES BACK FROM THE DEEPEST ABYSS; I AM THE EYE WITHIN THE HEART OF DARKNESS--
--I AM
KROBAA!
EDDIE BROCK, DAILY GLOBE.
MIND IF I SNAP A FEW PICTURES?


EMPTY MOCKERY WILL AFFORD YOU NO PROTECTION FROM MY WRATH!
BAH!
KA-SLAAM
SKRAAK
YOU SHALL SHARE THE SAME FATE AS THE REST OF YOUR WRETCHED RACE!
YOU WILL ALL GAZE INTO MY LIVING DARKNESS, AND IN SO DOING ALLOW A PORTION OF IT TO ENTER INTO YOU-- MAKING YOU MY SLAVES FOR ETERNITY!
"LIVING DARKNESS..."
OF COURSE. WHAT OTHER LIFE-FORM COULD SURVIVE IN THE BLACK VOID OF OUTER SPACE?
GWAAARRR!
FWASSSHOP
AND THERE'D BE ONE THING IT'D HAVE NO TOLERANCE FOR--

--BRIGHT LIGHT!
HAAARRRGGGH
JUST HOPE MY BATTERIES HOLD OUT...
NOOOO!
YOUR LIGHT...IT'S WAKING HIM UP...
CAN'T... KEEP... CONT
FSSSOPT
SUCH... GREAT... HORROR.
In a blink, everything about him changed.
A TERRIBLE ABUNDANCE OF SORROW.
Suddenly, what I saw was no alien monstrosity-- but just another lonely soul cast adrift upon the vast indifference of heaven.
WHAT MONSTROUS GODS WOULD CREATE A RACE WITH SO MUCH BURIED GREATNESS--
--YET CURSE THEM WITH SOULS BORN WOUNDED?
For a fleeting moment, we looked deep into each other's eyes--
--and saw mirrors.

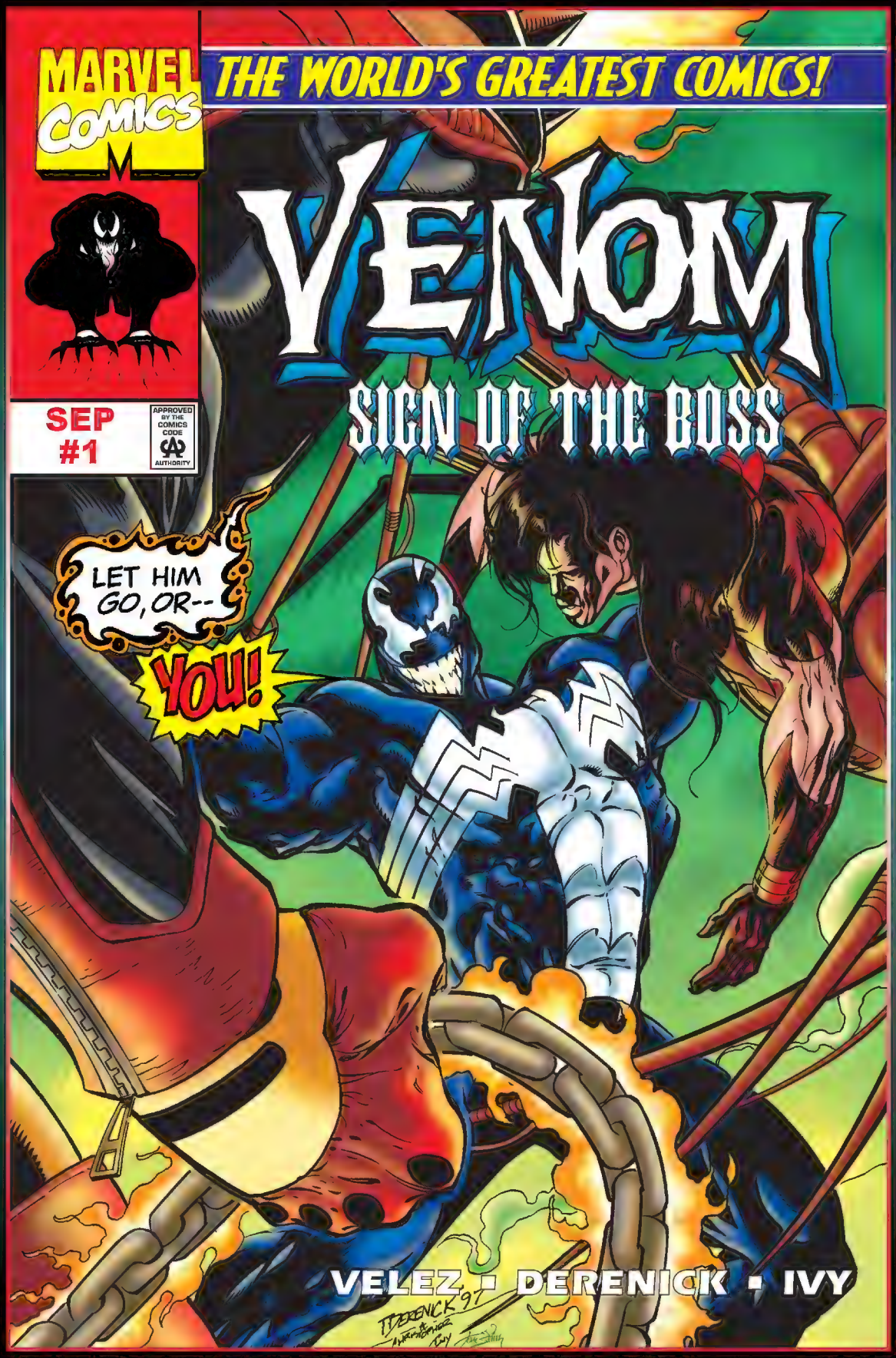

HUUK-HAAAGK
KROBAA...?
ARE YOU--
FORGIVE MY... ABRUPTNESS... EDDIEBROK... BUT I MUST DIE... NOW.
I DO SO WILLINGLY... AND VOLUNTARILY...
...KNOWING COUNTLESS WORLDS... WILL BE SPARED... THE CONTAGION...
...THAT I... WILL NOT SOW...
...THIS SEED... OF DARKNESS.

MNNNNGGH! HHG!
WHAT TH--?
SKRUPT KRITCH
AAAAH-HHHGG! GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF ME!
HHHHH-UUUUH HHHHH-UUUUH
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND! I DIDN'T KNOW! HE THOUGHT I'D INVITED HIM!
HE WAS AN EX-PLORER, SEEKING OUT NEW WORLDS AND CIVILIZATIONS, LEARNING THE UNIQUE FORM OF THEIR THOUGHTS THROUGH TEMPORARY SYMBIOSIS--
--LATER RETURNING TO SHARE HIS DISCOVERIES WITH A GALACTIC CIVILI-ZATION THAT TREASURES DIVERSITY OF MIND ABOVE ALL.
BUT HE KNEW NOTHING OF THE PRIMAL BEAST THAT LURKS IN THE HUMAN SUBCONSCIOUS, THE INNER DEMON FREUD CALLED THE ID.
HE WAS OVERWHELMED, NEARLY DRIVEN MAD-- UNTIL YOUR STROBE LIGHT SHOCKED HIM OUT OF IT. AND THEN... I COULD FEEL HIS REVULSION... HIS PITY...
CONSIDERING HIM-SELF INFECTED, HE COMMITTED SUICIDE RATHER THAN RISK UNLEASHING A PLAGUE OF MADNESS ON THE UNIVERSE... OUR MADNESS.
DON'T YOU SEE WHAT IT ALL MEANS?
WE'RE MONSTERS! EVERY LAST ONE OF US! MONSTERS!
AHUUNHK
AHUUNHK AHUUNHK AHUUNHK
The wind gathered the ebon dust which was all that remained of Krobaa in its fleeting embrace, then scattered it in all directions.
The nights've seemed a little darker ever since.


But then, so have the days; even the sunniest skies dim when filtered through the terrible secret I've learned--
TAKCHAKUKTIKTAK
"--THE MOST DISTANT AND LIGHTLESS DEPTHS OF INTERGALACTIC SPACE ARE NEITHER AS DARK NOR AS COLD AS THE INNERMOST REACHES OF THE HUMAN HEART."
WELL...?
DAILY OCCULT BOVAR CAPTURED
ARE YOU OUTTA YER MIND?! WE CAN'T PRINT THIS, F'PETESSAKE!
IT'S THE TRUTH, AND I CAN PROVE IT. I'VE GOT WITNESSES. POLICE REPORTS. AND ABOUT TWO DOZEN B&W PHOTOS THAT'RE AS SHARP AS--
AAAAAAH, GEEZ, KID. THE TRUTH'S GOT NOTHIN' TA DO WITH IT.
WE GOT TWO CABINETS DOWN IN THE MORGUE FULL OF NAMES LIKE BRUTU... ZZUTAK... GOOM... KLAGGU... PROOF DON'T MAKE A LICK O' DIFFERENCE.
"Y'SEE," HE SAID, "THIS'S YER BASIC PROBLEM IN THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS, KID--
B. BUSHKIN EDITOR
"--WE DON'T GET NEAR BREAK-EVEN ON SALES; ADVERTISING'S WHERE WE MAKE THE NUT."
"YOU THINK SAKS IS GONNA BUY THE CENTERSPREAD PLUS FOUR FULL PAGES WITH "MOOMBA IS HERE!" IN 30 POINT ON PAGE ONE?"
And so the entire affair was quietly swept under a very large rug, where, I've no doubt, it will have plenty of company.
One niggling question remains, however, which is, exactly who am I writing this for?
Now that this account is nearly complete, I do believe I have an answer: for my conscience.
30 -
TAKCHAKUKTIKTAKTUK
Which is also now basically finished.

MAY 5: Finally got smart and got myself a computer.
The little "Happy Mac" screen's a little cutesy for my taste, but I'm getting the hang of using the thing.
Still kinda miss that old Corona, though.
Still kinda miss that old Corona, though.
Don't even miss that old Corona.
that old Corona. Have to admit I'm a little worried about the way I blew my temper, losing control. I don't
that old Corona. Have to admit I'm a little worried about the way I blew my temper, losing control. I don't
that old Corona. Nothing I could've done about it, anyway.
Accidents happen.
Things fall apart.
And sometimes there's no putting them back together.

But that's all in the past, now.
It's the future I ought to be thinking about.
I'll make the big time eventually.
I can feel it in my gut. sooner or later--
--I'm going to strike oil.


MARVEL COMICS
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!
VENOM
SIGN OF THE BOSS
SEP
#1
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
LET HIM GO, OR--
YOU!
VELEZ • DERENICK • IVY

THINGS ARE PICKING UP FOR US LATELY.
WE'VE FOUND A JOB THAT NOT ONLY RECOGNIZES OUR TRUE WORTH AS A HERO, BUT PAYS ALL OUR BILLS AS WELL.
HECK, THIS WEEK IS GOING SO WELL, IT JUST MAKES US WANT TO SING!
♪ VENOM MAN! VENOM MAN! FRIENDLY SYMBIOTE VENOM MAN!
♪ SPINS A WEB, ANY SIZE!
♪ CATCHES THIEVES! MAKES THEM DIE!
SIGN OF THE BOSS
IVAN VELEZ JR.-WRITER
TOM DERENICK-PENCILER
CHRIS IVY-INKER
KEN LOPEZ-LETTERER
TOM SMITH-COLORIST
TOM BREVOORT-EDITOR
BOB HARRAS-EDITOR IN CHIEF

♪WATCH OUT!!♪
♪YEAH!♪
HERE COMES ♪ THE VENOM ♪ MAN!
PRETTY CATCHY IF WE MAY SAY SO OURSELVES!
KROOSH!
SKREEEEE!
MAYBE WE SHOULD COPYRIGHT IT.
THEN WE'LL GET SOMEBODY TO SING IT ON THE RADIO. SOMEBODY BIG!
GET MYSELF SOME GOOD PR GOING.
AIEEEEEK!
BUT MA! ISN'T THAT SPIDER-M--
EYOO. NO. IT'S NOT.
A HERO SHOULD HAVE A THEME SONG. IT'S ONLY RIGHT.
WONDER HOW MUCH MADONNA CHARGES.

WHEW...I'M BEAT. IT'S BEEN SO BUSY LATELY.
FROM WRONGED REPORTER TO MISUNDERSTOOD SUPER HERO TO A GOOD MAN UNJUSTLY ON TRIAL...
...AND FINALLY A SECRET GOVERNMENT AGENT.
IT'S BEEN FOREVER SINCE I'VE ALLOWED MYSELF TIME TO BE JUST ME.
UH...US.
AH. THIS IS WHAT WE CALL A DECENT GOVERNMENT SAFE HOUSE.
NOW PREPARE YOURSELF, BUDDY PAL O' MINE. HERE COMES SOME QUALITY TIME.
I FEEL THE OTHER SALIVATE WITH ANTICIPATION.
IT NEEDS A CHEMICAL CALLED PHENETHYLAMINE TO STAY SANE AND HEALTHY. IT'S FOUND IN THE HUMAN BRAIN. IT'S ALSO FOUND IN CHOCOLATE.
AND CHUGGING CHOCO BARS IS A BIT MORE SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE.
SQWOF
SQWOFF
SLLLLUUUURP
AND PLEASANT.
MR. BROCK, THAT IS DISGUSTING.
OOOWMPH?
URP.

AGENT SMITH. THIS IS THE BEST WE COULD GET?
AT THE TIME, IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA.
BROCK. THIS IS AGENT JONES.
UH. HULLO.

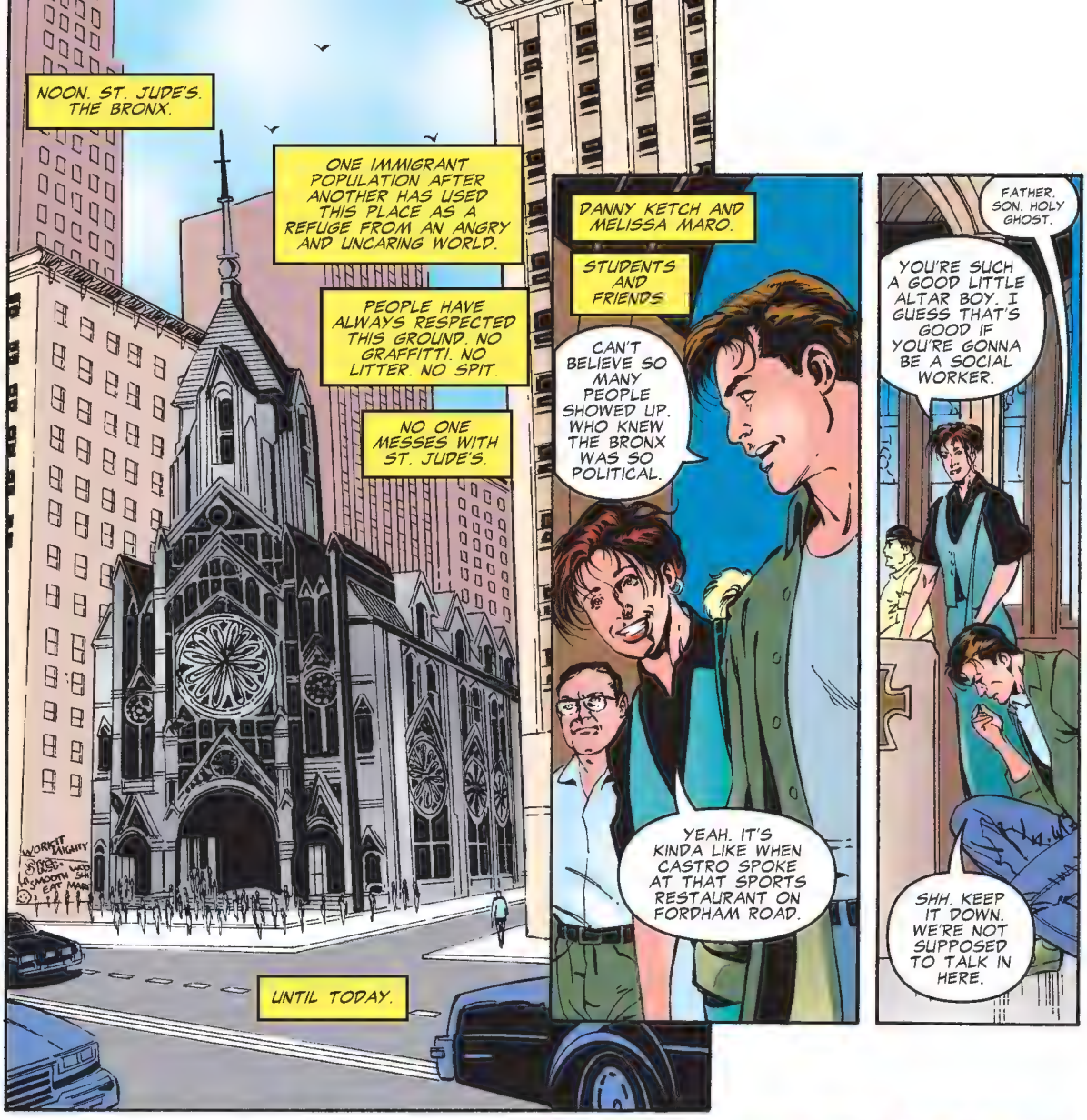
YOU'LL GET USED TO THE SLOBBERING... EVENTUALLY.
AGENT JONES WILL BE ONE OF YOUR... LIAISONS.

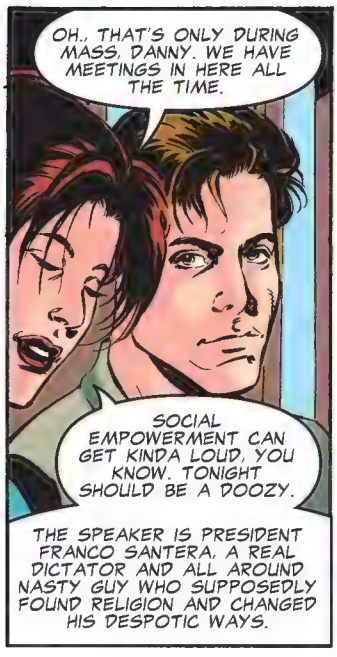
OH. YOU MEAN ANOTHER BOSS.
NICE TO MEET YOU, BOSS.
GOOD TO SEE A WOMAN GET SO FAR IN THE GOVERNMENT. YOU KNOW JANET RENO?
MR. BROCK. SPARE ME THE CHITCHAT.

IN THIS ENVELOPE YOU'LL FIND YOUR INSTRUCTIONS AND A SMALL SIGNAL DEVICE.
YOU ARE NOT TO MAKE ANY MOVE UNLESS YOU RECEIVE THE SIGNAL. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YEAH. SURE.
I MEAN IT, BROCK!

THIS MISSION IS OF A VERY DELICATE NATURE. I DON'T WANT YOU TO MUCK THINGS UP BY MOVING ON YOUR OWN!
YOU'RE TO PROTECT THE "ABOUT TO BE RECOGNIZED" PRESIDENT OF SAN GREGORIO.
HE HAS GONE AGAINST OFFICIAL ADVICE AND ACCEPTED AN INVITATION TO SPEAK ON HUMAN RIGHTS AT A PARISH IN THE BRONX. HE'S QUITE THE HYPOCRITE.
THE U.S. DOES NOT WANT TOO CLOSE AN ASSOCIATION WITH THIS MAN. YOU WILL PROTECT HIM, UNOFFICIALLY, OF COURSE. NO VIOLENCE SHOULD BE NECESSARY.

SHOULD ANYTHING HAPPEN, THE U.S. GOVERNMENT WILL NOT RECOGNIZE YOU OR YOUR EFFORTS.
WE MIGHT EVEN HAVE TO KILL YOU.
AH, TO DREAM.
WHEN AND WHERE DOES THE FUN BEGIN?


NOON. ST. JUDE'S. THE BRONX.
ONE IMMIGRANT POPULATION AFTER ANOTHER HAS USED THIS PLACE AS A REFUGE FROM AN ANGRY AND UNCARING WORLD.
PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS RESPECTED THIS GROUND. NO GRAFFITTI. NO LITTER. NO SPIT.
NO ONE MESSES WITH ST. JUDE'S.
UNTIL TODAY.
DANNY KETCH AND MELISSA MARO.
STUDENTS AND FRIENDS
CAN'T BELIEVE SO MANY PEOPLE SHOWED UP. WHO KNEW THE BRONX WAS SO POLITICAL.
YEAH. IT'S KINDA LIKE WHEN CASTRO SPOKE AT THAT SPORTS RESTAURANT ON FORDHAM ROAD.
FATHER. SON. HOLY GHOST.
YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD LITTLE ALTAR BOY. I GUESS THAT'S GOOD IF YOU'RE GONNA BE A SOCIAL WORKER.
SHH. KEEP IT DOWN. WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK IN HERE.


OH., THAT'S ONLY DURING MASS, DANNY. WE HAVE MEETINGS IN HERE ALL THE TIME.
SOCIAL EMPOWERMENT CAN GET KINDA LOUD, YOU KNOW. TONIGHT SHOULD BE A DOOZY.
THE SPEAKER IS PRESIDENT FRANCO SANTERA, A REAL DICTATOR AND ALL AROUND NASTY GUY WHO SUPPOSEDLY FOUND RELIGION AND CHANGED HIS DESPOTIC WAYS.

AND JUST LIKE CASTRO, NOBODY OFFICIAL FROM THE U.S. WOULD INVITE HIM TO SPEAK. WE WERE REALLY PSYCHED TO HEAR HE ACCEPTED OUR INVITATION.
WOW. I HAVEN'T BEEN TO CHURCH IN SUCH A LONG TIME.
I'M FEELING KINDA GUILTY.

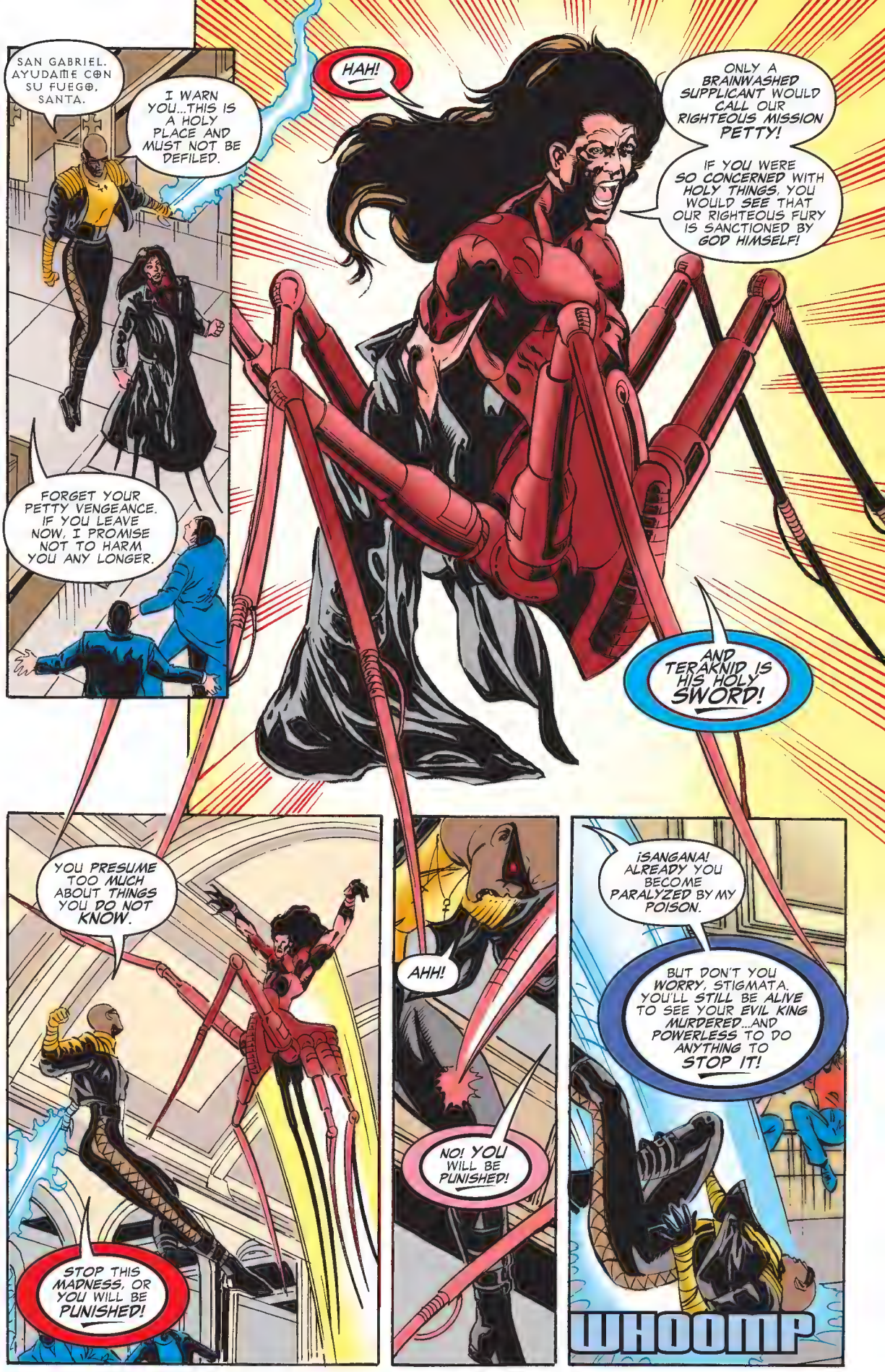
I WONDER IF THIS IS GOING TO BE AS BORING AS MASS.
I REALLY HOPE THIS GUY'S FOR REAL.

THE BASEMENT REC ROOM.
LAST MINUTE PRACTICE FOR THE CLOSING SONGS.
♪ OVER THE HILLS AND ♩ EVERYWHERE... GO TELL--
NO, DEAR. UP A BIT MORE.
I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE MOON ON THAT NOTE, DEAR.
♪ EV...RY... WHERE...♪
YES, THAT'S IT. DON'T BE NERVOUS. AGAIN.
EV...RY... WHERE...
OH, PRECIOUS, NOOOO.
GASP!
SURELY NOT THAT HIGH.
THAT NOTE'S GIVING US A TOUCH OF THE HEADACHES.
WE WERE JUST BEGINNING TO NOTICE HOW REALLY COMFORTABLE THESE FROCKS WERE WHEN THE KID SOPRANO HIT THAT NOTE.
THE SYMBIOTE CAN'T TAKE CERTAIN FREQUENCIES. GIVES US THE SHAKES REALLY BAD.
PLEASE, DEAR...TAKE IT DOWN A WEE BIT FOR SISTER EDWINA.
OTHER THAN THAT, THINGS WERE GOING SMOOTHLY. BORING, IN FACT
MAYBE I'LL TEACH THE KIDS MY NEW THEME SONG.

UPSTAIRS. THE MAIN CHURCH.
IT BEGINS.
AND WITHOUT FURTHER ADO...PLEASE...LET US ALL GIVE A WARM WELCOME TO OUR GUEST OF HONOR..EL PRESIDENTE OF SAN GREGORIO, FRANCO SANTERA.
KLAP KLAP KLAP KLAP
THANK YOU VERY KINDLY FOR HEARING ME OUT. I KNOW IT'S HARD FOR SOME OF YOU TO LOOK AT ME. IT'S HARD FOR ME TO LOOK AT MYSELF.
I HAVE SINNED AGAINST MY COUNTRY. I HAVE CAUSED STARVATION... ANGUISH... TERROR...
ALL FOR MY OWN HORRIBLE GREED.
MY HANDS ARE COVERED WITH THE BLOOD OF INNOCENTS.
I DESTROYED ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT WAS GOOD AND RIGHT.
I WAS A MONSTER WITHOUT A SOUL...
UNTIL I MET MY WIFE.
SHE IS MY SOUL.
SHE MADE ME SEE THE LIGHT OF THE TRUE WAYS OF THE LORD...
BECAUSE OF HER, AND THE LORD, I HAVE FOUGHT TO UNDO ALL THE WRONGS I CREATED IN MY COUNTRY.
IS THAT POSSIBLE? CAN SOMEONE TURN THEMSELF COMPLETELY AROUND?
MONSTRUO.

BECAUSE OF THE LORD, I DEVOTE MY LIFE TO THE ATONEMENT OF MY SINS.
MY COUNTRY WILL BE SAFE FOR ITS CHILDREN.
HE SHOULD BE PUT AWAY, REFORMATION OR NOT.
I DUNNO. EVERYONE DESERVES A SECOND CHANCE.
I PLEDGE TO YOU THAT I WILL SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS PROVING THE QUALITY OF MY FAI--
LIAR!!
¡EMBUSTERO!
BRATTTTATTTTATTT
YOU THINK MERE WORDS CAN WASH AWAY THE RIVERS OF BLOOD YOU HAVE CREATED?!
AIEEEK!
EVERYONE! TO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM!!
NOW!
STIGMATA! DON'T HURT THEM! THEY CAN BE REASONED WITH!
HOW DARE YOU!! THIS IS A PLACE OF GOD!!
SAN J@SÉ... AYUDAME V@LAR!

¡IDIOTAS! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! BARRICADE THE DOORS!
PUTTING AWAY THIS MUTANT GARBAGE SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS!
THE SHORTEST SECONDS OF YOUR LIFE, MY FRIEND!
¡SANTA BARBARA, DAME LA FUERZA!
YOU DARE THREATEN GOOD, DECENT PEOPLE!
YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LICK THEIR SHOES!
WOOK!
AHHH!
I CAN'T WORRY IF PEOPLE SEE THE CHANGE OR NOT. I'M GONNA HAVE TO LET THE GHOST RIDER OUT!
GET TO THE BACK! MAYBE THERE'S A WAY OUT THERE. DANNY!
GO AHEAD. I'M RIGHT BEHIND Y--
KRAK
AHHHHH!
AW JEEZ...DANNY! ARE YOU OKA--
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE THROWING PEOPLE!
I...UH...OH... I DUNNO...

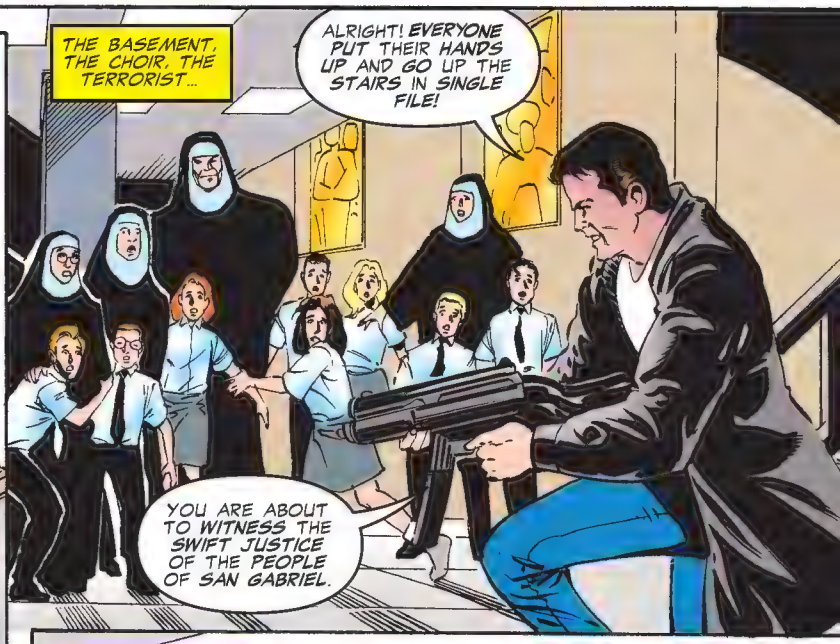

SAN GABRIEL. AYUDAME CON SU FUEGO, SANTA.
I WARN YOU...THIS IS A HOLY PLACE AND MUST NOT BE DEFILED.
FORGET YOUR PETTY VENGEANCE. IF YOU LEAVE NOW, I PROMISE NOT TO HARM YOU ANY LONGER.
HAH!
ONLY A BRAINWASHED SUPPLICANT WOULD CALL OUR RIGHTEOUS MISSION PETTY!
IF YOU WERE SO CONCERNED WITH HOLY THINGS, YOU WOULD SEE THAT OUR RIGHTEOUS FURY IS SANCTIONED BY GOD HIMSELF!
AND TERAKNID IS HIS HOLY SWORD!
YOU PRESUME TOO MUCH ABOUT THINGS YOU DO NOT KNOW.
STOP THIS MADNESS, OR YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!
AHH!
NO! YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!
¡SANGANA! ALREADY YOU BECOME PARALYZED BY MY POISON.
BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, STIGMATA. YOU'LL STILL BE ALIVE TO SEE YOUR EVIL KING MURDERED...AND POWERLESS TO DO ANYTHING TO STOP IT!
WHOOMP

NOW YOU!! MAKE SURE YOU CAPTURE MY EVERY WORD AND MOVEMENT FROM NOW ON!
I WANT THE WORLD TO SEE THE PUBLIC AND RIGHTEOUS EXECUTIONS OF THE MONSTER OF SAN GABRIEL...PRESIDENTE SANTERA...

BUT FIRST, WE KILL HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN...
...SO THAT HE MAY FEEL A TINY PORTION OF THE PAIN HE HAS HIMSELF INFLICTED...

THE WORLD? BUT, WE'RE JUST PUBLIC ACCESS. WE DON'T HAVE A LIVE FEED. WE BARELY HAVE BATTERIES.
I WON'T TELL HIM IF YOU WON'T...!

DANNY. THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO TAKE A NAP. COME ON!
HE'S OUT COLD.
WHAT DO I DO NOW? I CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM. HE SAVED MY LIFE ONCE.
BUT HE'S OUT IN THE OPEN.


THE BASEMENT, THE CHOIR, THE TERRORIST...
ALRIGHT! EVERYONE PUT THEIR HANDS UP AND GO UP THE STAIRS IN SINGLE FILE!
YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE SWIFT JUSTICE OF THE PEOPLE OF SAN GABRIEL.

...AND THE BIG NUN.
AND YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS OUR FIST CRUSHING YOUR SKULL LIKE A RIPE MELON AND--
OH. THAT'S RIGHT. WE CAN'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT THE SIGNAL. THEY'RE SO TOUCHY ABOUT THAT.
OOH. ANYTHING ♪ YOU SAY, MR. ♪ TERRORIST. JUST DON'T HURT POOR LITTLE US.

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH, THE STREET GETS CROWDED.
AND PEOPLE GET AGITATED.
I'M SORRY. BUT YOU HAVE NO JURISDICTION HERE.
I WANT YOU BOTH TO LEAVE!
AND I MEAN NOW, MISSY!
MISSY! WHY YOU POMPOUS, BLOATED AS--
SGT. DOLAN! EXPLAIN IT TO THE CAPTAIN... WITHOUT THE FRENCH.
UHHR!
WE'RE PART OF THE PARANORMAL POWERS TASK FORCE. OUR JURISDICTION EXTENDS WHEREVER WE DEEM NECESSARY!
LT. SOKOLOWSKI. I KNOW YOU DO GOOD WORK, BUT MY BOYS GOT HERE FIRST, AND THE MAYOR PROMISED THE POLICE COMMISSIONER THAT IF THE DEPARTMENT ARRIVES FIRST...
...THE DEPARTMENT IS TOP DOG.
HANG THE MAYOR!!
THERE'S A RUMOR THAT THERE ARE SUPERHUMANS INVOLVED. IF THAT'S THE CASE, MY AGENCY IS INVOLVED.
WE BECOME TOP DOG ON THE MISSION.
STACY, THAT'S NOT HELPING.
TCH TCH TCH. CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG?
PATHETIC LOCAL POLITICS.
JUST SEND THE SIGNAL AND LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.
ARE YOU SURE? HE MIGHT MAKE MORE OF A MESS.
ACTUALLY, THAT'S WHAT I'M HOPING FOR.
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, AGENT SMITH.

INSIDE...
LO AND BEHOLD. THE SIGNAL.
PRAISE THE LORD...
AND PASS THE AMMO!
BWAH HAH HAH HAH HAH!
AIEEEK!
OHHHH
SO YOU WANT TO SCARE LITTLE CHILDREN, EH!!
SO YOU WANT TO SHOOT FOLKS IN CHURCH!!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA!
NO!! S-S-STAY AWAY!
YOU'VE MADE SOME BAD CHOICES, KIDDO!
SWOOOLP!
KRAK!
YOU'VE MADE YOUR LAST CHOICES.
EEEEEEEK!
PLOP!

SORRY FOR ALL THE VIOLENCE, KID. HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT ONLY ADULTS SHOULD DO THIS KIND OF THING.
HAVE SOME CHOCOLATE.
COME ON! TAKE IT!
WE JUST SAVED YOUR HASH AND THIS IS THE TREATMENT WE GET?
HMPH!
...AND RESTORE PEACE AND CHARITY TO OUR FAIR SHORES. THE BLOOD OF ALL OUR MARTYRS MUST BE SATIATED. WE WILL RESTORE LIFE TO WHAT IT WAS MEANT TO BE...A HOLY AND SPLENDID THING FREE OF THE POISON OF CAPITALISM AND THE LIE THAT IS DEMOCRACY.
BLAH BLAH BLAH
AND NOW... AS THE WORLD WATCHES...OUR FIRST EXECUTION TAKES PLACE...
EL PRESIDENTE'S MISGUIDED BETRAYER OF A WIFE...MARIANA SANTERA!
I LOVE YOU, FRANCO.
NO...PLEASE!! KILL ME, NOT HER!!
PLEASE!!
EXCUSE ME, BUT WHY ARE YOU POINTING THOSE THINGS AT PEOPLE?
DON'T YOU KNOW THEY CAN GO OFF AND KILL SOMEBODY?!
KROOOSH!

OH. I GUESS YOU DID.

TOO BAD FOR YOU, HUH?

SWOOOSH!!

'CAUSE NOW YOU HAVE TO BE CRUSHED BY YOUR FRIENDLY GOVERNMENT SANCTIO--

UH...FRIENDLY RIGHTEOUS SUPER DUDE.

KRAK!

WHOOPS. ALMOST LET OUR CONNECTION TO THE GOVERNMENT SLIP OUT. THAT'S A NO NO.

THEY GOTTA MAINTAIN THEIR DENIABILITY, AND SMITH WILL NEVER LET US FORGET IT.

SO SAD. THE PLIGHT OF THE UNSUNG HERO.

KILL HIM! KILL HIM! DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY?

KILL HIM!! KILL HIM!!

AHHHH!

LIKE "EEK! MY BACK IS BROKEN?"

BAMBAMBAMBAMBAM

OR "ARGH! I'M ABOUT TO BE SQUASHED INTO A WALL!"

WATCH OU--UNGH!

NOT AGAIN!

SLAM!

AW, MY BACK.

THESE GUYS REALLY NEED SOME PITCHING PRACTICE.

HOLY COW. IT'S THAT BALD SUPER MUTANT SPANISH CHURCH LADY.

WAIT! WHERE'S DAN?

YOU WILL DIE AT THE HANDS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!

YOU WILL DIE SCREAMING AT THE HANDS OF TERAKNID!

UH... OKAY.

BUT BEFORE WE DO, COULDYA MAYBE FIRE THE GUY THAT WRITES YOUR DIALOGUE?

I MEAN, WE'VE HEARD CORNY BEFORE, BUT THIS...

AND THAT NAME! YUK!
YOUR MOCKING WORDS WILL BE YOUR LAST.
OR...THEY COULD BE THE LAST THING YOU HEAR BEFORE WE SMASH YOUR FACE IN.
I HAVE THE RIGHT TO REVENGE FOR MY PEOPLE.
YEAH. BUT NOT WHILE WE'RE ON DUT--
SHUK
ARRRR!
FOOL! TASTE MY VENOM AND DIE!
BLEARRRRHG!
HMMM.
WE ACTUALLY FELT A LITTLE RUSH BEFORE. WE PURGED IT FROM OUR SYSTEM.
GOT ANY MORE?

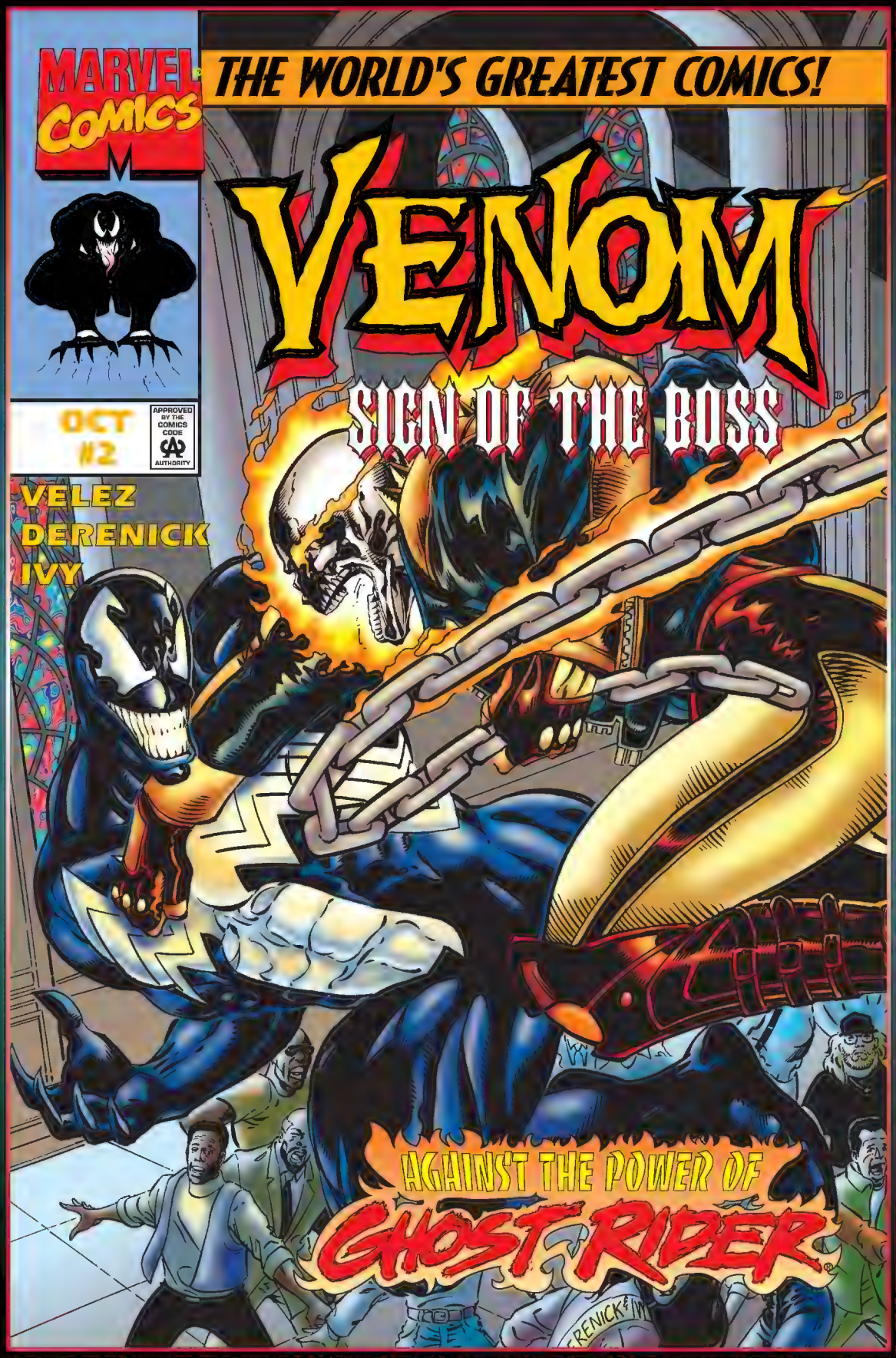
WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT WERE WE THINKING?
WE SHOULDN'T HOG IT ALL TO OURSELVES.
SHARING IS A GOOD THING.
SHUK
Y...YOU... INJECTED ME WITH MY OWN POISONS...I--
I...
Y...YOU...YOU HAVE A REAL FLAIR FOR STATING THE OBVIOUS.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US...WE'VE GOT SOME BONES TO CRUNCH.

AMIGO, YOU WILL DO NOTHING BUT LEAVE!!
OR WE WILL BEGIN TO EXECUTE THE HOSTAGES.
WE WILL HAVE OUR JUSTICE.
NO! STOP THIS MADNESS!
I WILL GLADLY GIVE UP MY LIFE IF YOU JUST PROMISE NOT TO HURT ANYONE EL--
OOPH!
WOW, THAT WAS PRETTY NOBLE. BUT DO US ALL A FAVOR AND SAVE THE MARTYR BIT FOR WHEN YOU GET BACK HOME.
'CAUSE AIN'T NOBODY GONNA HURT YOU WHILE I'M AROUND!
AND IF YOU TERRORISTS THINK THAT KILLING ANY INNOCENT FOLKS IS GONNA STOP US FROM REMOVING YOUR SPINES...
YOU GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!
'CAUSE, LET'S FACE IT...INNOCENT FOLK DIE EVERYDAY...
OH, I REALLY HOPE THIS GUY IS BLUFFING.
... AND WE ALWAYS GET OVER IT.
OH MAN...CAN'T EVEN THINK STRAIGHT...
BUT THIS GUY IS GETTING OUT OF HAND...HAVE TO RELEASE THE RIDER BEFORE MORE GET HURT...
OR WILL THAT MAKE THINGS WORSE?

OKAY. WE'RE IN CHURCH. WE'RE IN A FORGIVING MOOD. LET'S MAKE A DEAL.
YOU LET THE HOSTAGES GO AND FORGET ABOUT THIS WHOLE EXECUTION THING...
...AND WE PROMISE TO LEAVE YOU THE USE OF YOUR LEGS.
MAYBE HE'S RIGHT. THE WHOLE GAME IS RUINED. MAYBE IT'S TIME TO QUIT AND--
--UCK... GCKK...
HA! OUR RUSE DISTRACTED YOU LONG ENOUGH FOR OUR OTHER TO GET THE DROP ON YOU!
SWIP
SWIP
SWIP
AHHH!
BAM!

I...I'M SHOT.
AW JEEZ...SORRY, PADRE. BUT HEY...THESE THINGS HAPPEN.
DON'T YOU WORRY, 'CAUSE THIS GUY IS GONNA PAY FOR WHAT HE DID. WE'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT.
NO!!
I BEG YOU! DON'T KILL THEM!
THEY CAN BE REASONED WITH! SHOW THEM MERCY...
THEY THREATENED THE INNOCENT, FATHER! WE CAN'T FORGIVE THAT!
DO NO MORE EVIL.
WHAT?
WHAM!

VENOM.
GHOST RIDER?
YOU HAVE ALWAYS SMELLED TOO MUCH OF BLOOD...INNOCENT OR OTHERWISE.
NOW IT'S TIME I STOPPED YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL.
ALL MY PLANS ARE FALLING APART!
MEDDLING INTRUDERS--THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS!
TO BE CONTINUED!


MARVEL COMICS
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!
VENOM
SIGN OF THE BOSS
OCT
#2
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
VELEZ
DERENICK
IVY
AGAINST THE POWER OF
GHOST RIDER

HAH HAH HAH HA!
GCK...GET OFFA US!
Y...YOU'RE NUTS!
BEHOLD, INSIDE AN OLD CHURCH IN THE SOUTH BRONX...
...A BAD SITUATION.
SIGN OF THE BOSS
ACT TWO
IVAN VELEZ-writer
TOM DERENICK-penciler
CHRIS IVY-inker
KEN LOPEZ-letterer
TOM SMITH-colorist
TOM BREVOORT-editor
BOB HARRAS-editor in chief
A STAN LEE PRESENTATION

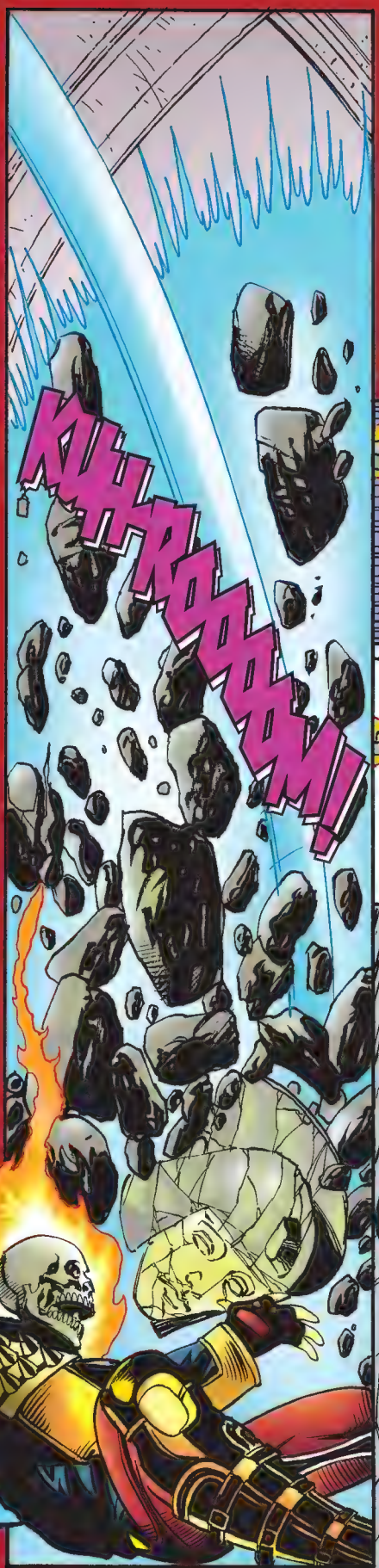
BEHOLD THE GHOST RIDER, SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE. WIELDER OF THE PENANCE STARE. PUNISHER OF THE WICKED.
HE ENJOYS HIS WORK A LITTLE TOO MUCH.
BEHOLD VENOM, TWISTED ALIEN SYMBIOTE AND APPOINTED PROTECTOR OF TODAY'S SPECIAL GUEST. HE HOPED TO STOMP SOME HEADS TODAY.
HE DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE STOMPED HIMSELF.
AND NEITHER DID THEY.
BEHOLD THE TERRORISTS...SEEKING VENGEANCE ON A PRESIDENT WHO ONCE WAS A DESPOT.
THEY HOLD A BRONX CHURCH UNDER SIEGE, READY TO DIE FOR THEIR CAUSE.
OR SO IT SEEMS.
BEHOLD, THE OBJECT OF EVERYONE'S ANGER AND ANGST.
THEY'RE BOTCHING MY ENTIRE PLAN.
THEY SHOULD DIE FOR THIS.
I'VE BEEN SHOT. PLEASE...HELP ME...
THE REHABILITATED PRESIDENT OF SAN GABRIEL.
OR IS HE?

BEFORE I ADMINISTER YOUR JUST PUNISHMENT...
...RELEASE THE WEBBING FROM YOUR VICTIMS' HEADS, OR THEY'LL SUFFOCATE.
VICTIMS? THEY'RE THE BAD GUYS! NOT US!
KROOOSH!
FOOL! SINNER IS AS SINNER DOES!
SO GET OFF
WE'RE ONLY DOING OUR JOB!
AW, MAN... AWESOME. THIS IS GONNA GET ME ON "TV'S MOST DANGEROUS SUPER HERO FIGHTS".
GUH-HASP!
YOU TAKE THESE LIVES WITHOUT JUDGMENT OR UNDERSTANDING
I WONDER HOW MUCH THEY PAY?

THEY WILL BE PUNISHED...JUST NOT DESTROYED.
YOU'RE WASTING TIME. THEY'RE BAD GUYS. THEY'RE DISPOSABLE.
IT'S THAT SORT OF REASONING THAT MAKES YOU SO DANGEROUS.
AHHHHHR!
SSSSSSSS
AND THAT'S WHY THE HELLFIRE INSIDE OF ME CALLS OUT YOUR NAME.
HUH?
IT'S TIME TO PUT AN END TO YOUR SINS...PUNISH YOU FOR YOUR PAST.
PREPARE AS MY PENANCE STARE BURNS THE EVIL FROM YOUR SOUL.
THERE IS MUCH LATENT AND MISGUIDED EVIL INSIDE OF YOU.
YOU REEK OF NEUROTIC WRONG-DOING.
WAITAMINUTE.

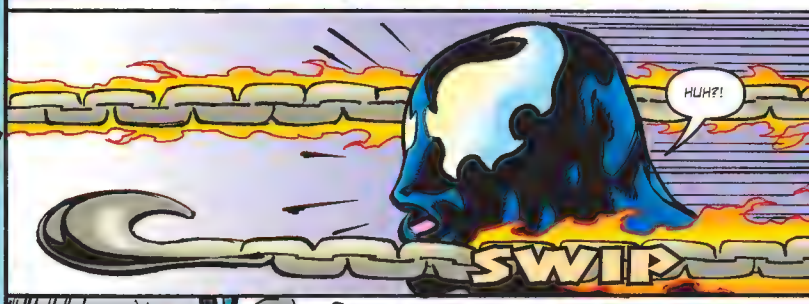
NEARBY, A CONFUSED MELISSA MARO THINKS ONLY OF HER BUDDY, DANNY KETCH.
AND CERTAINLY NOT OF THE BOUND AND GAGGED MUTANT BODYGUARD BEHIND HER.
OH, GOD...WHAT A MESS. I DRAGGED DANNY DOWN HERE TO LISTEN TO PRESIDENTE SANTERA SPEAK.
MREH MREE MO MUNGH! MRAWMPH!
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF HE GETS HURT.
WHERE ARE YOU, DANNY?
MRAWMPH!
PLEASE, PRESIDENTE. HELP.
I...I NEED A DOCTOR. PERHAPS WE CAN SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY AND--
SWAK!
ACH. DON'T BOTHER ME. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M THINKING.
IT'S RUINED, ISN'T IT?
AS USUAL, YOUR WELL THOUGHT OUT PLANS TURN OUT TO BE NOT SO WELL THOUGHT OUT AFTER ALL.
HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO PERFORM UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES? I'LL NEED MORE MONEY.
SOMEONE GET ME A CIGARETTE!

IT'S ALL A SCAM.
SHUT UP! ALL OF YOU!
BUT THE PRIEST...
IF YOU WOULD ALL DO YOUR JOB PROPERLY, NONE OF THIS WOULD BE HAPPENING!
WHAT?!
THIS IS NOT OUR FAULT. WE STUCK TO THE SCRIPT...AS PATHETIC AS IT WAS!
WE COULD HAVE DONE THIS IN CHICAGO OR MIAMI, BUT NOOOOOO...
YOU HAD TO DO THIS IN NEW YORK...HOME TO EVERY SUPER HERO IN THE KNOWN WORLD!
¡IDIOTA!
BLAST YOU, MARTA!
IF THEY BELIEVE ME HERE, THEY'LL BELIEVE ME ANYWH--
PUH-ROOSH!!
AIEEEK!

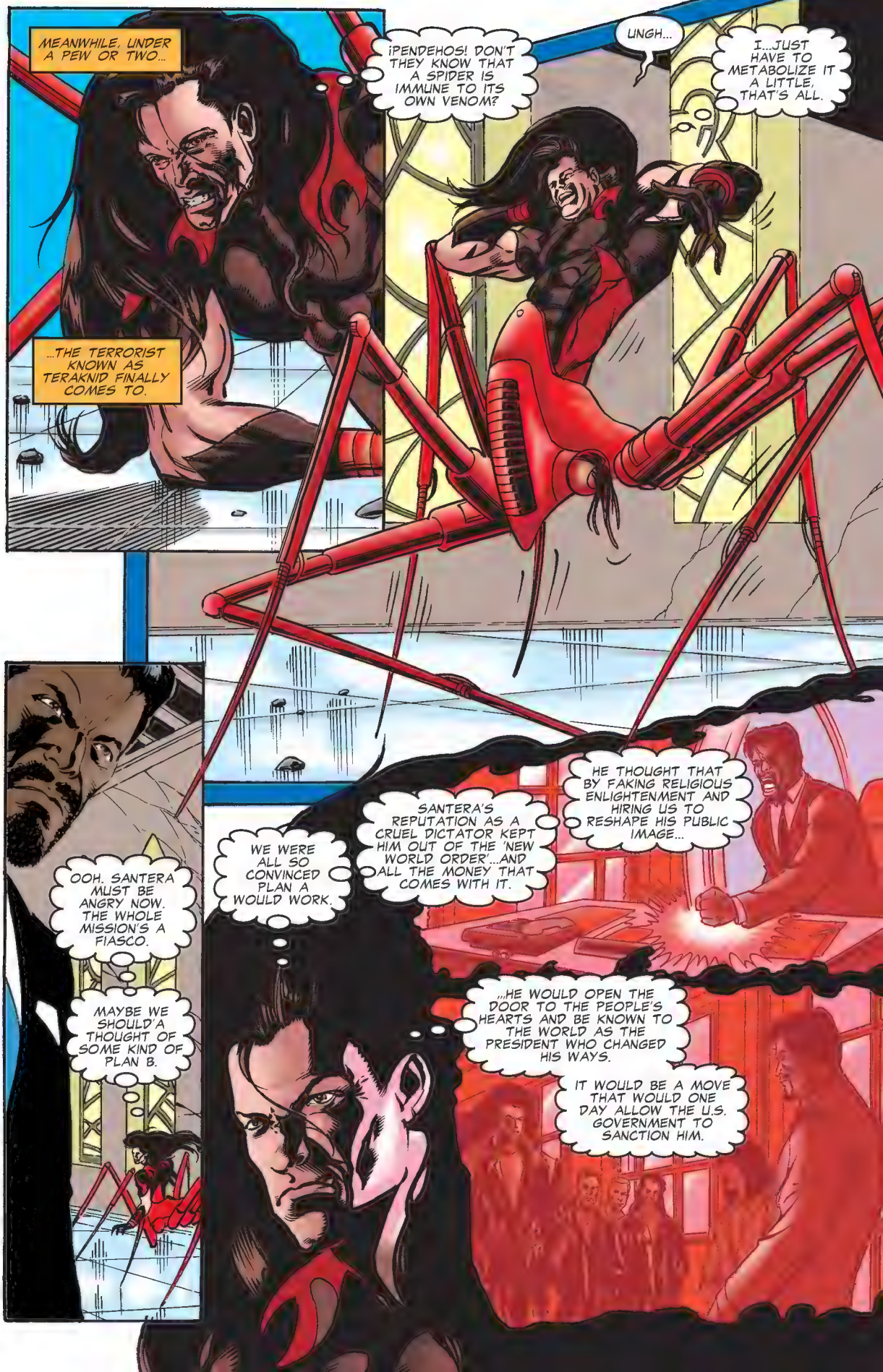

KUH-RAAAM!

SWOOP SWOOP
SWOOP SWOOP
YOU...
YOU HAVE DEFILED THIS HOLY PLACE!
HOW DARE YOU?!

CHING!
NOBODY PUTS A HAND ON US!!


HUH?!
SWIP

SPLOOT!


MEANWHILE, UNDER A PEW OR TWO...
...THE TERRORIST KNOWN AS TERAKNID FINALLY COMES TO.
¡PENDEHOS! DON'T THEY KNOW THAT A SPIDER IS IMMUNE TO ITS OWN VENOM?
UNGH...
I...JUST HAVE TO METABOLIZE IT A LITTLE, THAT'S ALL.
HE THOUGHT THAT BY FAKING RELIGIOUS ENLIGHTENMENT AND HIRING US TO RESHAPE HIS PUBLIC IMAGE...
SANTERA'S REPUTATION AS A CRUEL DICTATOR KEPT HIM OUT OF THE 'NEW WORLD ORDER'...AND ALL THE MONEY THAT COMES WITH IT.
WE WERE ALL SO CONVINCED PLAN A WOULD WORK.
...HE WOULD OPEN THE DOOR TO THE PEOPLE'S HEARTS AND BE KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS THE PRESIDENT WHO CHANGED HIS WAYS.
IT WOULD BE A MOVE THAT WOULD ONE DAY ALLOW THE U.S. GOVERNMENT TO SANCTION HIM.
OOH. SANTERA MUST BE ANGRY NOW. THE WHOLE MISSION'S A FIASCO.
MAYBE WE SHOULD'A THOUGHT OF SOME KIND OF PLAN B.

AND WOULD BE THE FIRST STEP TO MAKING HIM THE RICHEST AND MOST POWERFUL MAN IN SOUTH AMERICA....
...AND ALL OF US RICH ALONG WITH HIM.
THIS TRIP TO THE U.S. WAS TO RUSH THINGS A BIT...PROVE TO THE WORLD WHAT A GOOD MAN SANTERA REALLY WAS AND BUY HIM PUBLIC SYMPATHY.
A FEW PROPERLY PLACED TERRORISTS WOULD MAKE HIM THE VICTIM...AND ALMOST A MARTYR.
AND HE WOULD HAVE REASONED WITH US...MADE US SEEN OUR EVIL WAYS, AND STAGED A TEARFUL RECONCILIATION. ALL ON LIVE TV.
THE U.S. WOULD HAVE EATEN THIS UP.
KRAK
AND THEN--
UNGH!
IT CAN STILL WORK.
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SNEAK UP ON THESE SO-CALLED HEROES...
...STAB THEM THROUGH THE BACK...INTO THEIR HEARTS WITH ALL THE VENOM I CAN PRODUCE.
YAY! SISTER MARYANN!
LET ME HIT ONE! LET ME HIT ONE!

HAH HAH HAH!

KRUH-BOOOM!!

YOU THINK WE CAN'T TAKE YOU?!

YOU THINK WE CAN'T TAKE YOU?!

WE'RE ONE OF THE BIG BOYS, RIDER.

AND WE'RE VERY UPSET!

WE'RE HURT YOU ATTACKED US, GHOST RIDER.

WE'RE ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS! YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

A HERO!!

GCK.

KUH-WAM!

SWOOP SWOOP SWOOP

CHING!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A HERO IS.

BUT I'M ABOUT TO TEACH YOU.
PREPARE FOR YOUR FIRST LESSON.
PREPARE FOR THE PENANCE STARE.
SKREEEEEEE
YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MY LIFE. WHO ARE YOU TO JUDGE ME?!
THAT IS WHAT I DO. I JUDGE.
I KNOW I MAY HAVE MESSED UP A LITTLE IN THE PAST. MAYBE I WAS CONFUSED, DID A FEW ROTTEN THINGS...
...BUT I'M ON THE UP AND UP NOW.
I'M SANCTIONED... WORKING FOR THE GOOD GUYS AS A GOOD GUY.

DOESN'T EVERYONE DESERVE A CHANCE TO DO GOOD AND PROVE HIMSELF?
SHEESH. IF EVEN THAT SANTERA GUY COULD--
FWIP
THERE ARE INNOCENTS TO PROTECT HERE.
THEY MUST COME FIRST.
WE'LL GET BACK AT YOU. WE PROMISE.
YOU'RE JUST LUCKY WE'RE KINDA BUSY RIGHT NOW.
BAM!
THIS ISN'T OVER YET, GHOST RIDER.
NOBODY SPOOKS US...ESPECIALLY NO BAG OF BONES.

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH...
...NOT A THING HAPPENS.
SIGH. SUCH IS THE BUREAUCRACY IN THIS TOWN.
I KNOW. CITY AGENCIES ARE ALWAYS AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS.
IT NEVER FAILS TO ANNOY ME.
AGENT SMITH AND AGENT JONES.
THIS IS GETTING SILLY. THERE ARE INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THERE, IN A VOLATILE HOSTAGE SITUATION AND WE'RE NOT DOING A THING TO HELP THEM--
--BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT WILLING TO ADMIT WE'RE IN CHARGE HERE?!
THAT'S 'CAUSE N.Y.P.D.'S IN CHARGE, AND NOT NO FANCY-TIGHTS-WEARING-ATOMIC-RAYGUN TOTING-GLORYHOUNDS LIKE YOU FOLKS!
WE WERE HERE FIRST!
YOU JEALOUS IDIOT! I OUGHTA--
CAP, DOES IT REALLY MATTER? THERE ARE FOLKS IN THERE WHO NEED OUR HEL--
SHUT UP!! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO MAKE A POINT HERE!
OH PUH-LEEZ.
NOBODY KNOCKS US OFF A CASE! NOT NO F.D.N.Y! NOT NO CODE BLUE! NOBODY!
MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST BLOW UP THE CHURCH, THE COPS, THE TERRORISTS AND VENOM AND CALL IT A DAY.
UH...YOU ARE KIDDING, RIGHT?
RIGHT?

MEANWHILE, INSIDE...
AHGH... WHA--
OKAY. OKAY. PLACE PRESSURE ON WOUND AND HOLD FIRM.
JUST HOLD ON, PADRE. HELP WILL COME.
YOU RUINED EVERYTHING!
I SHOULD HAVE NEVER LEFT MY LITTLE VILLAGE.
ONE MORE DAY AND THEY WOULD HAVE BURNED YOU AT THE STAKE!
SHUT UP!!
CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT YOUR PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR A SCAM HAS DONE?!
THIS MAN IS DYING!
!BASTA!
HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME IN SUCH A MANNER! YOU...YOU--
--PEASANT!
WAP
THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
KILL ALL THE WITNESSES!
STARTING WITH THE TOMBOY!

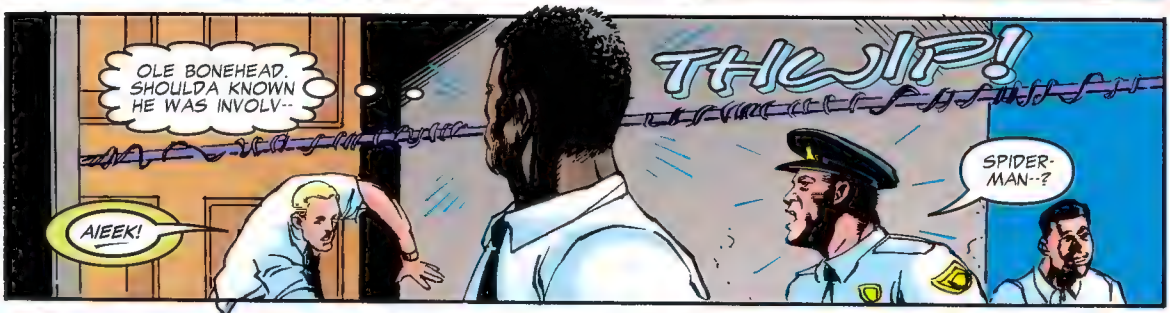
STIGMATA.
STILL STRUGGLING.
MMPH... HRMRMMPH!
INNOCENTS ARE ABOUT TO DIE!
LORD HELP ME! I MUST STOP THEM!
BUT UNLESS I CAN SPEAK THE WORDS OF POWER CLEARLY, I CAN'T.
THERE. I'M ALMOST FREE. I--
HRMPH?
PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
GASP!
YES! OF COURSE I WILL, MY SISTER!
OF COURSE I WILL!
ANGEL GABRIEL, SOLDADO PURO DEL PADRE SANTO--
¡--AYUDAME!
KRAK-KUH-POW!

FFFF

--UHK
THWIP
HIS KIND DON'T KNOW SQUAT ABOUT FORGIVENESS.
--WHAT THEY DESERVE.
BUT THEY GET--
FWOOOOSH!
NO. PLEASE.

OUTSIDE.
ALL RIGHT. THEN IT'S AGREED. WE BOTH SHARE THE AUTHORITY. YOUR MEN GET THE BULK OF THE COLLARS. I GET THE SUPER ONES.
HURM.
AND HOW IS THAT DIFFERENT FROM WHAT WE WANTED IN THE FIRST PLACE?
GET THE MEN GEARED UP!
THEY'VE BEEN READY FOR TWENTY MINUTES, SIR.
THEN GET THEM IN THERE! PRONTO!!
VROOOOOM!
BUH-KOOOSH!
WHAT'S THAT NOI-- WHOA!!
VROOOOOOOM
HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH!

KROOOSH!
VROOOOOOOOOOOM!
HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH!
NYPD
WHAT IS THAT?!


OLE BONEHEAD. SHOULDA KNOWN HE WAS INVOLV--
THWIP!
SPIDER-MAN--?
AIEEK!

VENOM?! WHAT THE HECK--
OH. DON'T THANK US. IT'S WHAT HEROES DO.
JUST REMEMBER, WHEN YOU TELL YOUR FRIENDS LATER...AND YOU KNOW YOU WILL...

...TELL THEM HOW HANDSOME WE WERE TOO!
THIS HAS DEFINITELY BEEN AN OFF DAY.

HMPH.

SO GHOSTIE MADE HIS EXIT. THE PADRE WAS TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL. THE TERRORISTS WERE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY...
...AND PRESIDENTE SANTERA WAS TAKEN AWAY BY STIGMATA.
THE WORLD IS SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY ONCE MORE. THANKS TO US.
URP.
AND YOU'RE WELCOME.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT STIGMATA. SHE WAS SANTERA'S BODYGUARD.
NO. SHE WAS ASSIGNED TO PROTECT HIM ON THIS TRIP BY THE VATICAN.
THE VATICAN?
THE VATICAN SECRET GUARD.
STIGMATA WAS PUT THERE NOT ONLY TO PROTECT SANTERA, BUT TO CHECK OUT HIS CLAIMS OF REDEMPTION AND REPENTANCE.
IF THEY WERE REAL, HE WOULD RECEIVE THEIR FULL SUPPORT.
IF THEY WERE BOGUS, SANTERA WOULD BE PUNISHED TO THEIR FULL EXTENT.
TOO BAD THE VATICAN DIDN'T BOTHER TO TELL ANYBODY WHAT THEY WERE UP TO. COULD'A SAVED US ALL A LOT OF EFFORT.
AND TOO BAD YOU GOT OUT OF THIS SO CLEAN. MAYBE THE NEXT TIME.
YOU GOTTA WONDER THOUGH...WHERE THE HECK WOULD THE VATICAN PUT A GUY LIKE SANTERA ANYWAY?

DEEP IN THE SNOWS OF THE ITALIAN ALPS, CARVED INTO THE MOUNTAIN ROCK...
...IS THE PRISON.
AND DEEP INSIDE, IN THE ANCIENT AND WELL PATROLLED CAVERNS...
...ARE ITS PRISONERS... SINNERS WHO AVOIDED ALL OTHER PUNISHMENT FOR TOO LONG...
...THE NEWEST BEING FRANCO SANTERA.
ONE-TIME PRESIDENT, DESPOT, AND HOPEFUL CAPITALIST.
HIS SOUL HAS BEEN BURNED RAW BY THE GHOST RIDER'S PENANCE STARE.
NOW, ONLY MEMORIES OF EACH SIN HE HAS COMMITTED CAN ENTER HIS MIND.
EVERY LAST PAIN, DEATH THROE AND BETRAYAL WILL ACCOMPANY HIM FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS.
THAT, AND PRAYER.
A PRIVATE HELL, INDEED.

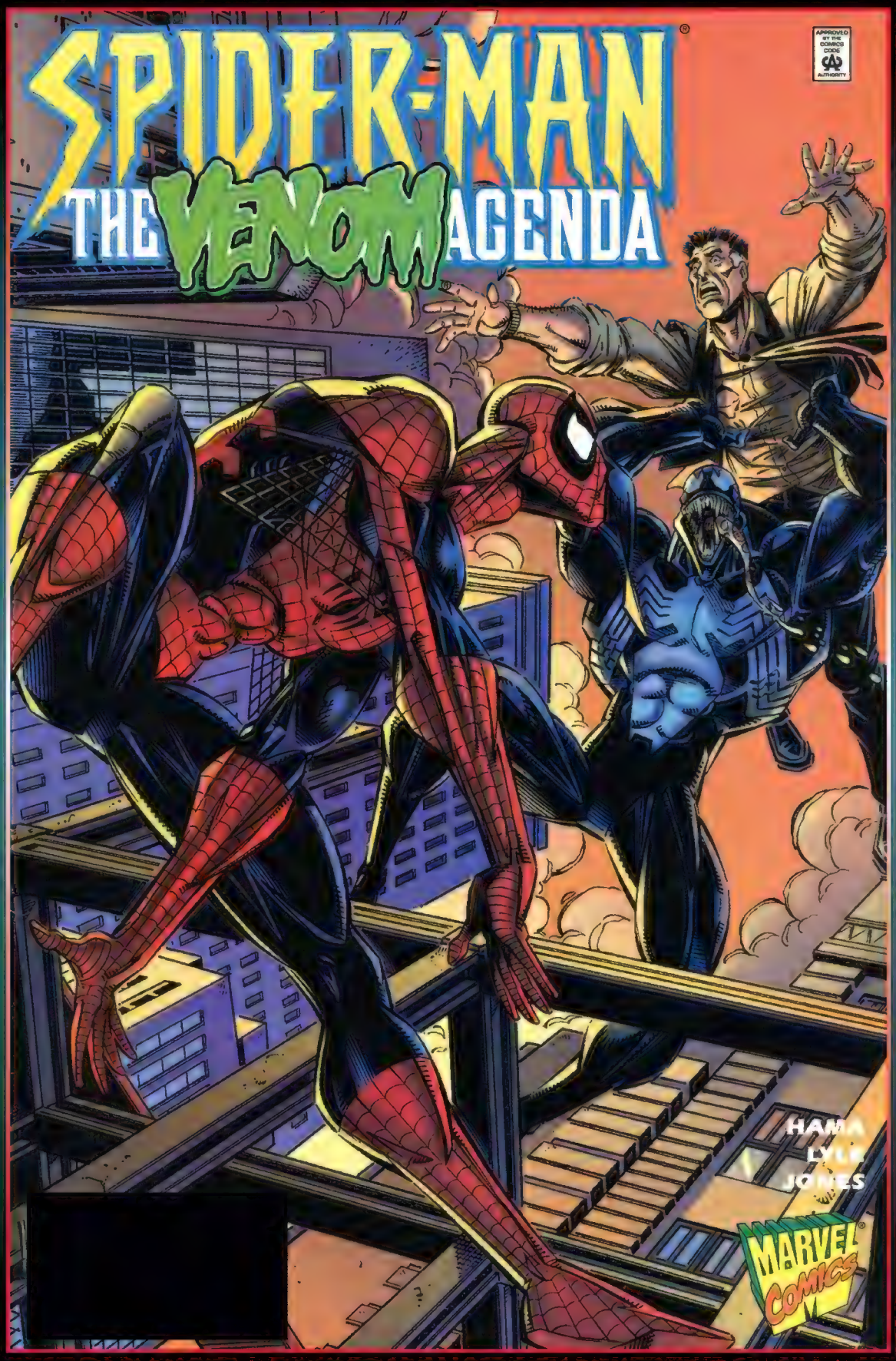
More VENOM Fan Art!

WEB OF VENOM
by Chris Engler

VENOM
by Grant Levine - Age 7

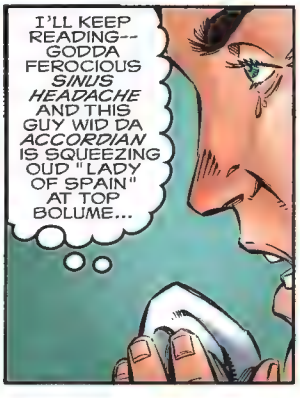
VENOM
by Sawyer Bourquin - Age 5

VENOM and the GREEN GOBLIN
by Travis Blumer


SPIDER-MAN
THE VENOM AGENDA
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
HAMA
LYLE
JONES
MARVEL COMICS

SOME DAYS, IT JUST DOESN'T PAY TO GET OUT OF BED.
NOT EVEN WHEN IF YOU'RE PETER PARKER, ALSO KNOWN AS SPIDER-MAN.
OH MAN-- I FEEL LIKE EVANDER HOLYFIELD'S RIGHT EAR...CHEWED UP AND SPAT OUT!
I'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN OUT OF BED WITH THIS COLD IF J. JONAH JAMESON HIMSELF HADN'T CALLED.
SO, HERE I AM ON THE E TRAIN RIDING INTO WORK WHEN EVERYBODY ELSE IS GOING HOME.
IF I WERE A SUPER HERO IN A MOVIE, I'D BE ROLLING OUT OF MY SPIDER-CAVE IN MY SPIDER-MOBILE...
HELP THE BLIND

...AND I'D BE FIGHTING VILLAINS WHO LOOKED LIKE MICHELLE PFEIFFER AND UMA THURMAN--
ATCHOO!!
--INSTEAD OF PSYCHOTIC GEEKS WITH GLANDULAR PROBLEMS!
HE'S GOT GERMS, MARVIN!


I'LL KEEP READING-- GODDA FEROCIOUS SINUS HEADACHE AND THIS GUY WID DA ACCORDIAN IS SQUEEZING OUD "LADY OF SPAIN" AT TOP BOLUME...

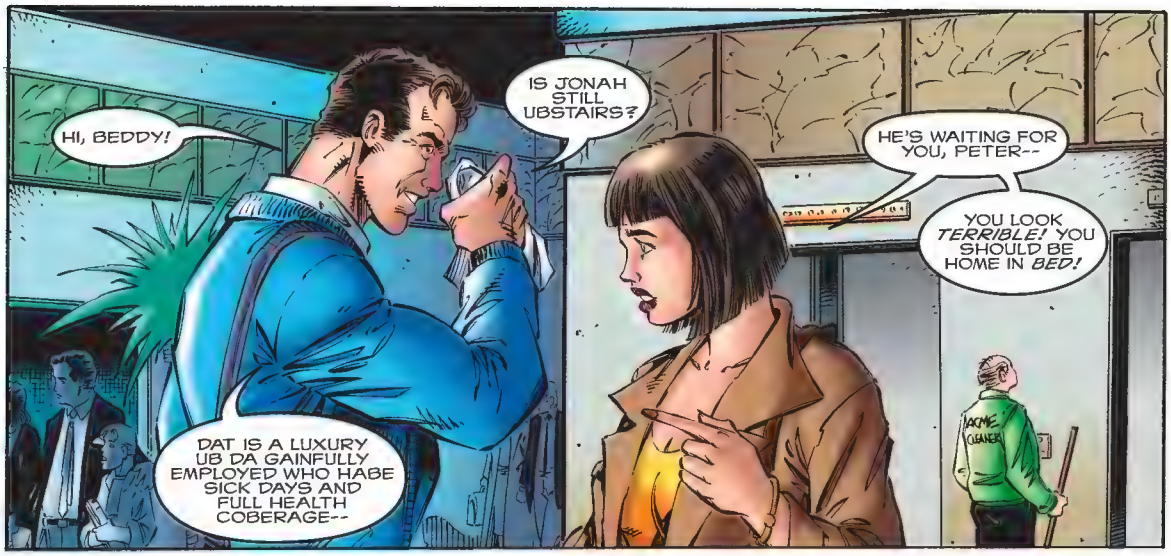
LOOK, BUDDY, HERE'S ALL DA CHANGE I HABE-- COULD YOU TURN ID DOWN A BID?
HELP THE BLIND

YOU PHILISTINE!
HELP THE BLIND

FUNNY, HE DOESN'T LOOK ARAB!

IN MANHATTAN...
THIS IS THE TARGET, EDDIE...
..THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE HAS BEEN VERY UNHAPPY WITH HIM LATELY.
I KNOW THAT GUY, SMITH! THAT'S J. JONAH JAMESON, EDITOR OF THE DAILY BUGLE!
THEY CALLED ME IN AND THEY SAID, "DARYLL, IT HAS FILTERED DOWN FROM UPSTAIRS THAT EVERYONE UP THERE IN THAT RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE IS VERY UNHAPPY ABOUT JAMESON AT THE BUGLE."
HE ACTUALLY GOT AN INVESTIGATION TEAM PROBING BASTION AND OTHER ASPECTS OF OPERATION ZERO TOLERANCE.
JAMESON IS MAKING UNPLEASANT WAVES. THE QUESTION WAS IN THE AIR, SO TO SPEAK.
CAN'T SOMETHING BE DONE ABOUT THIS ONEROUS PERSON?HMMM?
WHAT ARE YOU TELLING ME TO DO?
I'M NOT TELLING YOU TO DO ANYTHING. PLAUSIBLE DENIABILITY, YOU KNOW.
I AM JUST CONVEYING TO YOU WHAT WAS CONVEYED TO ME BY THE COMMITTEE.
I GUESS I KNOW WHAT TO DO,HUH?
I GUESS YOU DO, MR. BROCK!

METS
I COULD USE AN IBUPROFIN, A DECONGESTANT AND AN ANTIHISTAMINE--
MAYBE *ROBBIE* HAS GOT SOME GOOD COLD-PILLS IN HIS DESK!
YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, EDDIE?
LISTEN, I WAS A JOURNALIST ONCE. I KNOW THE BREED. *VEEEERY* NOSY. BUT JAMESON'S CROSSED THE LINE--
--HE GETS *NO SLACK* FROM THIS FORMER FOURTH ESTATER. LEAVE BRISTLE-TOP TO ME.
YOU JUST BE HERE TO PICK ME UP WHEN I'M DONE.
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I THINK, SMITH?
NOT REALLY.
I HATE THIS PART OF THIS JOB.

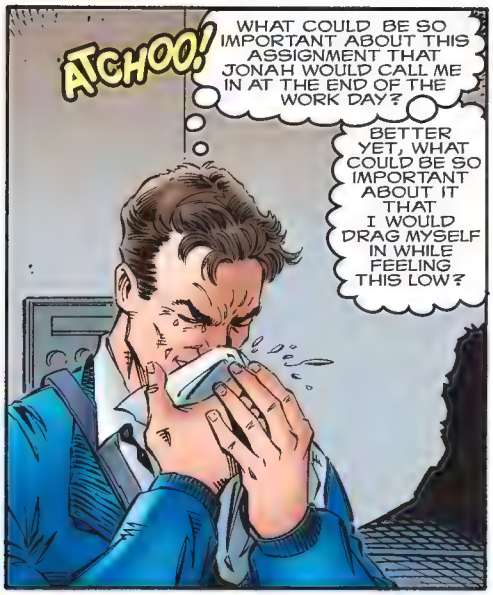

HI, BEDDY!
IS JONAH STILL UBSTAIRS?
DAT IS A LUXURY UB DA GAINFULLY EMPLOYED WHO HABE SICK DAYS AND FULL HEALTH COBERAGE--
HE'S WAITING FOR YOU, PETER--
YOU LOOK *TERRIBLE!* YOU SHOULD BE HOME IN *BED!*
ACME CLEANER

THAT WAS A PRETTY GOOD *BON MOT*., TOO BAD YOU MISSED IT!

DING!
EMPTY CAR. EXPRESS TO THE *FORTIETH* FLOOR.

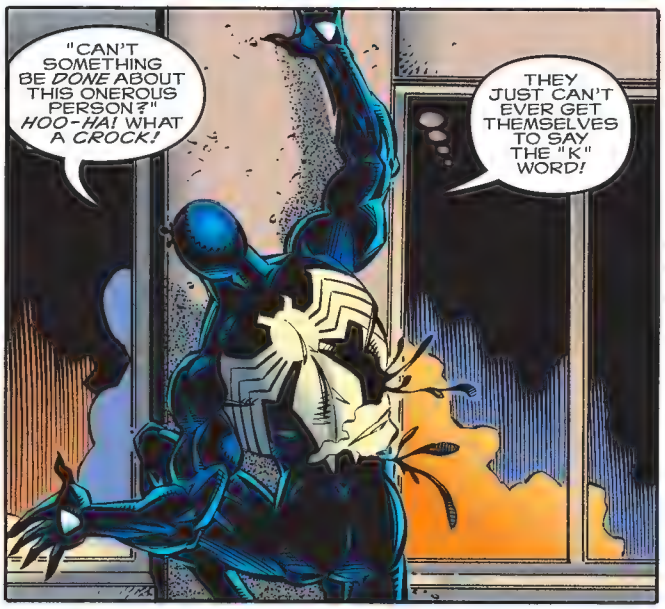
LET'S SEE, AS I REMEMBER FROM MY FREE-LANCE STRINGER DAYS, JAMESON'S OFFICE IS UP ON THE FORTIETH FLOOR.

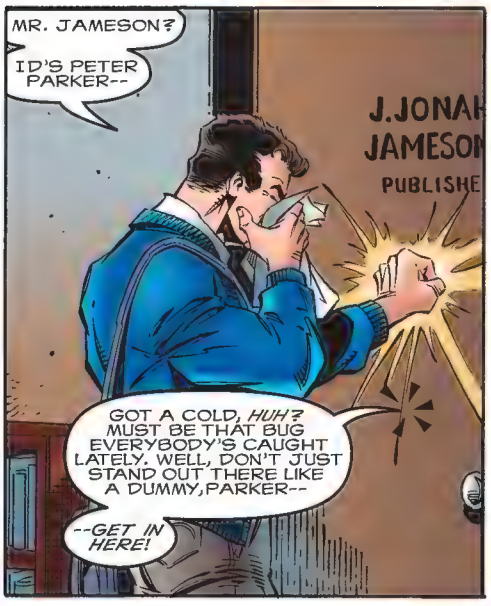
BUT IT WON'T DO FOR MR. EDDIE BROCK TO BE SEEN WALKING THROUGH THE LOBBY AND TAKING THE ELEVATOR...
...NO SIR, IT WOULDN'T DO AT *ALL!*

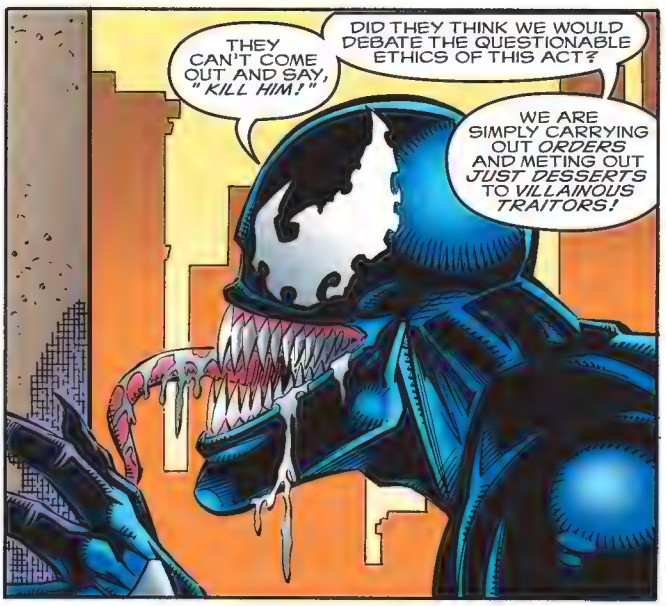

ATCHOO!
WHAT COULD BE SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS ASSIGNMENT THAT JONAH WOULD CALL ME IN AT THE END OF THE WORK DAY?
BETTER YET, WHAT COULD BE SO IMPORTANT ABOUT IT THAT I WOULD DRAG MYSELF IN WHILE FEELING THIS LOW?

WE *HATE* THE WAY THOSE SECRET AGENT TYPES LIKE *SMITH* TALK CIRCUMLOCUTORILY AND EUPHEMISTICALLY...
...PRANCING AROUND THE POINT LIKE BLUE BOTTLE FLIES AROUND A GOBBET OF ROTTING MEAT.

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT COULD BE SO IMPORTANT, PETE, OLD BOY...
...A BIG FAT *PAYCHECK,* IS WHAT!
TUITION AND DOCTOR BILLS ARE EATING ME ALIVE.


"CAN'T SOMETHING BE *DONE* ABOUT THIS ONEROUS PERSON?" *HOO-HA!* WHAT A *CROCK!*
THEY JUST CAN'T EVER GET THEMSELVES TO SAY THE "K" WORD!


MR. JAMESON?
ID'S PETER PARKER--
J.JONAH JAMESON
PUBLISHE
GOT A COLD, *HUH?* MUST BE THAT BUG EVERYBODY'S CAUGHT LATELY. WELL, DON'T JUST STAND OUT THERE LIKE A DUMMY,PARKER--
--*GET IN HERE!*


THEY CAN'T COME OUT AND SAY, "*KILL HIM!*"
DID THEY THINK WE WOULD DEBATE THE QUESTIONABLE ETHICS OF THIS ACT?
WE ARE SIMPLY CARRYING OUT *ORDERS* AND METING OUT *JUST DESSERTS* TO *VILLAINOUS TRAITORS!*

Stan Lee presents...

BAD DAY AT THE BUGLE

SCRIPT • LARRY HAMA
PENCILS • TOM LYLE
INKS • ROBERT JONES
COLORING • STEVE OLIFF
LETTERING • JANICE CHIANG
EDITOR • RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR IN CHIEF • BOB HARRAS

SMASH!

VENOM!!

WHAT'S HE DOING *HERE*? I THOUGHT HE WAS IN *FEDERAL CUSTODY*!!

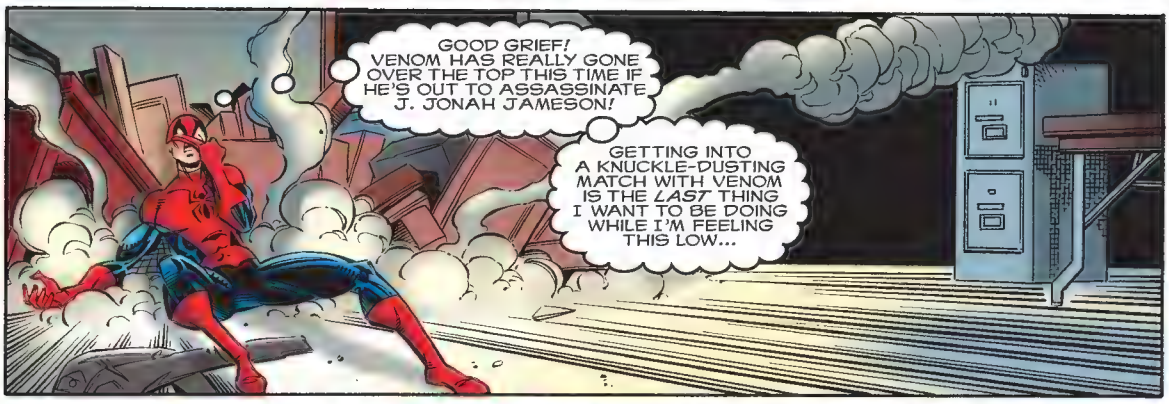
GET THIS ON *FILM*, PARKER--!

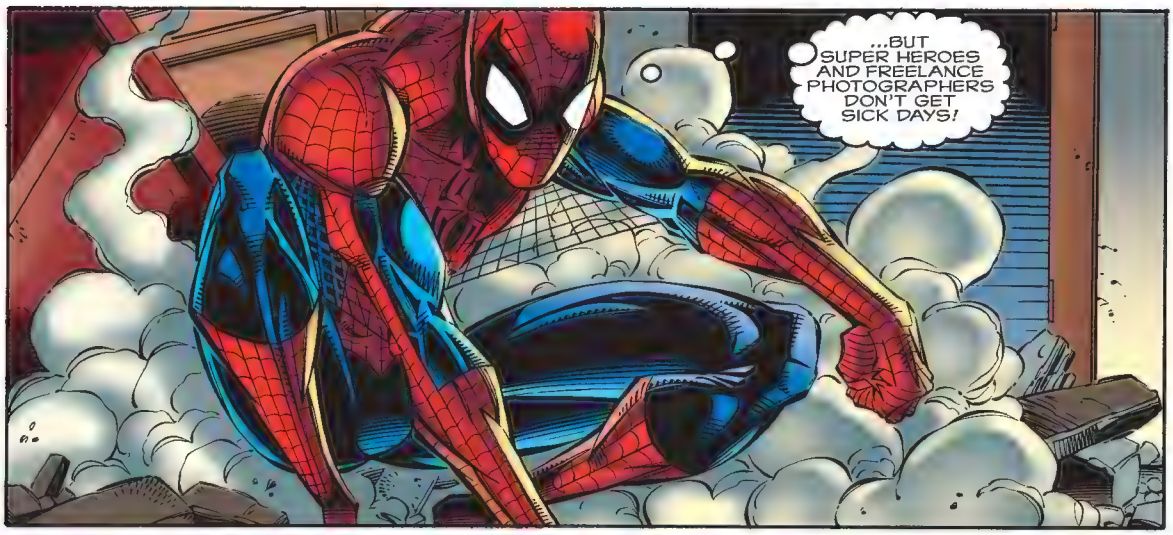
--IT'S NOT EVERY DAY THAT A *SCOOP* COMES RIGHT IN THROUGH OUR OWN WINDOW!

YOU'RE GETTING A *SCOOP*, ALL RIGHT...

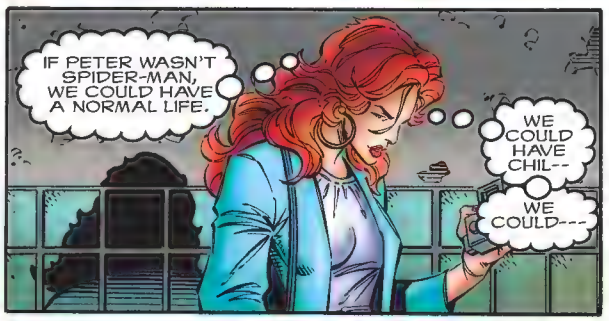
...A BIG SCOOP TAKEN OUT OF YOUR *BRAIN*, THAT WE'RE GOING TO *EAT*!

WE CAN GED DA STORY LADER, MR. JAMESON--!
--FIRST, WE HABE TO THINK ABOUD SURVIVAL!
AND I'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT VENOM SPILLING THE BEANS ABOUT MY SECRET IDENTITY IN FRONT OF JONAH! THIS MANIAC KNOWS I'M SPIDER-MAN!
SKUUSH!
THOOM!
SMEK!
YOUR THINKING ABOUT SURVIVAL IS AN EXERCISE IN FUTILITY!
LAY OFF HIM!
THWACK!
HE'S NOT A STAFF EMPLOYEE, SO HE DOESN'T GET ANY HEALTH BENEFITS!
SCHROOM!
GOOD TIME TO CHANGE INTO MY SPIDER-TOGS!
GOOD THING IT'S AFTER-HOURS AND THE BULLPEN IS EMPTY!
BUT YOU GET THE WHOLE BENEFIT PACKAGE, DON'T YOU?
YOUR BENEFICIARIES ARE JUST ABOUT TO HIT THE JACKPOT!

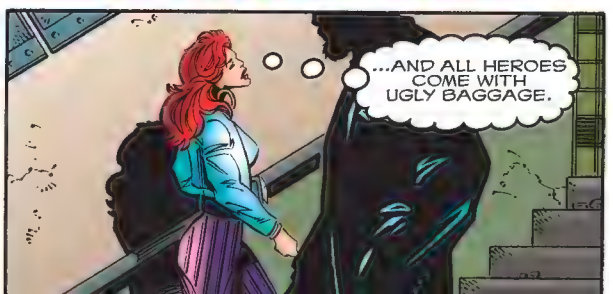

GOOD GRIEF! VENOM HAS REALLY GONE OVER THE TOP THIS TIME IF HE'S OUT TO ASSASSINATE J. JONAH JAMESON!
GETTING INTO A KNUCKLE-DUSTING MATCH WITH VENOM IS THE *LAST* THING I WANT TO BE DOING WHILE I'M FEELING THIS LOW...


...BUT SUPER HEROES AND FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS DON'T GET SICK DAYS!

BELOW STREET LEVEL...
PETER MUST HAVE BEEN REALLY OUT OF IT TO LEAVE HIS *STROBE LIGHT* AT HOME. HOPEFULLY, I CAN CATCH UP WITH HIM BEFORE JONAH SENDS HIM OUT ON HIS ASSIGNMENT.
HE'S TOO SICK TO BE DOING THIS. I HOPE HE REALIZES HE'S TOO SICK TO BE GOING INTO ACTION AS THE SPIDER-GUY.
BUT, YOU REALLY DON'T WANT HIM TO BE SPIDER-MAN AT *ALL*, DO YOU, MARY JANE WATSON-PARKER?

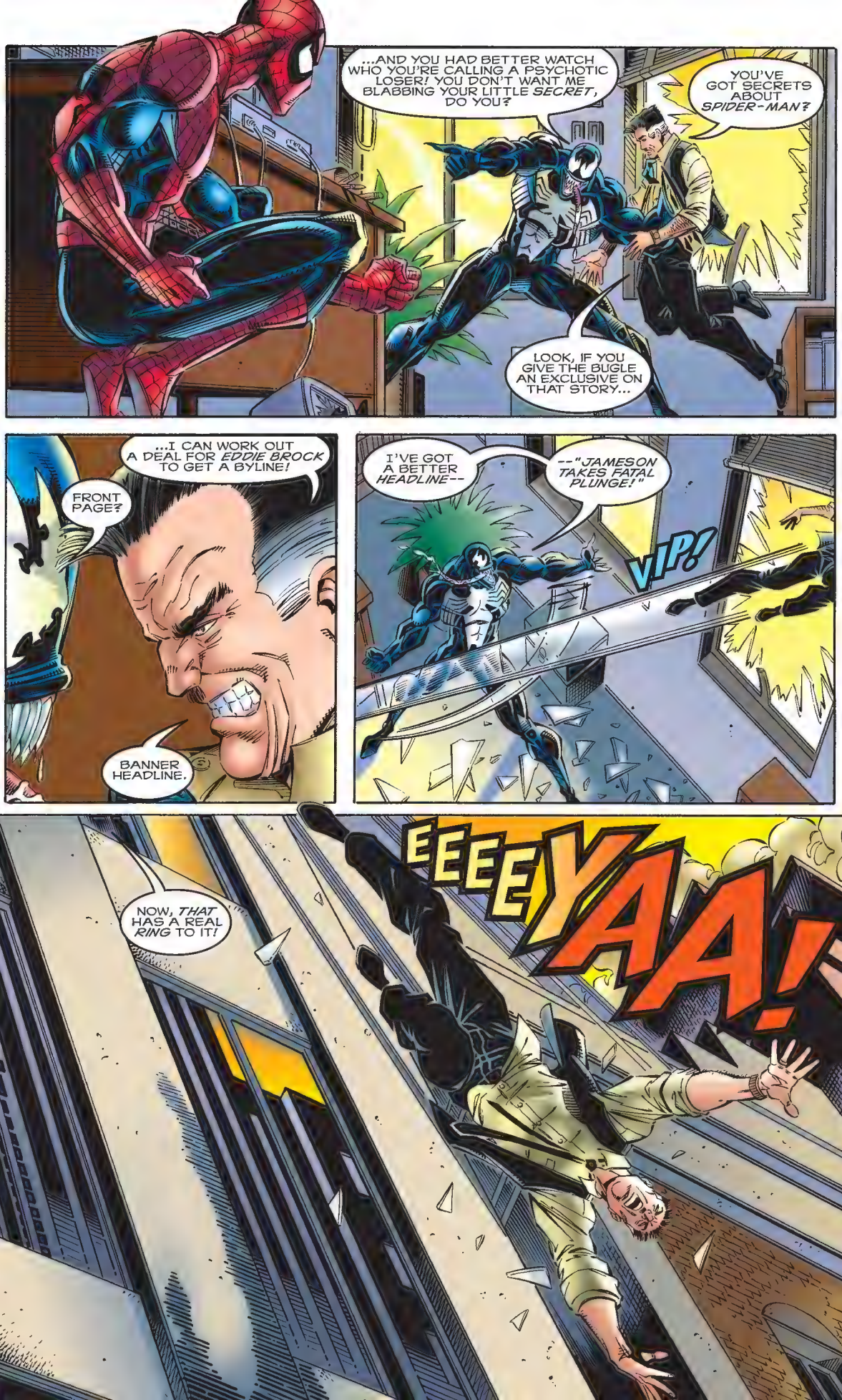

IF PETER WASN'T SPIDER-MAN, WE COULD HAVE A NORMAL LIFE.
WE COULD HAVE CHIL--
WE COULD---

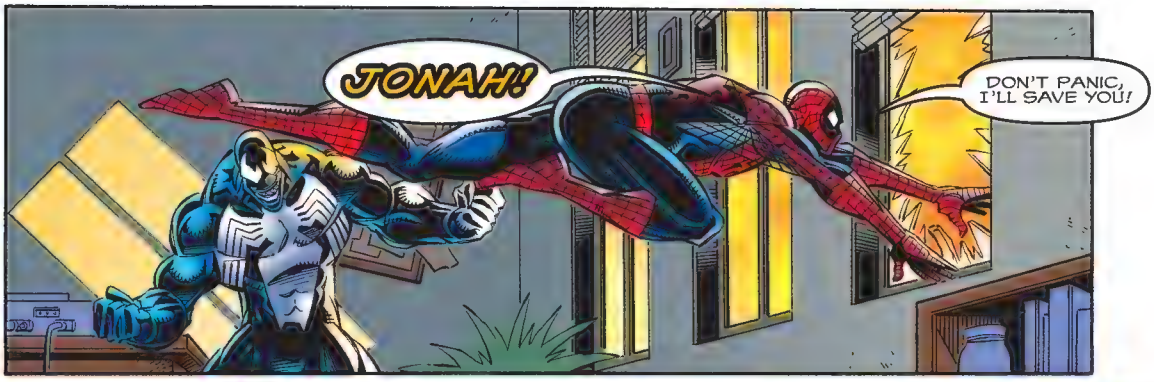
OH, MARY JANE, LET'S FACE IT. IF HE WASN'T SPIDER-MAN, HE WOULDN'T BE THE PETER PARKER YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH.
HE'S A *HERO*...

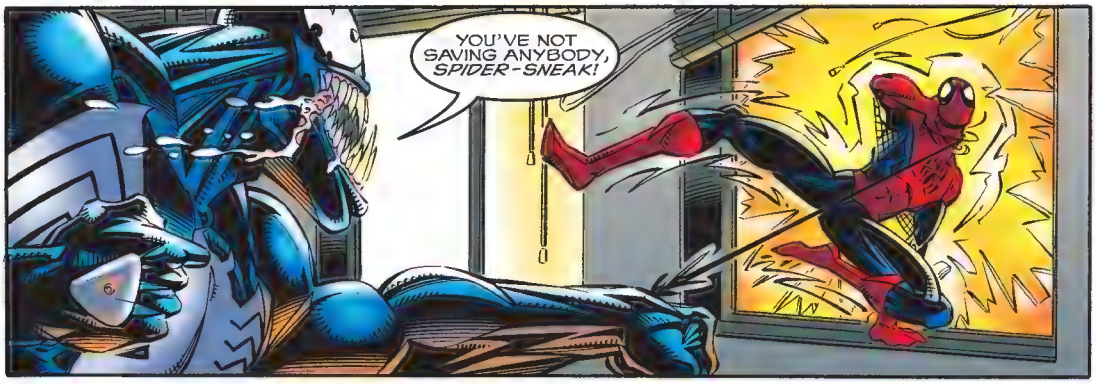

...AND ALL HEROES COME WITH UGLY BAGGAGE.

TRYING OUT FOR THE OLYMPIC EDIDOR-LIFDING COMPEDITION, ARE YOU, VENOM?
DECIDED TO SWITCH ALTER-EGOS, DID YOU, SPIDER-SLIME?
AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT THAT SCURRILOUS IMPOSTOR! I HURT ,HIM REEEAL GOOD!
ALTER EGO? IMPOSTOR? WHAT'S HE RAVING ABOUT, SPIDER-MAN?
URG! VENOM CAN ACTUALLY SENSE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND MY CLONE--
--AND WHAT'S WORSE, HE KNOWS MY SECRET IDENTITY AND COULD BLOW IT TO JONAH!
JUST DA INCOHERENT BABBLINGS UB A PSYCHODIC LOSER, JONAH!
PUD HIM DOWN, VENOM!
WE'RE GOING TO PUT SLEAZE-RAG JAMESON DOWN LIKE THE MAD DOG HE IS!
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT A TOUCH OF THE OLD FLU-BUG, SPIDER-JERK! THE ONE EVERYBODY'S GOT!

WHAT I NEVER UNDERSTOOD, WAS HOW PETER CAN BE SO BRAVE FACING UP TO SUPER-VILLAINS, AND HE CAN'T SCREW UP THE COURAGE TO HIT UP OLD JAMESON FOR A RAISE...
UH, MR. SMITH...
...WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR--IS IT POSSIBLE THAT *EDDIE BROCK* MAY HAVE *MISINTERPRETED* YOUR ORDERS?
I MEAN, AFTER ALL, HE IS A *CIVILIAN* AND NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE PATOIS OF THE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY...
...I MEAN, WHAT'S THE WORST THAT JONAH CAN DO?
IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S GOING TO THROW HIM OUT THE WINDOW OR ANYTHING!
DAILY BUGLE
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE CLEAR.
I LET IT BE KNOWN TO HIM IN THE USUAL CONVOLUTED WAY THAT THE COMMITTEE WANTS JAMESON TO LAY OFF AND THAT VENOM HAS GOT TO PUT A LITTLE *SCARE* IN HIM!
YESSIR, YOU AND I KNOW THAT THAT'S WHAT YOU MEANT, BUT THERE IS THE TEENIEST POSSIBILITY THAT HE THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT A WET WORK JOB.
YOU KNOW, *TERMINATION WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE?*
OMIGOD!


...AND YOU HAD BETTER WATCH WHO YOU'RE CALLING A PSYCHOTIC LOSER! YOU DON'T WANT ME BLABBING YOUR LITTLE *SECRET*, DO YOU?
YOU'VE GOT SECRETS ABOUT *SPIDER-MAN*?
LOOK, IF YOU GIVE THE BUGLE AN EXCLUSIVE ON THAT STORY...
...I CAN WORK OUT A DEAL FOR *EDDIE BROCK* TO GET A BYLINE!
FRONT PAGE?
BANNER HEADLINE.
I'VE GOT A BETTER *HEADLINE*--
--"*JAMESON TAKES FATAL PLUNGE!*"
VIP!
NOW, *THAT* HAS A REAL *RING* TO IT!
EEEEYAA!


JONAH!
DON'T PANIC, I'LL SAVE YOU!


YOU'VE NOT SAVING ANYBODY, SPIDER-SNEAK!

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S A PLANE!
IT'S A BIRD!
IT'S J. JONAH JAMESON!
I DIDN'T THINK THINGS WERE THAT BAD AT THE BUGLE!

HA! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK!
WE GET TO ERASE TWO ODIOUS SPECIMENS OF DEVIANT HUMANITY IN ONE DAY!

÷CHOKE÷ I'LL NEVER GET TO JONAH IN TIME, UNLESS...

...I TAKE DRASTIC ACTION!
KEE-RASH!
J. JONAH JAMESON MAY BE A NARROW-MINDED, INSINCERE, VINDICTIVE CURMUDGEON...
...BUT DAT'S NO REASON TO HEABE HIM OUT THE WIDOW!
YOU, ON THE UDDER HAND, ARE ANUDDER STORY!
DEFENESTRATION IS NOT YOUR FORTE, SPIDER DWEEB--
--OR YOU WOULD TAKE PAINS TO INSURE THAT YOU WERE THE DEFENESTRATOR INSTEAD OF THE DEFENESTRATEE!
I'LL DEAL WID YOU *LADER*, VENOM!
LATER?
AFTER THEY SCRAPE YOUR PULPED AND PUREED CARCASS OFF THE SIDEWALK WITH A *SPATULA*?

MY ONLY SLIM CHANCE TO CATCH UP WITH JONAH IS TO STREAMLINE AND CUT DOWN WIND RESISTANCE!
A.R.R.R.R.R.G.H!
ALL THAT TIME I SPENT IN THE OFFICE WHEN MY SON JOHNNY WAS A KID, THAT I COULD HAVE SPENT WITH HIM--!
ALL THAT FLAILING AND THRASHING THAT JONAH IS DOING SHOULD SLOW HIM UP SOME...
...I JUST HOPE IT'S ENOUGH!
--I WAS A FOOL! I NEVER KNEW WHAT WAS IMPORTANT IN LIFE!
DON'T GIVE UP ON ME, JONAH! KEEP FLAILING!
IF I COULD GET OUT OF THIS, I'D BE A CHANGED MAN! I'D--
IT'S GONNA BE CLOSE!
--I'D GIVE EVERYBODY A RAISE, AND--

GOTCHA!
HUH?
THWIPP!
WEBBING, DO YOUR BUNGEE-CORD STUFF!
SPRO ING!
PULL YOUR LEGS UP, JONAH!
GAHH!
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME--?
PETER!!

THE MOMENTUM IS CARRYING US ACROSS THE STREET TO THAT CONSTRUCTION SITE.
IT'S AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO STASH JONAH WHILE I GO DEAL WITH VENOM!
WHAT'S GOING *ON* HERE?
GOTTA MAKE SURE THAT JAMESON IS *UNHARMED!*
GODDA LEABE YOU DO YOUR OWN DEVICES FOR A WHILE, JONAH!
YOU *RIPPED* MY BRAND NEW SHIRT!
MY *SHIRT!*
ATCHOO!
UHHHH! THAT SUDDEN *DROP* DIDN'T DO MY *SINUSES* ANY *GOOD!*

ARRRRRGH! HOW CAN THIS HAPPEN?
WE GET A CHANCE TO EAT THE BRAINS OF OUR HATED ARCH-ENEMY SPIDER-MAN IN THE LINE OF DUTY AND WE BLOW IT!
WELL, WE CAN'T LET A LITTLE PERSONAL SETBACK DETER US FROM OUR DUTY!
NOT WHEN WE HAVE A CHANCE TO REDEEM OURSELVES AS A SECRET AGENT OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT!
NOW WHERE WERE WE?
AH, YES! JAMESON TAKES FATAL PLUNGE!
TEN STORIES ISN'T AS DRAMATIC AS THE ENTIRE HEIGHT OF THE DAILY BUGLE BUILDING, BUT WE'LL TAKE WHAT WE CAN GET!
Waitaminute! YOU KNOW IT IS STRICTLY AGAINST DAILY BUGLE POLICY TO PAY INFORMANTS...
...BUT IN YOUR CASE, I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION! NOW, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT FRONT PAGE, BYLINE AND A FAT FEE--

WHAT KIND OF UNPRINCIPLED MERCENARY *TRAITOR* DO YOU TAKE US FOR?
WE'VE HALF A MIND TO BYPASS YOUR TWIST-OFF TOP AND SUCK YOUR BRAINS OUT THROUGH YOUR LEFT NOSTRIL!
I KEEP TELLING YOU TO LAY OFF DAT GUY, BUT DO YOU *LISTEN...?*
...NAAAAH!
HAVEN'T YOU EVER *NOTICED?*
WE DON'T HAVE ANY EARS, DUMMY!
THOOOM!
NOT ANY THAT ARE NOTICEABLY VISIBLE AT ANY RATE!

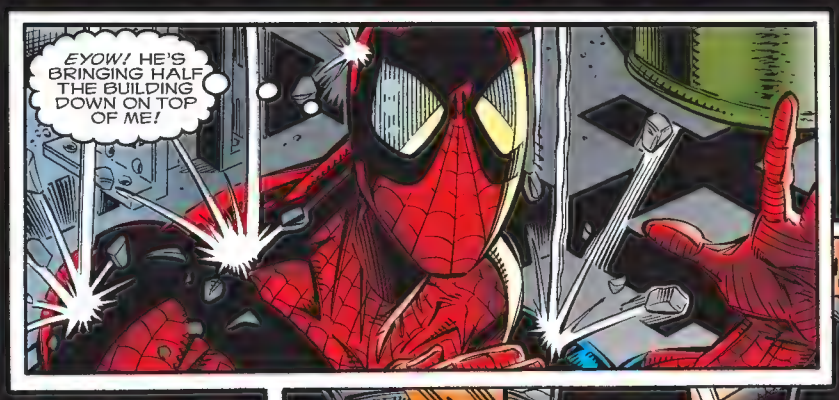
YOU KNOW, WE THINK WE'LL PASS ON EATING YOUR BRAIN IN YOUR CURRENT DISEASED STATE...
BUGLE
...MAYBE WE'LL JUST PULL OUT YOUR SPINAL CORD AND USE IT AS A BACK-SCRATCHER INSTEAD!
JONAH! MAKE A RUN FOR ID, WHILE I KEEP HIM BUSY!
WHAT? AND MISS OUT ON THE SCOOP OF A LIFETIME?
THE SITE IS LOCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT ALREADY--
BLAM!
SPANG!
--CAN'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT STAND IN THE LINE OF DUTY!
I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T KEEP ANY DYNAMITE ON THIS SITE FOR BLASTING FOUNDATIONS!
WHAT'S PETER TRYING TO PROVE?
HE'S IN NO CONDITION TO BE CARRYING ON LIKE THIS!

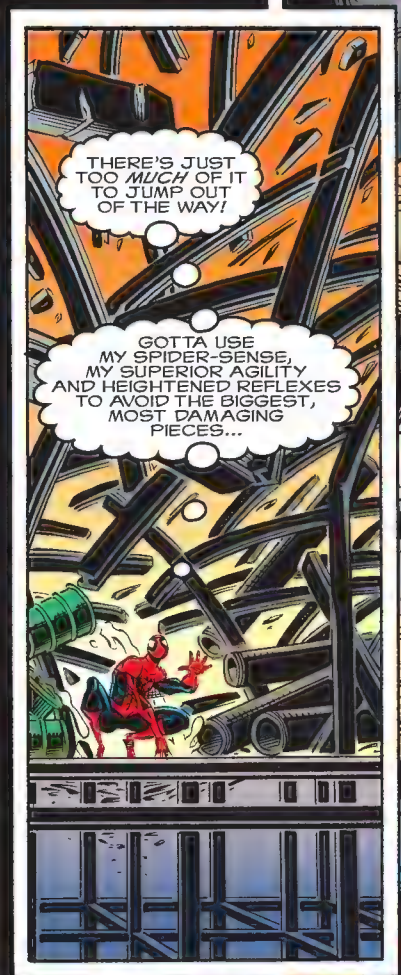
HOO-HA! YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT, SPIDER-FEEB!
THWAMM!
GIVE HIM THE THRASHING OF HIS LIFE, SPIDER-MAN--!
--GENERATE SOME GOOD COPY FOR THE MORNING EDITION!
THAT'S A LITTLE BETTER-- WE ALMOST FELT IT!
PA-THOOM!
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO A LOT BETTER THAN THIS IF YOU WANT TO REALLY BEAT US THIS TIME...
...WE ARE DEFINITELY NO LONGER FALLING FOR THAT "SPIDER-MAN IS DEAD BALONEY" YOU SOLD US ON THAT DESERT ISLAND!
WHOMP!
THE POWER IS TURNED OFF---
--MAKING THIS ELEVATOR WORTHLESS!
up
down
GOTTA TAKE THE STAIRS...
...GOOD THING I'M IN GOOD SHAPE FROM EATING ALL THOSE HEALTHY CHOCOLATE-COVERED DONUTS!
HA!

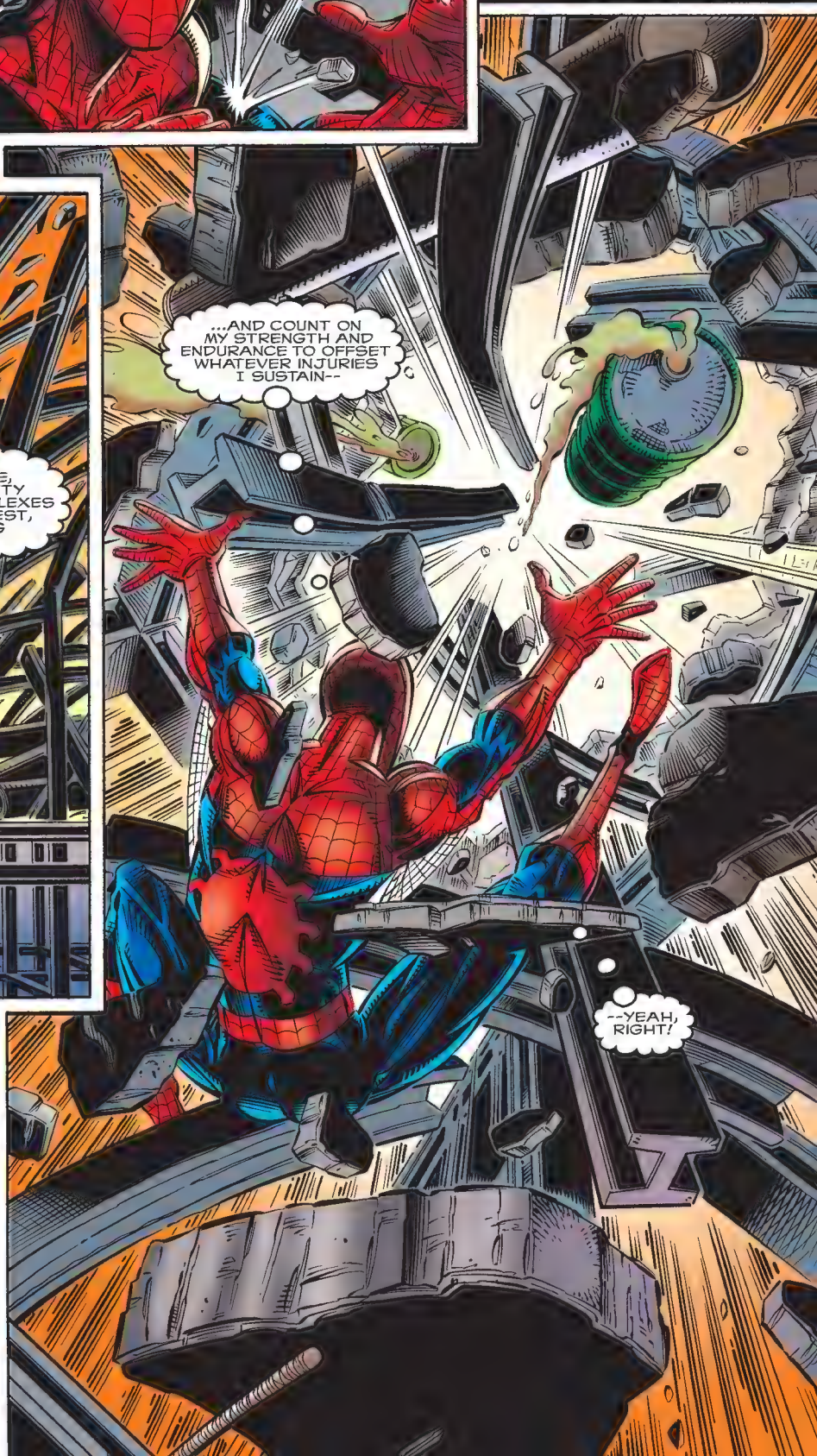
OKAY, YOU'VE HAD YOUR SHOT...
SCRUNCH!
...NOW, WE GET OUR LICKS IN!
THWAMMO!
Uh-oh!
WHERE'S YOUR WITTY REPARTEE?
PA-DOOM!
HOW ABOUT THOSE QUIRKY QUIPS AND ACERBIC ASIDES?
KA-SHUNK!
NOT SO FREE WITH THE BON MOTS WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE A HIDDEN LOUDSPEAKER SYSTEM OR SONIC BLASTER NEARBY, ARE YOU?
BA-DOOM!
POWER'S BEEN TURNED OFF...
...THAT'S EASILY REMEDIED.
shunk!

YOU RUINED EDDIE BROCK'S LIFE, YOU SELF-RIGHTEOUS COSTUMED VIGILANTE!
WHOMP!
YOU DESTROYED THE REPUTATION OF A BRILLIANT JOURNALIST WHO WAS ON THE FAST TRACK TO WINNING A PULITZER.
YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU OFF *EASY*??
WHOMP!
GACK! AS MUCH AS I MISTRUST AND DISLIKE SPIDER-MAN, WATCHING THIS IS MORE THAN I CAN TAKE!
DON'T WANDER OFF, FLAT-TOP--
--WE'LL DEAL WITH *YOU* AS SOON AS WE GET *CLOSURE* ON THE *SPIDER-MEDDLER!*
WE'RE GOING TO *BURY* HIM!
HUFF! HUFF! HUFF!

YOU STAY RIGHT DOWN THERE WHERE YOU ARE, SPIDER-CREEP...!
...WE'RE GOING TO BRING THE HOUSE DOWN ON YOU WITH A BANG!
SKREEEEEE!
TOO BAD JAMESON ISN'T GOING TO BE AROUND TO WRITE A STORY ABOUT THE TRIUMPH OF HONESTY AND VIRTUE OVER INJUSTICE AND DECEIT!
spang!
Ping!
THERE SHE GOES!
KREEE!
R.I.P., SPIDER-GONER...
...ROAST IN PERDITION!

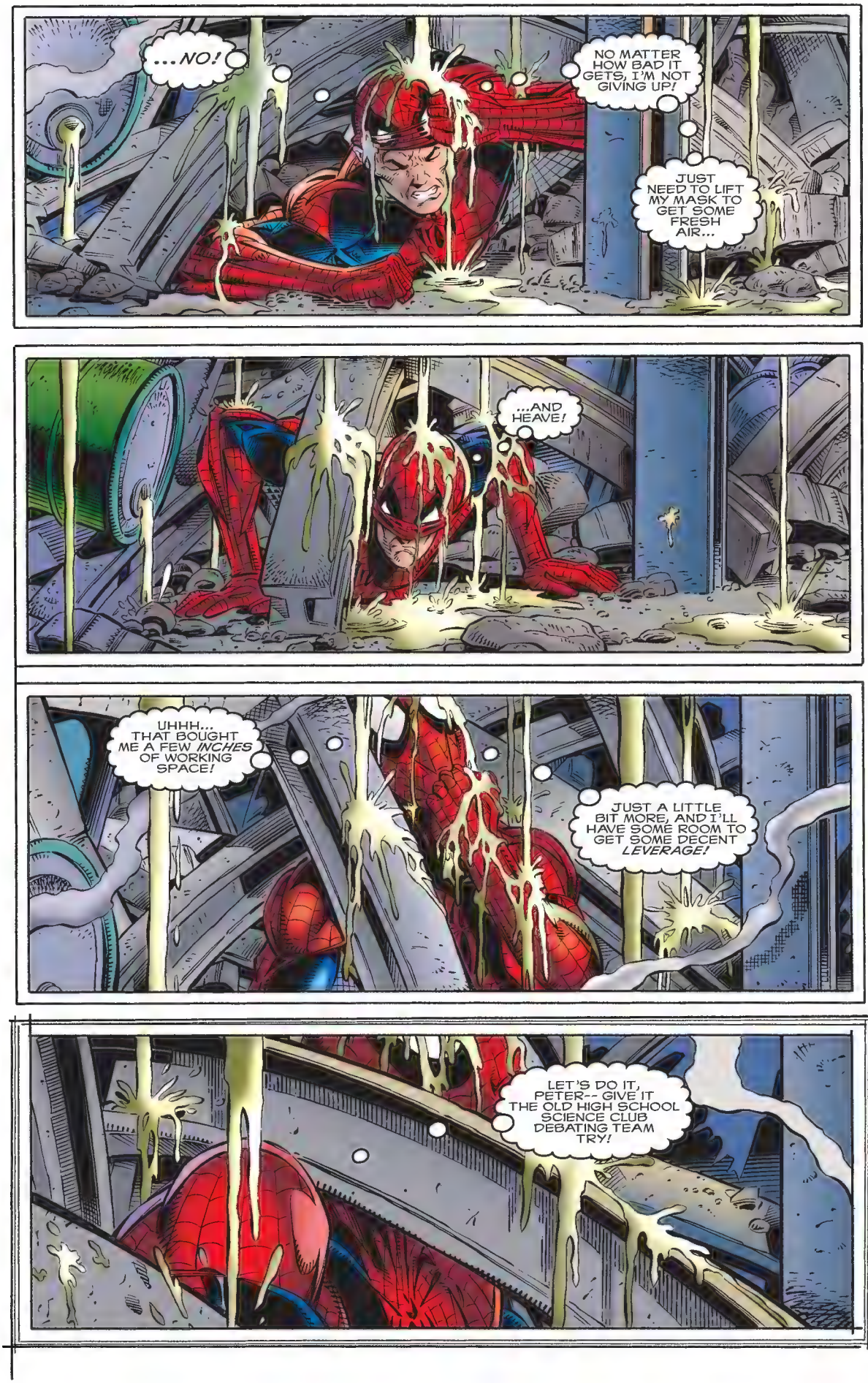

EYOW! HE'S BRINGING HALF THE BUILDING DOWN ON TOP OF ME!


THERE'S JUST TOO MUCH OF IT TO JUMP OUT OF THE WAY!
GOTTA USE MY SPIDER-SENSE, MY SUPERIOR AGILITY AND HEIGHTENED REFLEXES TO AVOID THE BIGGEST, MOST DAMAGING PIECES...


...AND COUNT ON MY STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE TO OFFSET WHATEVER INJURIES I SUSTAIN--
--YEAH, RIGHT!

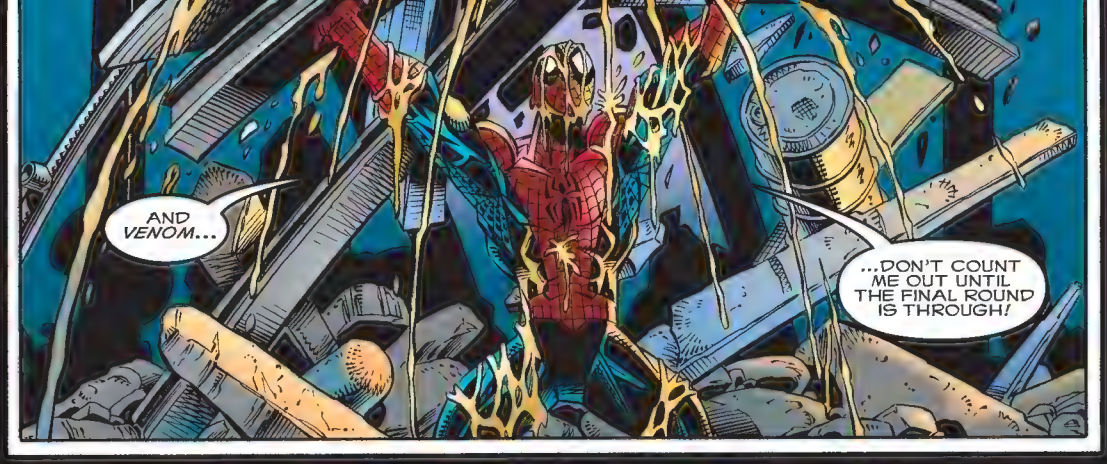
KRANG! THOOM!
GOOD LORD! IF JEOPARDIZING AN IMPORTANT PUBLISHER ISN'T A VIOLATION OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT, IT *SHOULD* BE!
MAN, THAT WAS A *SHAKER!* GOOD THING I COULDN'T GET THE ELEVATOR WORKING, OR I'D *REALLY* BE IN A FIX!
up
down
GOOD GRIEF! I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE *STAIRS!*
:Nnnnggggh...:
NOTHING BROKEN-- JUST BRUISED, CONTUSED AND MISUSED...
...BUT I'M WEDGED IN HERE PRETTY TIGHT!
FUNNY-- I HAVE THIS OVERWHELMING SENSE OF *DEJA-VU!*

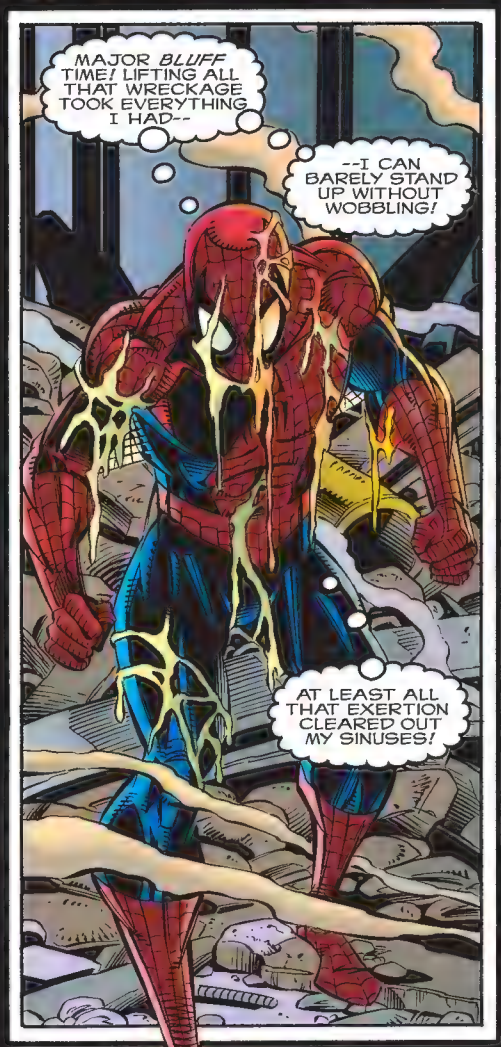
DOOR'S JAMMED...
MAYBE I CAN POP IT OPEN WITH MY NAIL FILE...
up
down
SOUNDS LIKE VENOM ALREADY STOPPED SPIDER-MAN'S CLOCK...
IT'S UP TO ME TO BUNDLE HIM OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE MANAGES TO WHACK JAMESON!
SO, MR. BIG-TIME-NEWSPAPERMAN--
--IT'S TIME FOR THE BIG PAY-OFF!
Y-YOU JUST KILLED SPIDER-MAN!
THIS IS BANNER HEADLINE NEWS...
TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE AROUND TO SNAG THE BYLINE, JAMESON!
STOP THE PRESSES!
THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING YOU WANT--SOME SORT OF DEAL WE CAN MAKE!
LET'S NOT BE HASTY!
NNNGH! I WAS FEELING ALL RIGHT UNTIL I TRIED TO MOVE--
I NEVER KNEW I COULD HURT SO MUCH ALL OVER MY BODY!
ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO NOW IS SINK BACK INTO THAT WARM DARKNESS...


...NO!
NO MATTER HOW BAD IT GETS, I'M NOT GIVING UP!
JUST NEED TO LIFT MY MASK TO GET SOME FRESH AIR...
...AND HEAVE!
UHHH... THAT BOUGHT ME A FEW *INCHES* OF WORKING SPACE!
JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE, AND I'LL HAVE SOME ROOM TO GET SOME DECENT *LEVERAGE!*
LET'S DO IT, PETER-- GIVE IT THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE CLUB DEBATING TEAM TRY!

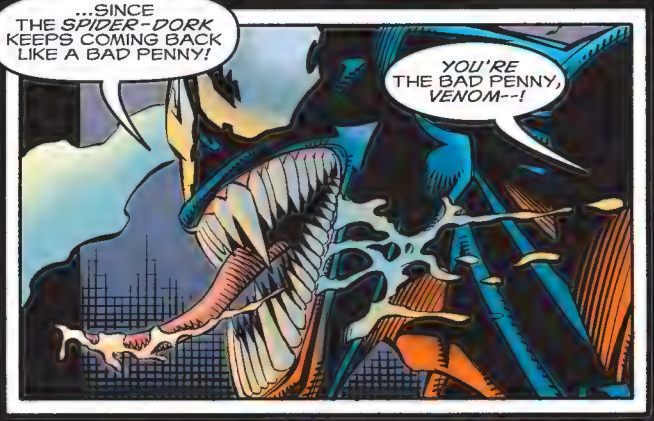
THERE!
IT'S AWFULLY QUIET UP HERE...
....IF VENOM HAS HURT PETER, I'LL-- I'LL--
THE TIME FOR PREVARICATION AND WEASELY WHINING IS PAST, JAMESON...
...NOW, YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOUR JUST DESSERTS-- COMPLIMENTS OF GOOD OLD FLAG-WAVING UNCLE SAM!
WHAT? YOU REALLY ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND--!
I'D SHOW YOU MY BADGE, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY POCKETS--
CREEEEEAK-!
THAT NOISE... THAT PILE OF RUBBLE IS MOVING!
SPIDER-MAN?

THAT'S MY NAME, JONAH...
...DON'T WEAR IT OUT!


AND VENOM...
...DON'T COUNT ME OUT UNTIL THE FINAL ROUND IS THROUGH!


MAJOR BLUFF TIME! LIFTING ALL THAT WRECKAGE TOOK EVERYTHING I HAD--
--I CAN BARELY STAND UP WITHOUT WOBBLING!
AT LEAST ALL THAT EXERTION CLEARED OUT MY SINUSES!

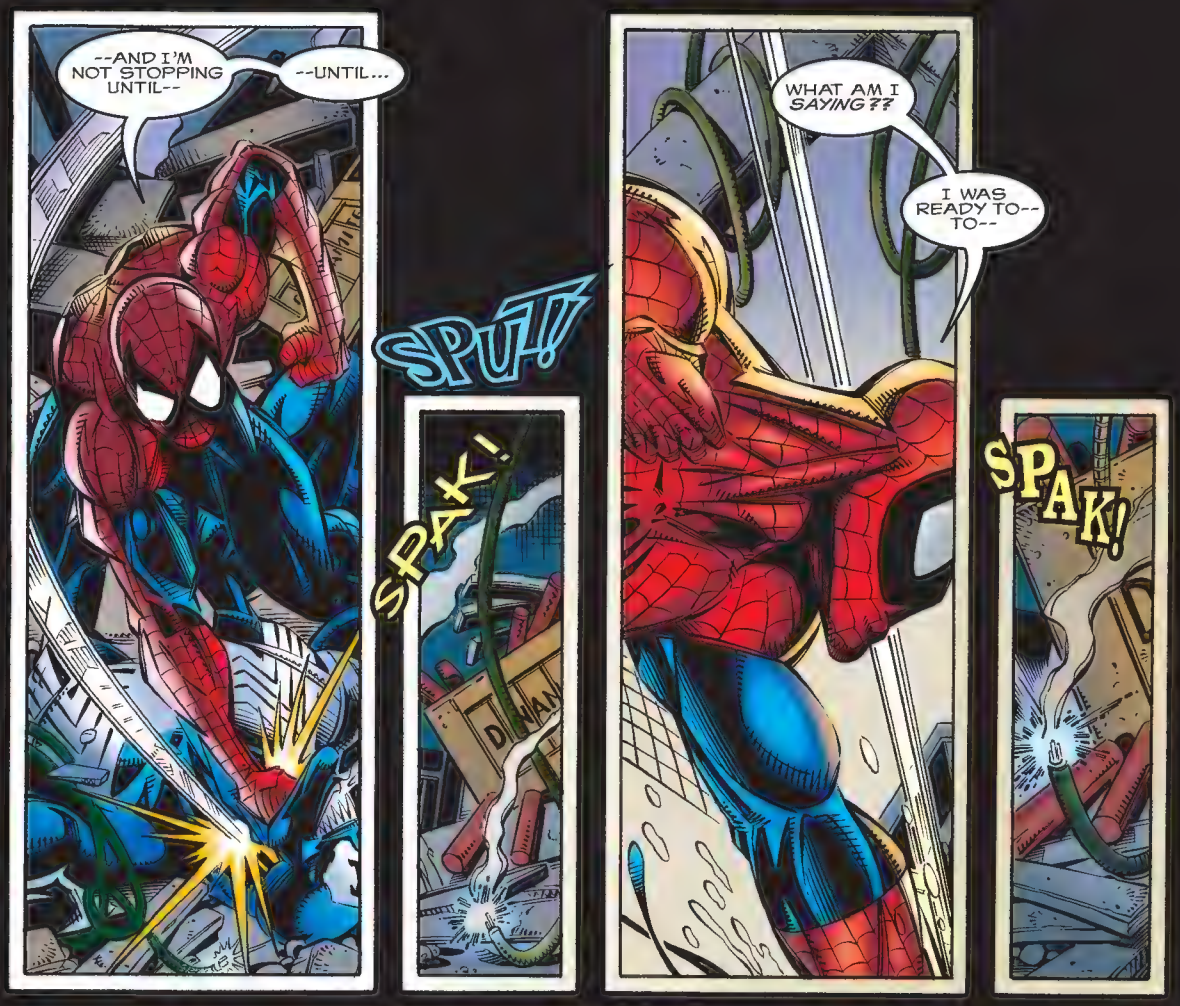
WE HAVE TO PUT YOU ON HOLD AGAIN, JAMESON...
WHAP!

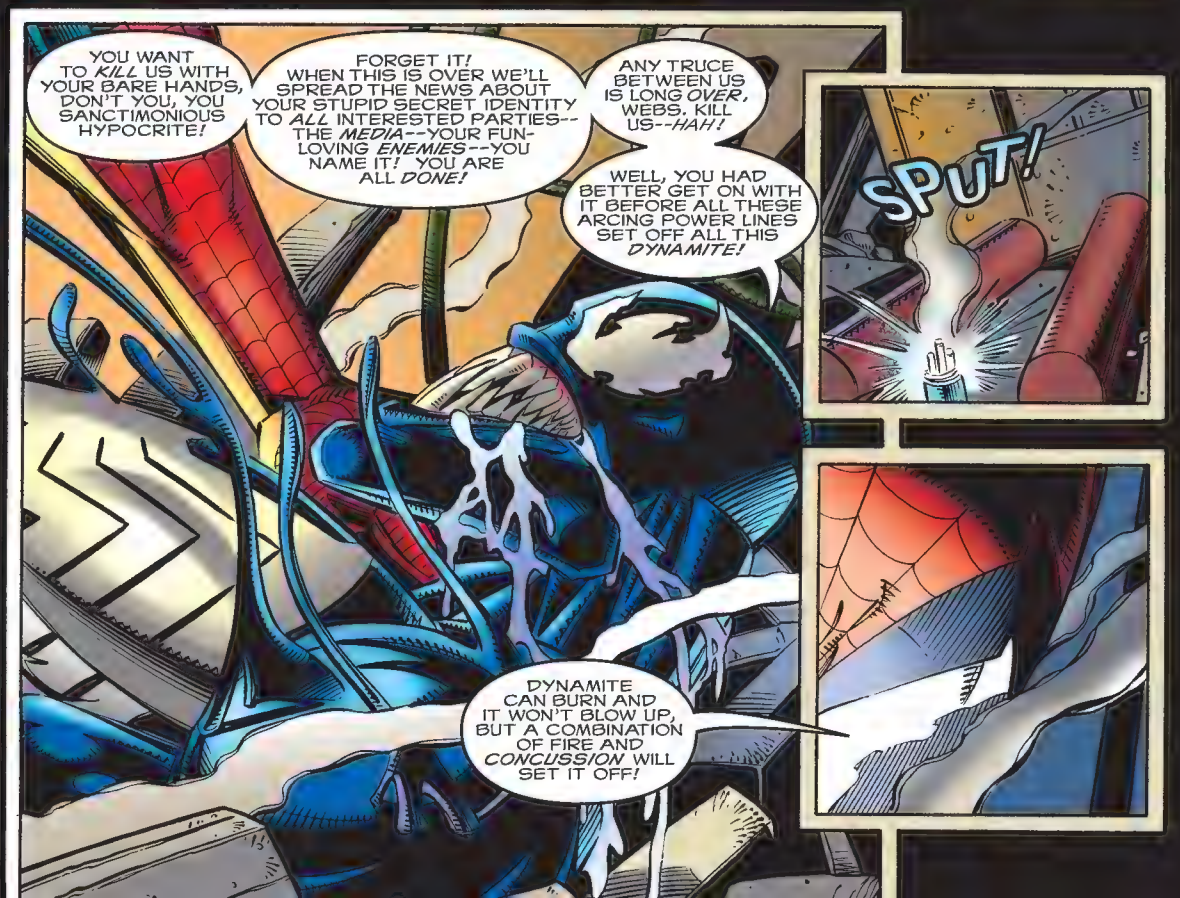

...SINCE THE SPIDER-DORK KEEPS COMING BACK LIKE A BAD PENNY!
YOU'RE THE BAD PENNY, VENOM--!

WHU--?
Pamf!
--AND YOU NEED TO BE TAKEN OUT OF CIRCULATION!
GOOD THING I LEARNED HOW TO TRIGGER A STROBE DURING ALL MY MODELING JOBS!

GAAAAA!
WE'RE BLIND! WE'RE BLIND! WE'RE...
...JUST FOOLING, GIRLIE!
IT TAKES A BIT MORE THAN AN ELECTRONIC FLASH TO FRAZZLE VISION RECEPTORS MODIFIED BY AN ALIEN OTHER!
NOW, WHY DON'T YOU JUST RUN ALONG AND LET US FINISH OUR--
HOLD ON!
YOU'RE NO INNOCENT STRANGER!
YOU'RE THE YOUNG BRIDE OF SPIDER-MAN, AKA PETER PARKER!
YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN YOUR DESPICABLE HUSBAND, AND YOU ARE FULLY DESERVING OF THE FINAL RETRIBUTION YOU ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE!
MARY JANE!!

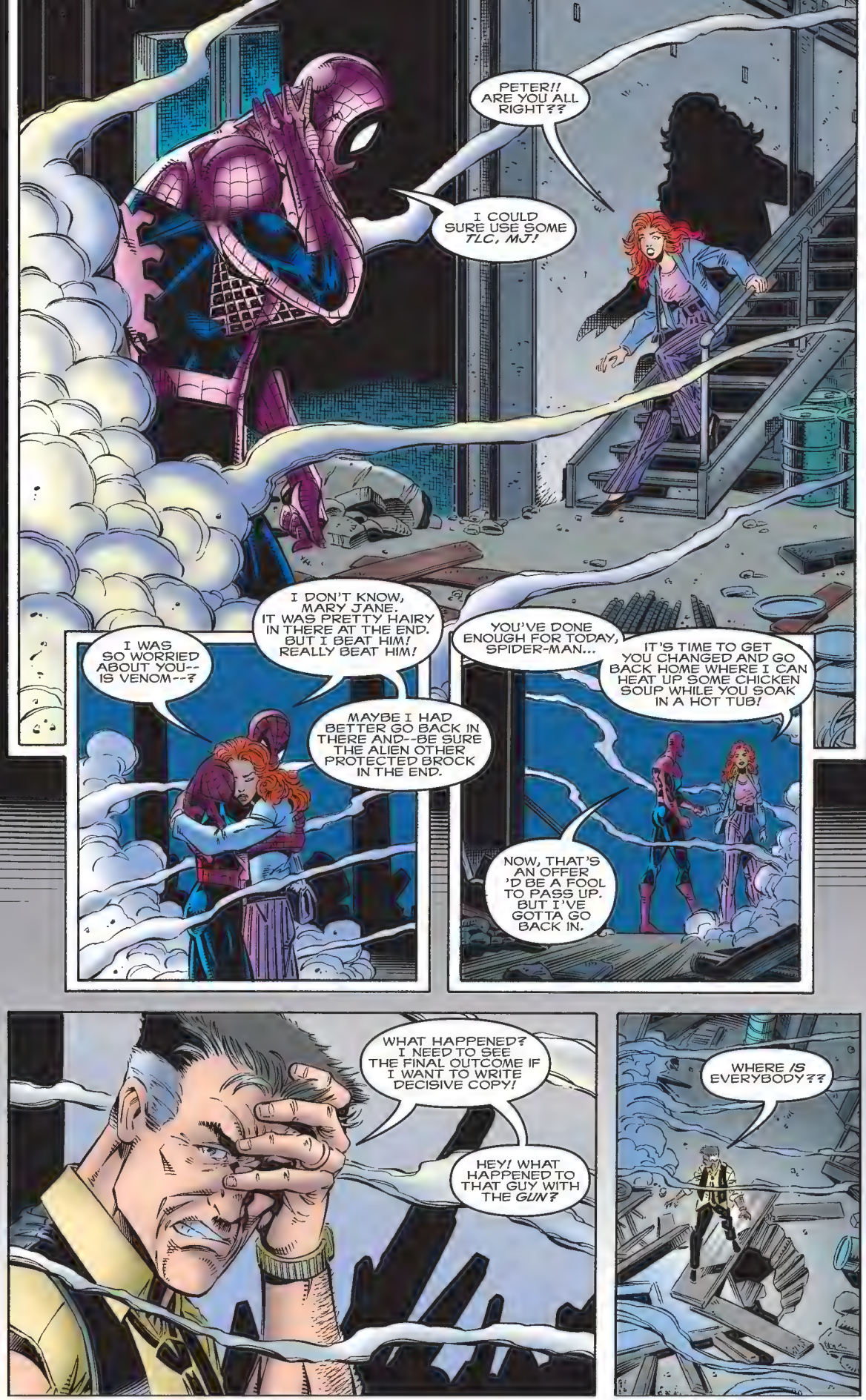
YOU TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF HER, YOU CRAZY CREEP!
PETER!
YOU JUST CROSSED THE LINE, VENOM!
NO MORE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY, FOR YOU, BUDDY...
...FROM NOW ON--
--THE GLOVES ARE OFF--!
KA-THWAMM!


--AND I'M NOT STOPPING UNTIL--
--UNTIL...
SPUT!
SPAK!
WHAT AM I SAYING??
I WAS READY TO-- TO--
SPAK!


YOU WANT TO *KILL* US WITH YOUR BARE HANDS, DON'T YOU, YOU SANCTIMONIOUS HYPOCRITE!
FORGET IT! WHEN THIS IS OVER WE'LL SPREAD THE NEWS ABOUT YOUR STUPID SECRET IDENTITY TO *ALL* INTERESTED PARTIES--THE *MEDIA*--YOUR FUN-LOVING *ENEMIES*--YOU NAME IT! YOU ARE ALL *DONE!*
ANY TRUCE BETWEEN US IS LONG *OVER*, WEBS. KILL US--*HAH!*
WELL, YOU HAD BETTER GET ON WITH IT BEFORE ALL THESE ARCING POWER LINES SET OFF ALL THIS *DYNAMITE!*
SPUT!
DYNAMITE CAN BURN AND IT WON'T BLOW UP, BUT A COMBINATION OF FIRE AND *CONCUSSION* WILL SET IT OFF!

PETER!
OH, LORD! THEY FELL ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE GROUND FLOOR!
I'VE GOT YOU, MR. JAMESON! I'LL GET YOU SAFELY OUT OF HERE!
WH-WHO ARE YOU?
NEVER MIND. JUST STAY ON YOUR FEET AND KEEP GOING IN THE DIRECTION I POINT YOU IN--
--I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE WASTED TIME GABBING, SPIDER-TWERP!
YOU GAVE US TIME TO RECOVER--
-- AND NOW, THE TIDE HAS TURNED.
THWIPP!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, VENOM!
SPOOT!
SKRRRRR!

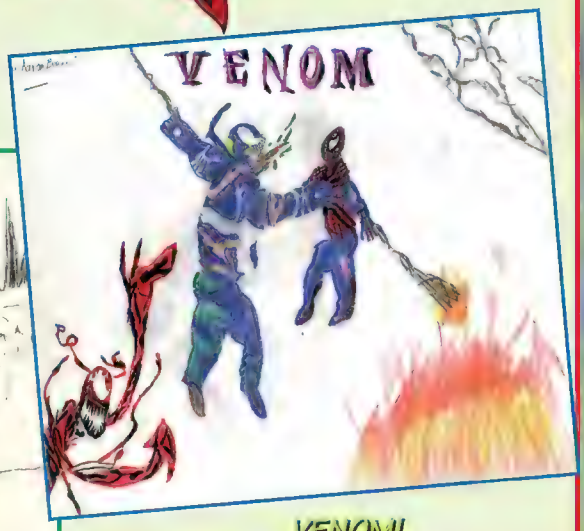
THERE'S BURNING DYNAMITE BEHIND YOU, VENOM!
FIRE WON'T SET IT OFF!
BA-DOOOOM!
YES, BUT FIRE AND CONCUSSION WILL!
ARRRRRGH!
WAS THAT LOUD ENOUGH TO DISABLE YOUR ALIEN OTHER?
I BELIEVE IT WAS!
THWAMM!
UNGHH!
BA-DOOM! BA-DOOM!
UH-OH! THAT FIRST BLAST IS SETTING OFF SYMPATHETIC EXPLOSIONS!!
WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!
URRRRGH! THE NOISE!! IT'S TOO INTENSE!
I CAN'T-- I CAN'T--


PETER!! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT??
I COULD SURE USE SOME TLC, MJ!
I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU-- IS VENOM--?
I DON'T KNOW, MARY JANE. IT WAS PRETTY HAIRY IN THERE AT THE END. BUT I BEAT HIM! REALLY BEAT HIM!
MAYBE I HAD BETTER GO BACK IN THERE AND--BE SURE THE ALIEN OTHER PROTECTED BROCK IN THE END.
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR TODAY, SPIDER-MAN...
IT'S TIME TO GET YOU CHANGED AND GO BACK HOME WHERE I CAN HEAT UP SOME CHICKEN SOUP WHILE YOU SOAK IN A HOT TUB!
NOW, THAT'S AN OFFER 'D BE A FOOL TO PASS UP. BUT I'VE GOTTA GO BACK IN.
WHAT HAPPENED? I NEED TO SEE THE FINAL OUTCOME IF I WANT TO WRITE DECISIVE COPY!
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT GUY WITH THE GUN?
WHERE IS EVERYBODY??

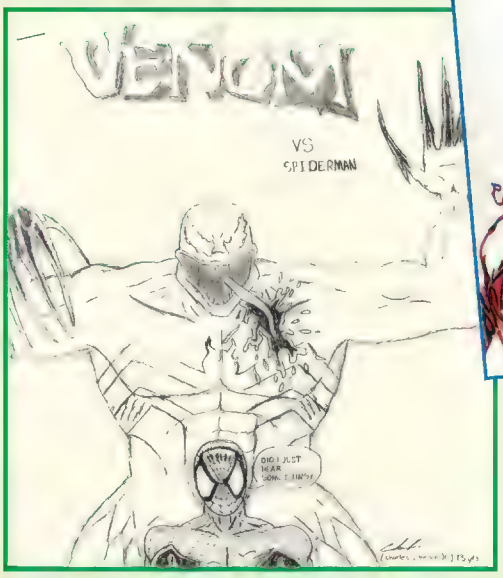
LATER ON THE "E" TRAIN...
AND NEITHER VENOM OR BROCK WAS ANYWHERE TO BE SEEN, HUH?
NOPE. HEY, I GOTTA ADMIT, THAT WAS A PRETTY SLICK MOVE, MJ--
--THE WAY YOU POPPED THAT STROBE IN VENOM'S FACE!
AND THAT WAS MIGHTY BRAVE OF YOU, THE WAY YOU CARRIED VENOM OFF THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING LIKE THAT--
--BUT IF YOU EVER DO ANYTHING THAT FOOLHARDY AGAIN, I'LL KILL YOU!
YOW! DON'T SQUEEZE! THAT HURTS!
AWW! ARE YOU IN THAT BAD A CONDITION? I WAS THINKING OF OTHER WAYS TO MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER...
WHAT'S A LITTLE PAIN, HUH?
NO GREAT LOSS, EDDIE. JAMESON WALKED AWAY WITH NARY A SCRATCH...
...BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, HOW IN BLUE BLAZES DID SPIDER-MAN GET MIXED UP IN ALL THIS?
SPIDER-MAN??
SOMETHING I HAD TO SAY ABOUT HIM. SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT THAT EVERYONE SHOULD --MUST KNOW!
BUT SINCE DYNAMITE BLAST-- SO CLOUDY...I DON'T REMEMBER... I DON'T REMEMBER...
...DON'T REMEMBER AT ALL.
THE END

THE VENOM FAN ART PAGE

A GALLERY OF AWESOME ART, SUBMITTED BY LOYAL FANS OF VENOM!



VENOM!
by Aaron Bohnert



VENOM vs. SPIDER-MAN
by Charles J. Hench Jr., Age 13

VENOM!
by Charles Atherton, Age 7

VENOM GALLERY!
by Brian Mooney

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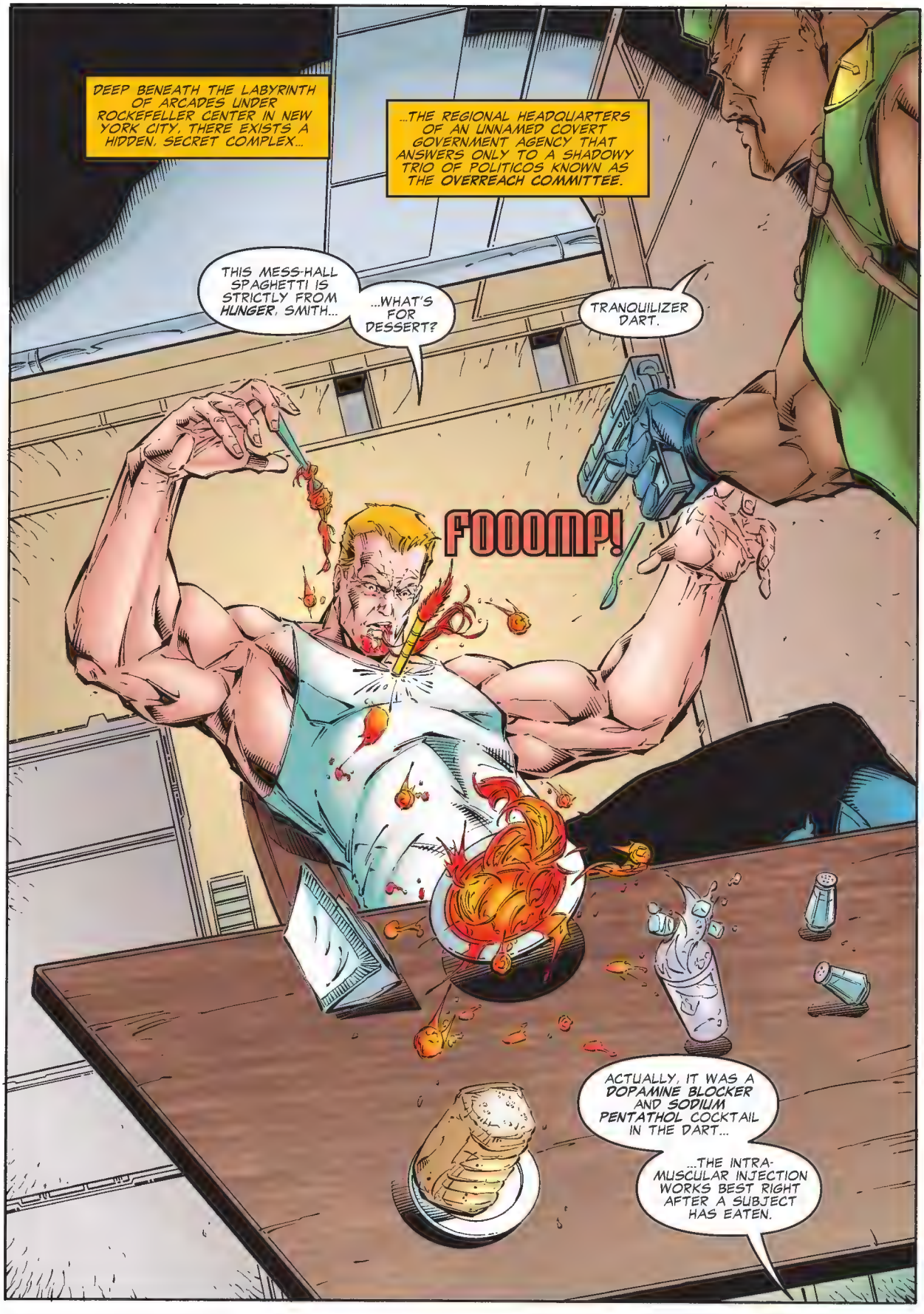

DEEP BENEATH THE LABYRINTH OF ARCADES UNDER ROCKEFELLER CENTER IN NEW YORK CITY, THERE EXISTS A HIDDEN, SECRET COMPLEX...
...THE REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS OF AN UNNAMED COVERT GOVERNMENT AGENCY THAT ANSWERS ONLY TO A SHADOWY TRIO OF POLITICOS KNOWN AS THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE.
THIS MESS-HALL SPAGHETTI IS STRICTLY FROM HUNGER, SMITH...
...WHAT'S FOR DESSERT?
TRANQUILIZER DART.
FOOOMP!
ACTUALLY, IT WAS A DOPAMINE BLOCKER AND SODIUM PENTATHOL COCKTAIL IN THE DART...
...THE INTRA-MUSCULAR INJECTION WORKS BEST RIGHT AFTER A SUBJECT HAS EATEN.

THE SPIDER STRATAGEM

A NORMAL UNDERCOVER AGENT COULD HAVE BEEN PERSUADED TO SURRENDER PEACEABLY.

THAT'S WHAT MAKES EDDIE BROCK, AKA VENOM, A LOOSE CANNON, GENERAL DUNLEAVY--!

WE SHOULD HAVE TERMINATED HIS CONTRACT AFTER THAT INCIDENT WITH THE HIJACKERS!*

A NORMAL AGENT DOESN'T HAVE A SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP WITH AN ALIEN OTHER, VIVIAN.

BUT HE GETS THE JOB DONE, DOESN'T HE? ALBEIT, NOT WITHIN THE PARAMETERS OF ACCEPTED POLITICAL CORRECTNESS--

APPEARANCES ARE EVERYTHING, GENERAL. MS. RAINTREE IS QUITE JUSTIFIED IN HER RESERVATIONS.

THAT IS WHY WE OVERRULED YOUR VETO AND PROCEEDED TO HAVE VENOM TEMPORARILY DEACTIVATED UNTIL WE DETERMINE A PERMANENT COURSE OF ACTION.

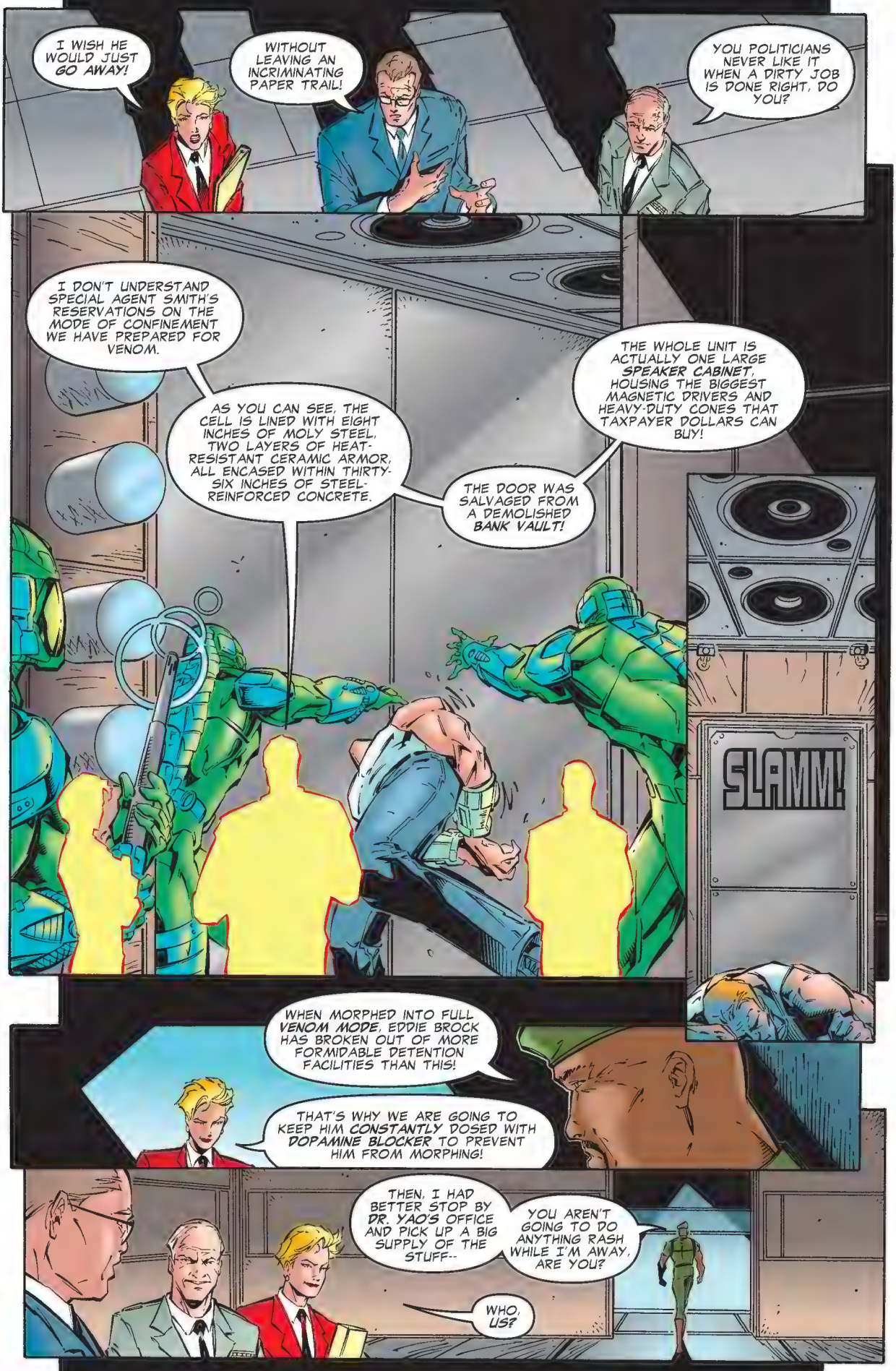
DOES SPECIAL AGENT SMITH HAVE ANY COMMENTS ON THE DISPENSATION OF OUR DIRECTIVE?

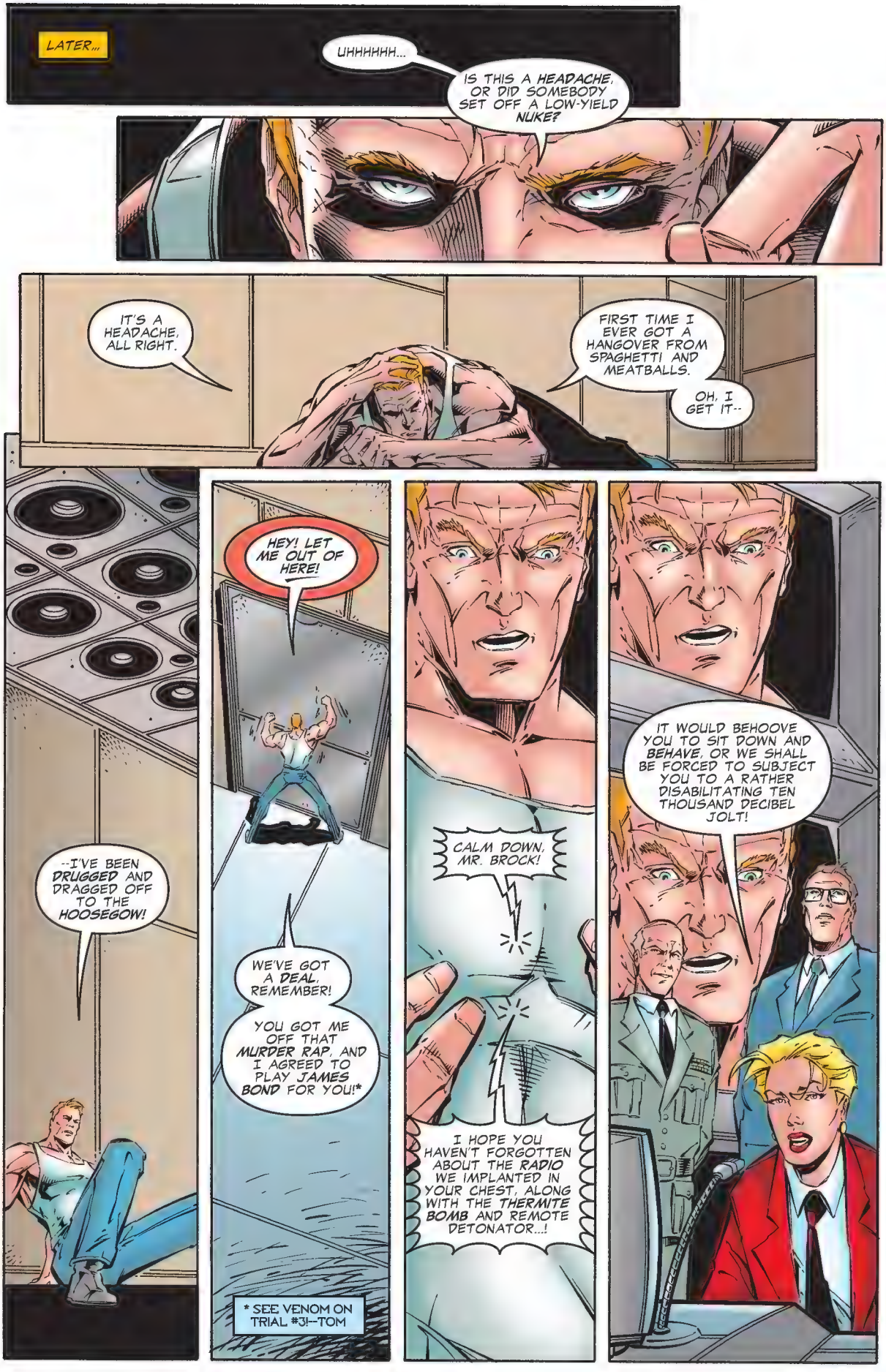
AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THIS PLAYBACK, MR. HOLDSWORTH, THE SUBJECT WAS BARELY CONTAINABLE DESPITE THE FAST-ACTING BLOCKER AND SEDATIVE.

I DON'T HAVE A LOT OF FAITH IN OUR CONTAINMENT FACILITIES, SO THE COMMITTEE HAD BEST MAKE A COMMAND DECISION ASAP.

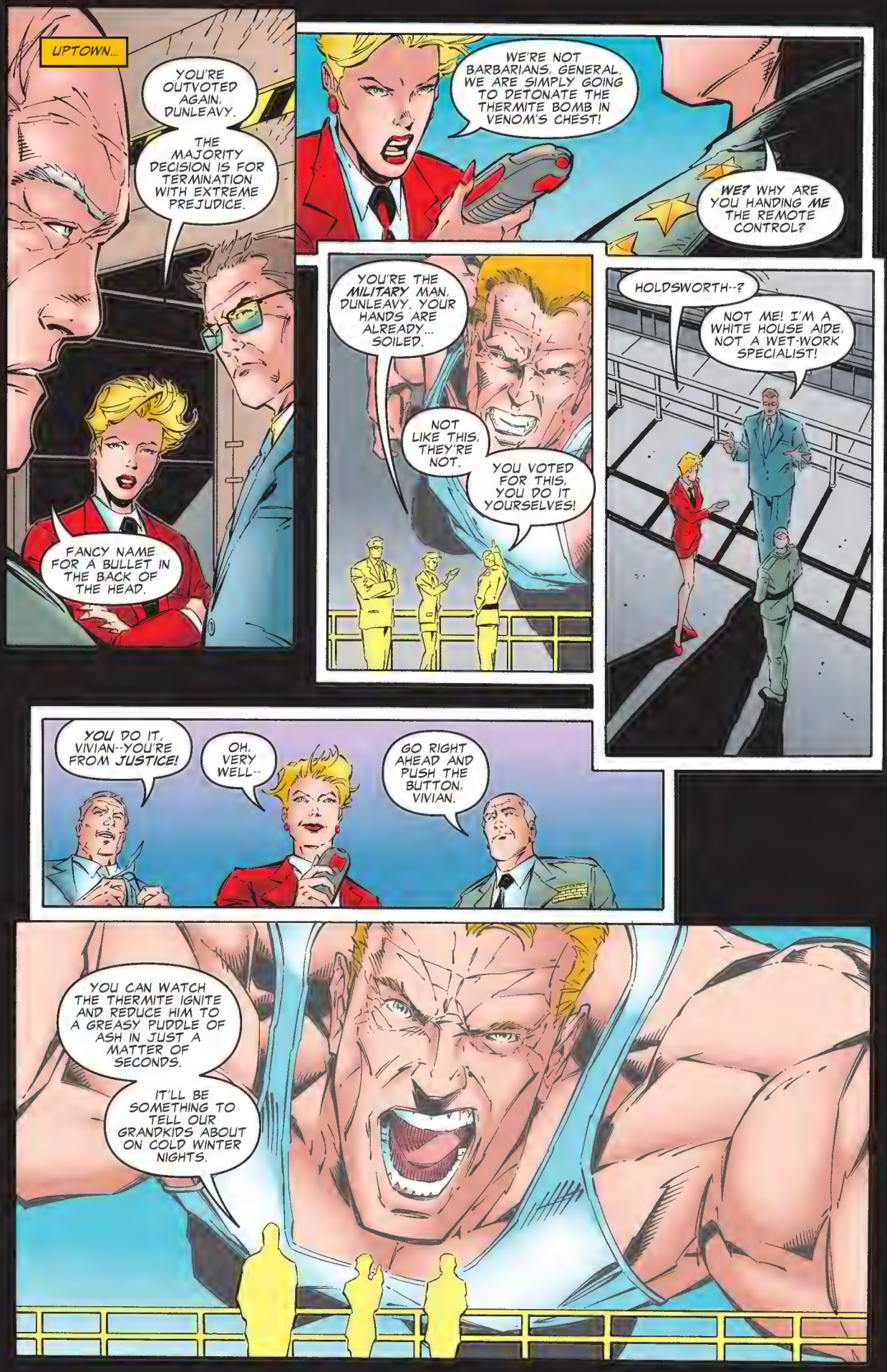
* IN VENOM: LICENSE TO KILL #1!--TOM

LARRY HAMA	SCRIPT
MARK PAJARILLO	PENCILS
ROBERT JONES	INKS
TOM SMITH	COLORING
KEN LOPEZ	LETTERING
TOM BREVOORT	EDITOR
BOB HARRAS	EDITOR IN CHIEF


I WISH HE WOULD JUST GO AWAY!
WITHOUT LEAVING AN INCRIMINATING PAPER TRAIL!
YOU POLITICIANS NEVER LIKE IT WHEN A DIRTY JOB IS DONE RIGHT, DO YOU?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND SPECIAL AGENT SMITH'S RESERVATIONS ON THE MODE OF CONFINEMENT WE HAVE PREPARED FOR VENOM.
AS YOU CAN SEE, THE CELL IS LINED WITH EIGHT INCHES OF MOLY STEEL, TWO LAYERS OF HEAT-RESISTANT CERAMIC ARMOR, ALL ENCASED WITHIN THIRTY-SIX INCHES OF STEEL-REINFORCED CONCRETE.
THE WHOLE UNIT IS ACTUALLY ONE LARGE SPEAKER CABINET, HOUSING THE BIGGEST MAGNETIC DRIVERS AND HEAVY-DUTY CONES THAT TAXPAYER DOLLARS CAN BUY!
THE DOOR WAS SALVAGED FROM A DEMOLISHED BANK VAULT!
SLAMM!
WHEN MORPHED INTO FULL VENOM MODE, EDDIE BROCK HAS BROKEN OUT OF MORE FORMIDABLE DETENTION FACILITIES THAN THIS!
THAT'S WHY WE ARE GOING TO KEEP HIM CONSTANTLY DOSED WITH DOPAMINE BLOCKER TO PREVENT HIM FROM MORPHING!
THEN, I HAD BETTER STOP BY DR. YAO'S OFFICE AND PICK UP A BIG SUPPLY OF THE STUFF--
YOU AREN'T GOING TO DO ANYTHING RASH WHILE I'M AWAY, ARE YOU?
WHO, US?

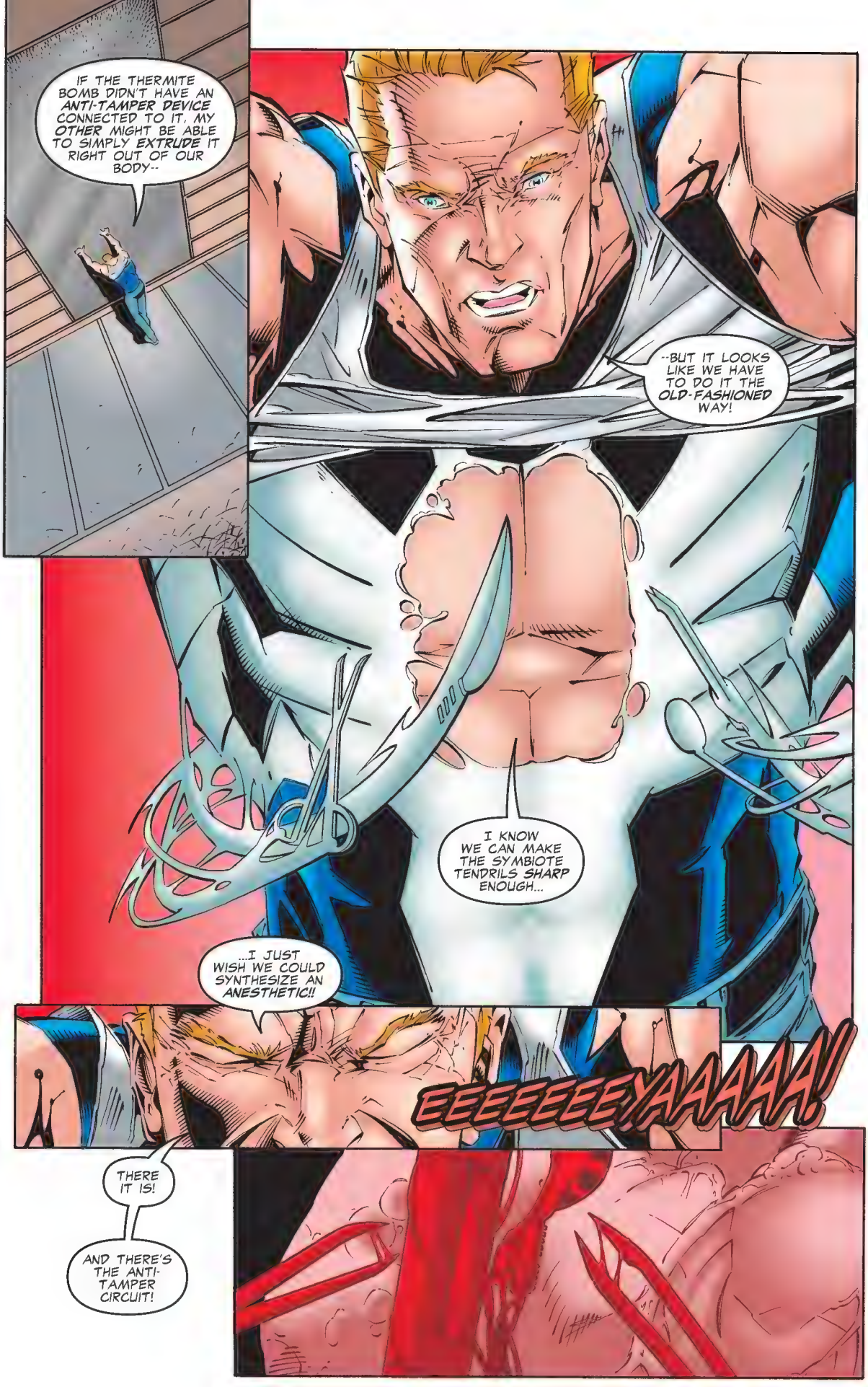

LATER...
UHHHHHH...
IS THIS A HEADACHE, OR DID SOMEBODY SET OFF A LOW-YIELD NUKE?
IT'S A HEADACHE, ALL RIGHT.
FIRST TIME I EVER GOT A HANGOVER FROM SPAGHETTI AND MEATBALLS.
OH, I GET IT--
--I'VE BEEN DRUGGED AND DRAGGED OFF TO THE HOOSEGOW!
HEY! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
WE'VE GOT A DEAL, REMEMBER!
YOU GOT ME OFF THAT MURDER RAP, AND I AGREED TO PLAY JAMES BOND FOR YOU!*
* SEE VENOM ON TRIAL #3!--TOM
CALM DOWN, MR. BROCK!
I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE RADIO WE IMPLANTED IN YOUR CHEST, ALONG WITH THE THERMITE BOMB AND REMOTE DETONATOR...!
IT WOULD BEHOOVE YOU TO SIT DOWN AND BEHAVE, OR WE SHALL BE FORCED TO SUBJECT YOU TO A RATHER DISABILITATING TEN THOUSAND DECIBEL JOLT!

DOWNTOWN, AT DR. YAO'S OFFICE...
DOC? I JUST DROPPED BY FOR ANOTHER BATCH OF DOPAMINE BLOCKER--
I'LL GET IT OUT OF THE WALK-IN FOR YOU.
HELP YOURSELF TO SOME FRESH-BREWED COFFEE.
I'LL PASS ON THE JAVA, DOC.
SURGICAL TEAM? IMPLANT??
YOU IMPLANTED A FOREIGN OBJECT IN THE SUBJECT?
WELL, YEAH. A BOMB AND A RADIO.
WHAT?? THE ELECTRONICS RUN ON A BIOCHEMICAL BATTERY, RIGHT?
NANO-TECHNOLOGY?
YEAH. SO WHAT?
NOW, YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT THE BLOCKER IS ONLY EFFECTIVE UNDER THE CONDITIONS THAT I OUTLINED IN THE ORIGINAL PROSPECTUS AND--
NO WAY I'M GOING TO REMEMBER ANY OF THIS TECHNO-BABBLE.
IF YOU WRITE IT OUT, I'LL GIVE IT TO THE SURGICAL TEAM THAT DID THE IMPLANT AND--
THEY MUST HAVE USED AN IMMUNE SYSTEM INHIBITOR TO PREVENT REJECTION!
THAT'S GOING TO NEGATE THE EFFECTS OF THE DOPAMINE BLOCKER!!

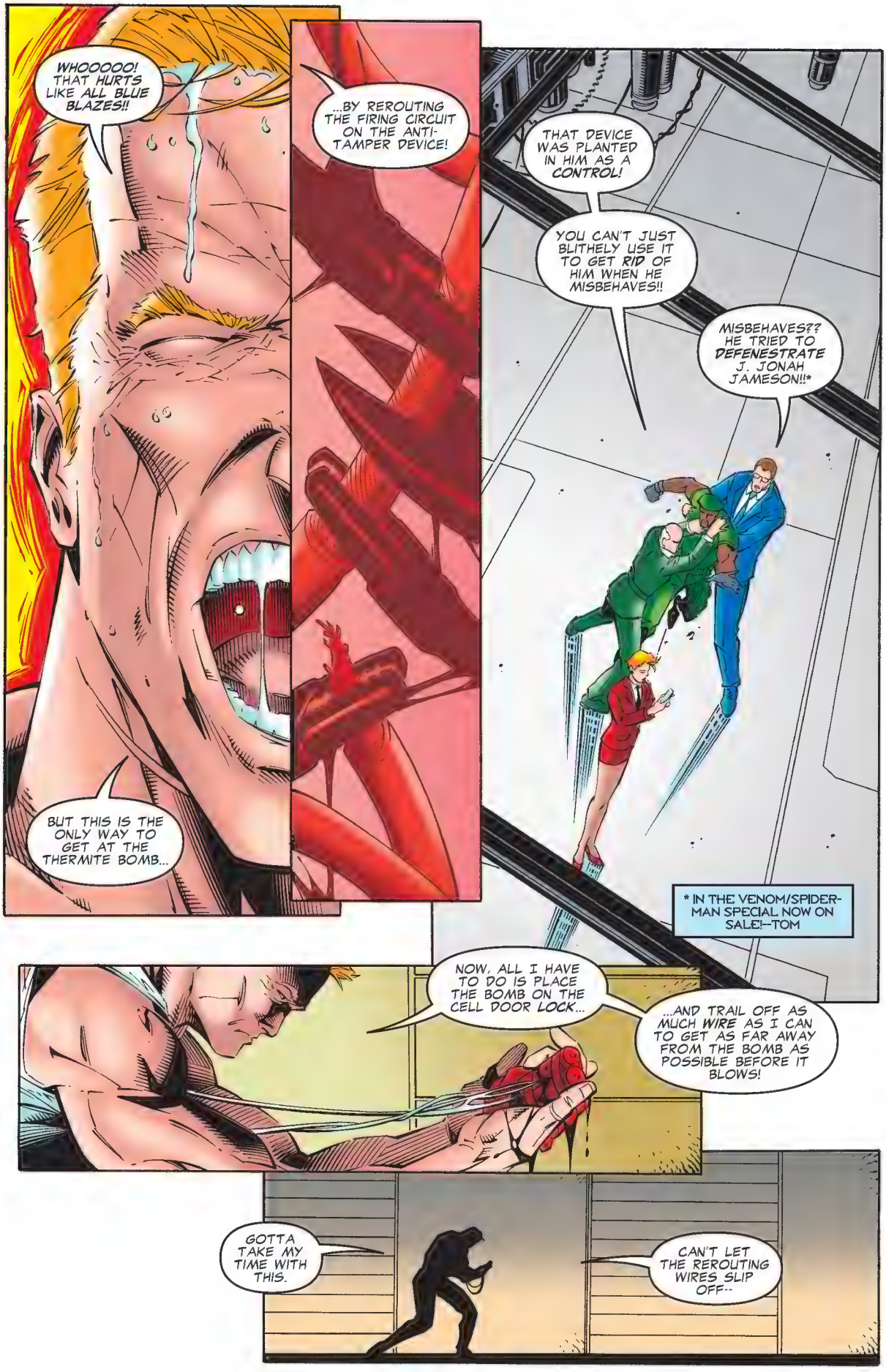

UPTOWN...
YOU'RE OUTVOTED AGAIN, DUNLEAVY.
THE MAJORITY DECISION IS FOR TERMINATION WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.
FANCY NAME FOR A BULLET IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD.
WE'RE NOT BARBARIANS, GENERAL. WE ARE SIMPLY GOING TO DETONATE THE THERMITE BOMB IN VENOM'S CHEST!
WE? WHY ARE YOU HANDING ME THE REMOTE CONTROL?
YOU'RE THE MILITARY MAN, DUNLEAVY. YOUR HANDS ARE ALREADY... SOILED.
NOT LIKE THIS, THEY'RE NOT.
YOU VOTED FOR THIS, YOU DO IT YOURSELVES!
HOLDSWORTH--?
NOT ME! I'M A WHITE HOUSE AIDE, NOT A WET-WORK SPECIALIST!
YOU DO IT, VIVIAN--YOU'RE FROM JUSTICE!
OH, VERY WELL--
GO RIGHT AHEAD AND PUSH THE BUTTON, VIVIAN.
YOU CAN WATCH THE THERMITE IGNITE AND REDUCE HIM TO A GREASY PUDDLE OF ASH IN JUST A MATTER OF SECONDS.
IT'LL BE SOMETHING TO TELL OUR GRANDKIDS ABOUT ON COLD WINTER NIGHTS.

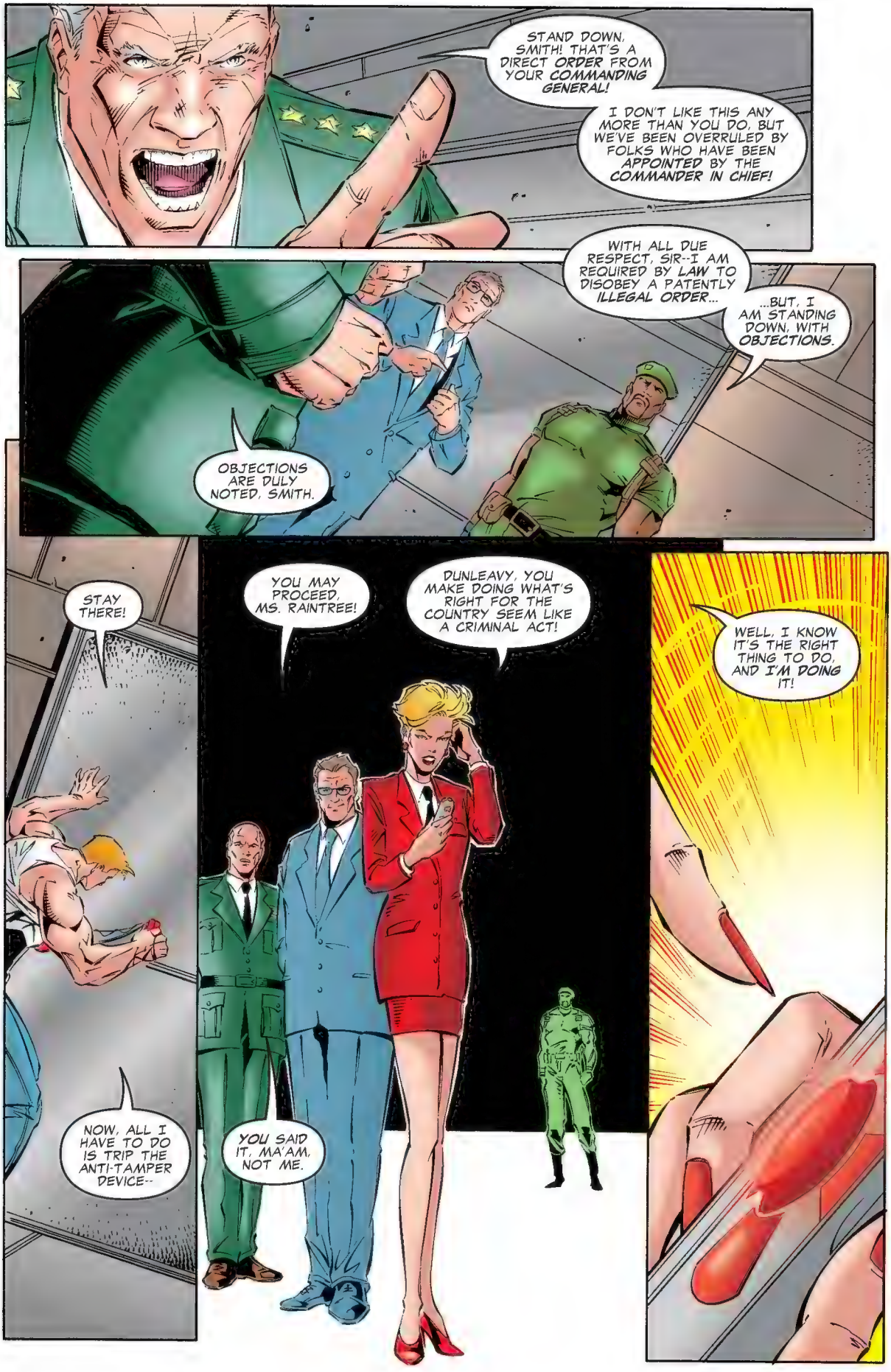
WHU--?
I'D BETTER TURN MY BACK TO THE CAMERA FOR THIS--
MY WHOLE CHEST HAS MORPHED!
MY ALIEN SYMBIOTE IS ACTIVE!
THE DOPAMINE BLOCKER IS NO LONGER DOING ITS THING!
BUT WHAT GOOD IS IT IF THEY ARE WATCHING US ALL THE TIME?
AND HOW DO WE GET OUT OF THIS CELL??
IF WE ONLY HAD SOMETHING TO BLOW OPEN THE DOOR WITH--
BUT, WE DO HAVE SOMETHING--
--RIGHT INSIDE OF US!

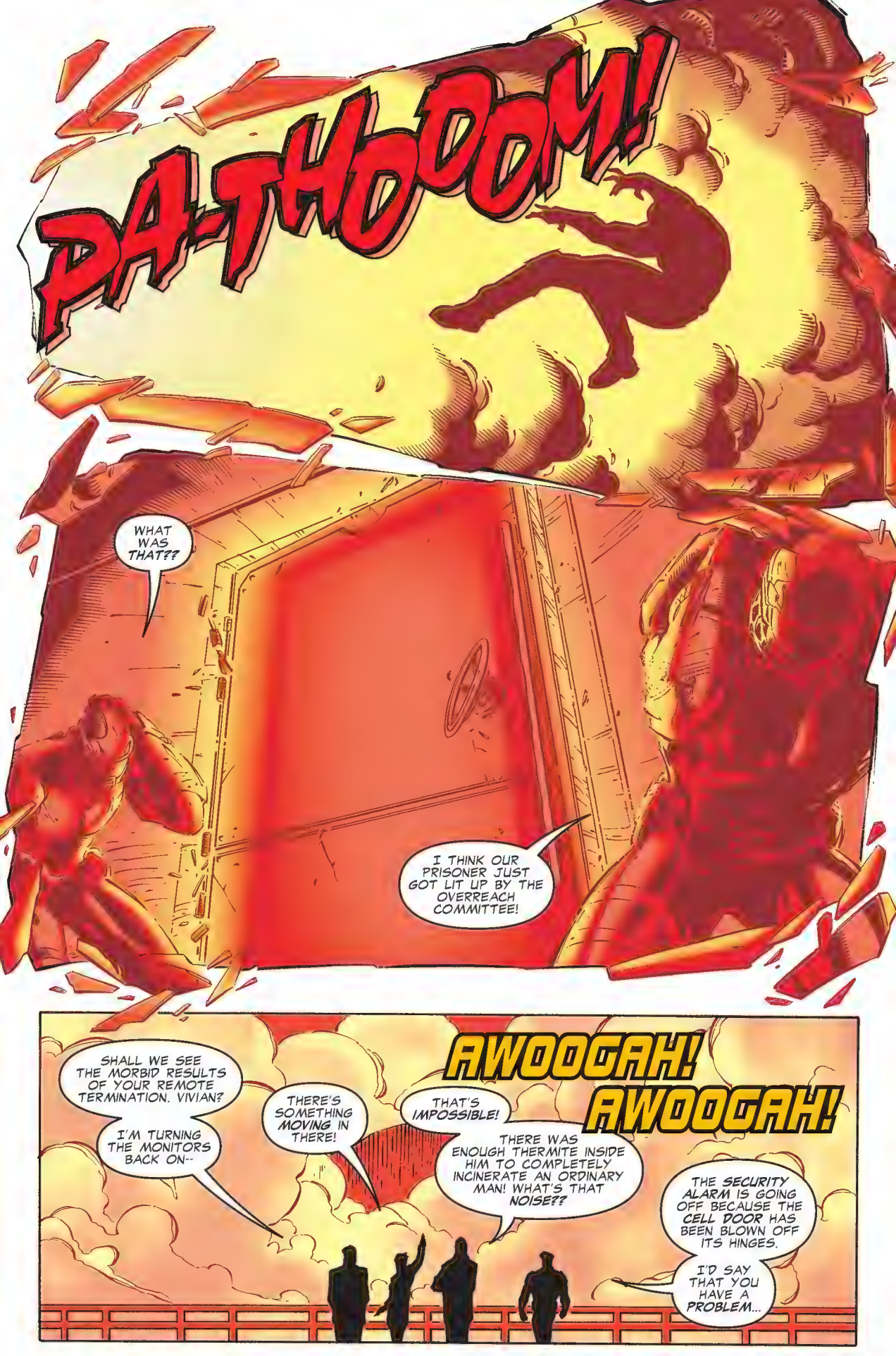
WHAT KIND OF SOLDIER ARE YOU, TO LET A WOMAN DO THE DIRTY DEED?
THE VERY BEST KIND OF SOLDIER: ONE WITH A CONSCIENCE AND A SENSE OF HONOR.
I MADE IT A POINT NEVER TO ORDER ANY SOLDIER IN MY COMMAND TO DO A JOB I WOULDN'T DO MYSELF!
I DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF CLEARANCE YOU HAVE AND WHO SIGNED YOUR SPECIAL ORDERS...
...NOBODY GETS INSIDE THE WAR ROOM WHEN THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE IS HAVING A SPECIAL SESSION!
YOU HAD BETTER INFORM THE COMMITTEE THAT THERE IS AN EMERGENCY ABOUT TO GO DOWN WITH THEIR STAR DETAINEE, TROOPER--
BACK OFF, SMITH! WE HAVE OUR ORDERS!
ALL RIGHT, BUT TURN OFF THE MONITOR! I'LL DO IT, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO WATCH!


IF THE THERMITE BOMB DIDN'T HAVE AN ANTI-TAMPER DEVICE CONNECTED TO IT, MY OTHER MIGHT BE ABLE TO SIMPLY EXTRUDE IT RIGHT OUT OF OUR BODY--
--BUT IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE TO DO IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY!
I KNOW WE CAN MAKE THE SYMBIOTE TENDRILS SHARP ENOUGH...
...I JUST WISH WE COULD SYNTHESIZE AN ANESTHETIC!!
EEEEEEEEYAAAAA!
THERE IT IS!
AND THERE'S THE ANTI-TAMPER CIRCUIT!

RRRING! RRRING!
HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO DO THIS WITH THE PHONE RINGING?
THAT'S THE SECURITY LINE!
YES?
YOU'RE INTERRUPTING A VERY IMPORTANT--
WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IT'S AN EMERGENCY?
DUNLEAVY, OPEN THE BLAST DOOR AND LET SMITH IN!
ALL BETS ARE OFF! THE BLOCKER ISN'T WORKING ANY MORE!
EDDIE BROCK CAN CHANGE INTO VENOM ANY TIME HE WANTS, AND WE CAN'T STOP HIM!
THIS TAKES THE CAKE! NOW WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE!
PUSH THE BUTTON, VIVIAN! DO IT NOW!
WHAT? YOU'RE GOING TO BURN HIM??? YOU CAN'T DO THAT!!


WHOOOOOO! THAT HURTS LIKE ALL BLUE BLAZES!!
...BY REROUTING THE FIRING CIRCUIT ON THE ANTI-TAMPER DEVICE!
BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET AT THE THERMITE BOMB...
THAT DEVICE WAS PLANTED IN HIM AS A CONTROL!
YOU CAN'T JUST BLITHELY USE IT TO GET RID OF HIM WHEN HE MISBEHAVES!!
MISBEHAVES?? HE TRIED TO DEFENESTRATE J. JONAH JAMESON!!*
* IN THE VENOM/SPIDER-MAN SPECIAL NOW ON SALE!—TOM
NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PLACE THE BOMB ON THE CELL DOOR LOCK...
...AND TRAIL OFF AS MUCH WIRE AS I CAN TO GET AS FAR AWAY FROM THE BOMB AS POSSIBLE BEFORE IT BLOWS!
GOTTA TAKE MY TIME WITH THIS.
CAN'T LET THE REROUTING WIRES SLIP OFF--


STAND DOWN, SMITH! THAT'S A DIRECT ORDER FROM YOUR COMMANDING GENERAL!
I DON'T LIKE THIS ANY MORE THAN YOU DO, BUT WE'VE BEEN OVERRULED BY FOLKS WHO HAVE BEEN APPOINTED BY THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF!
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR--I AM REQUIRED BY LAW TO DISOBEY A PATENTLY ILLEGAL ORDER...
...BUT, I AM STANDING DOWN, WITH OBJECTIONS.
OBJECTIONS ARE DULY NOTED, SMITH.
STAY THERE!
YOU MAY PROCEED, MS. RAINTREE!
DUNLEAVY, YOU MAKE DOING WHAT'S RIGHT FOR THE COUNTRY SEEM LIKE A CRIMINAL ACT!
WELL, I KNOW IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO, AND I'M DOING IT!
NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TRIP THE ANTI-TAMPER DEVICE--
YOU SAID IT, MA'AM, NOT ME.

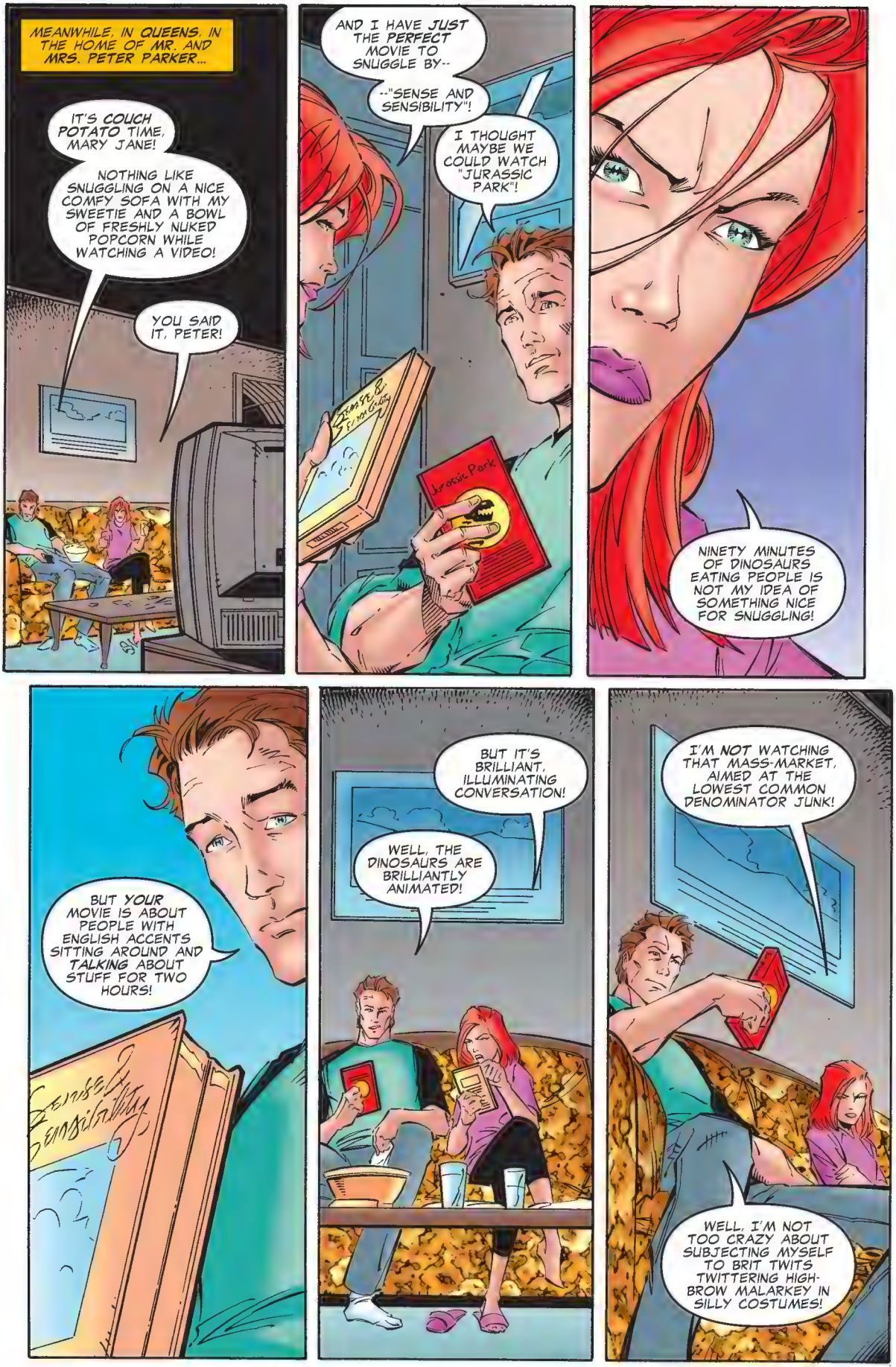

PA-THOOOM!
WHAT WAS THAT??
I THINK OUR PRISONER JUST GOT LIT UP BY THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE!
SHALL WE SEE THE MORBID RESULTS OF YOUR REMOTE TERMINATION. VIVIAN?
I'M TURNING THE MONITORS BACK ON--
THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING IN THERE!
AWOOGAH!
AWOOGAH!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
THERE WAS ENOUGH THERMITE INSIDE HIM TO COMPLETELY INCINERATE AN ORDINARY MAN! WHAT'S THAT NOISE??
THE SECURITY ALARM IS GOING OFF BECAUSE THE CELL DOOR HAS BEEN BLOWN OFF ITS HINGES.
I'D SAY THAT YOU HAVE A PROBLEM...

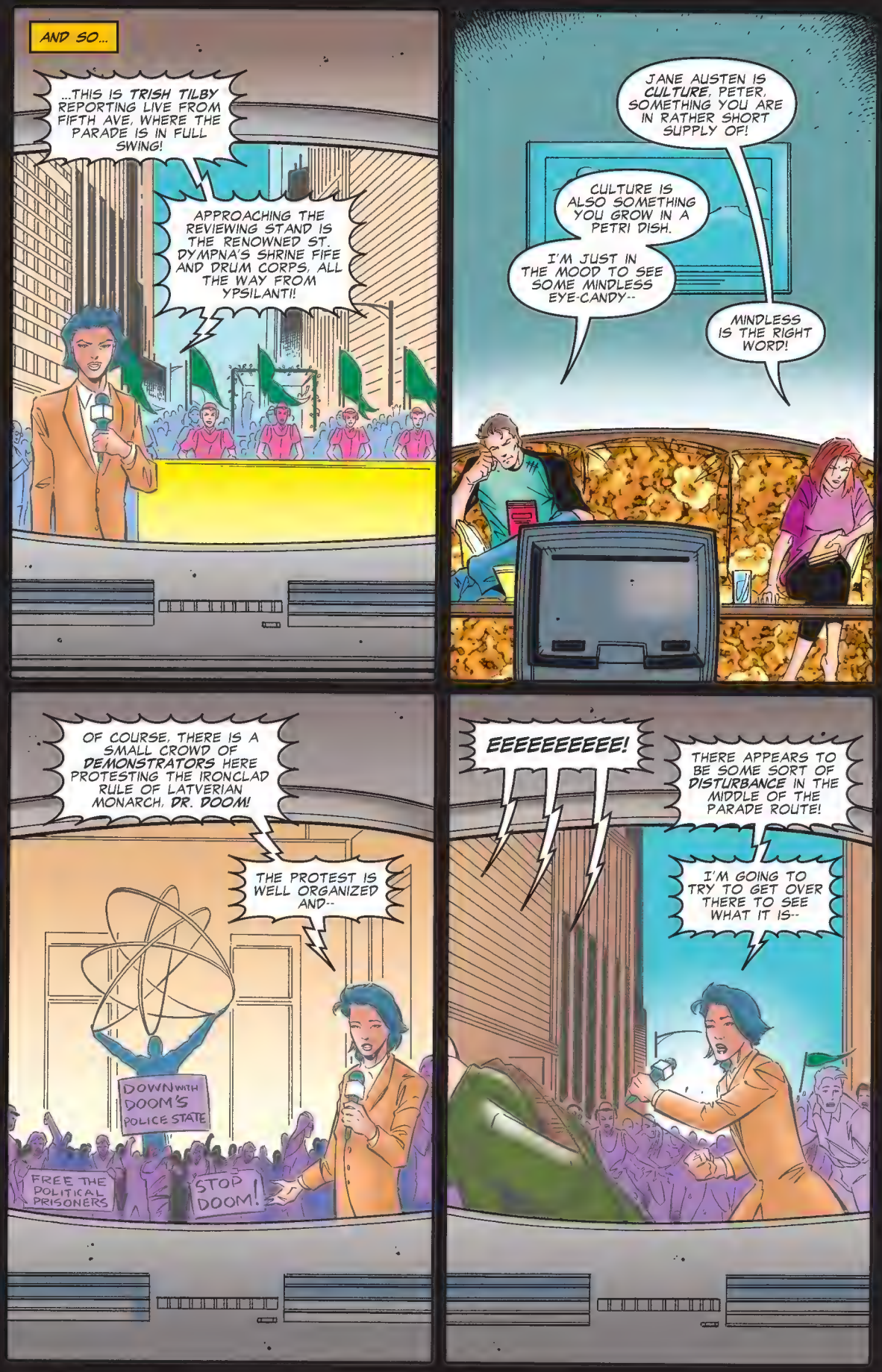
HOO-HA!!
...AND AN EXTREMELY TICKED-OFF PROBLEM AT THAT!
GOOD GRIEF!!
SECURITY! GET A FIRE TEAM DOWN TO THE SPECIAL DETENTION CELL AND TELL THEM TO SHOOT TO KILL!
DON'T COMMIT HUMAN ASSETS TO THIS CONTAINMENT! SEAL THE EXITS AND ACTIVATE THE MECHANICAL AMBUSH PROCEDURES!
YOU'RE GOOD, SMITH. REMIND ME TO WRITE YOU UP FOR YOUR NEXT PROMOTION REVIEW!

YEEE-HAAAAAA!
THAT WASN'T VERY NICE, WHAT YOU TRIED TO DO TO US!
SOMEBODY PUSHED THE BUTTON TO SEND US TO CINDER CITY...
...AND WE KNOW JUST WHO THOSE WEASELY LITTLE SOMEBODIES ARE!!
THIS IS GENERAL DUNLEAVY! DISREGARD THE PREVIOUS ORDER AND WITHDRAW TO COVER! ACTIVATE THE MECHANICAL CONTAINMENT DEVICES!
YOU HEARD THE MAN! RETREAT!
SEND IN THE ROBOT SONIC BLASTER TANKS?
DID HE SAY SONIC BLASTER TANKS?
HHHRRRRMMMMMM
ARRRRRRRRRGH!

BRRRRAPPP!
BLAM!
WHOMP!
THOOM!
BLOW HIM AWAY WHILE HE'S DOWN!
AH, BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD SYMBIOTE DOWN FOREVER!
WHU--?
OUR BARRAGE BLEW AWAY THE SONIC BLASTER TANKS..!
WHOOOMP!
...AND NOW, VENOM IS ESCAPING INTO THE VENTILATION SYSTEM!
THROW UP A FIELD OF FIRE THAT INTERDICTS THE ENTIRE DUCT SYSTEM!
TOO LATE! HE'S ESCAPED!
BRRRRAPPP!
BLAM!
WHOMP!
BLAM!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO PUT A POSITIVE SPIN ON THIS MESS!
WE MUST DEFLECT ANY BLAME FROM THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT! SMITH IS THE MOST EXPENDABLE AND IT IS HIS DUTY TO TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY---
I WOULDN'T BE TOO QUICK TO THROW SMITH TO THE WOLVES, VIVIAN...
...HE MAY BE THE ONLY ONE CAPABLE OF PULLING OUR CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE!
SIR! ONE CHESTNUT PULLER AT YOUR DISPOSAL!
THIS IS SECURITY! THE SENSORS INDICATE THAT VENOM IS TRAVELING UPWARDS--TOWARDS THE STREET!
THE STREET?
DO YOU REALIZE WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE ON FIFTH AVENUE?? GET A SECURITY TEAM UP THERE, NOW!
ACCESS TO THE STREET!
BUT, WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE COMING FROM UP THERE--?
OH, WOW!!
WE LOVE THESE THINGS!!

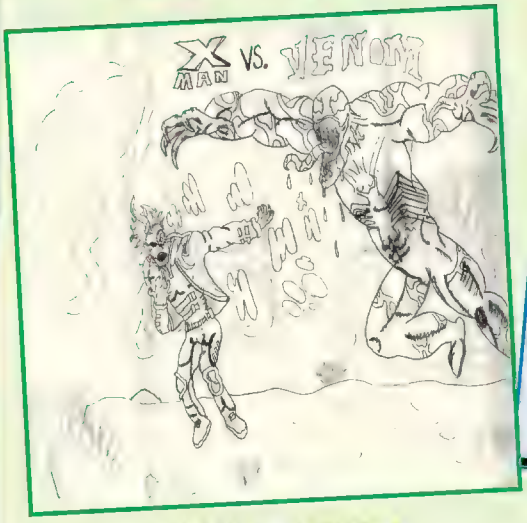

MEANWHILE, IN QUEENS, IN THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. PETER PARKER...
IT'S COUCH POTATO TIME, MARY JANE!
NOTHING LIKE SNUGGLING ON A NICE COMFY SOFA WITH MY SWEETIE AND A BOWL OF FRESHLY NUKED POPCORN WHILE WATCHING A VIDEO!
YOU SAID IT, PETER!
AND I HAVE JUST THE PERFECT MOVIE TO SNUGGLE BY--
--"SENSE AND SENSIBILITY"!
I THOUGHT MAYBE WE COULD WATCH "JURASSIC PARK"!
Jurassic Park
NINETY MINUTES OF DINOSAURS EATING PEOPLE IS NOT MY IDEA OF SOMETHING NICE FOR SNUGGLING!
BUT YOUR MOVIE IS ABOUT PEOPLE WITH ENGLISH ACCENTS SITTING AROUND AND TALKING ABOUT STUFF FOR TWO HOURS!
BUT IT'S BRILLIANT, ILLUMINATING CONVERSATION!
WELL, THE DINOSAURS ARE BRILLIANTLY ANIMATED!
I'M NOT WATCHING THAT MASS-MARKET, AIMED AT THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR JUNK!
WELL, I'M NOT TOO CRAZY ABOUT SUBJECTING MYSELF TO BRIT TWITS TWITTERING HIGH-BROW MALARKEY IN SILLY COSTUMES!


AND SO...
...THIS IS TRISH TILBY REPORTING LIVE FROM FIFTH AVE, WHERE THE PARADE IS IN FULL SWING!
APPROACHING THE REVIEWING STAND IS THE RENOWNED ST. DYMPNA'S SHRINE FIFE AND DRUM CORPS, ALL THE WAY FROM YPSILANTI!
JANE AUSTEN IS CULTURE, PETER, SOMETHING YOU ARE IN RATHER SHORT SUPPLY OF!
CULTURE IS ALSO SOMETHING YOU GROW IN A PETRI DISH.
I'M JUST IN THE MOOD TO SEE SOME MINDLESS EYE-CANDY--
MINDLESS IS THE RIGHT WORD!
OF COURSE, THERE IS A SMALL CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS HERE PROTESTING THE IRONCLAD RULE OF LATVERIAN MONARCH, DR. DOOM!
THE PROTEST IS WELL ORGANIZED AND--
DOWN WITH DOOM'S POLICE STATE
FREE THE POLITICAL PRISONERS
STOP DOOM!
EEEEEEEEEE!
THERE APPEARS TO BE SOME SORT OF DISTURBANCE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PARADE ROUTE!
I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET OVER THERE TO SEE WHAT IT IS--

GOOD LORD!
IT'S VENOM!!
LIKE WE SAID...
...WE JUST LOVE A PARADE!
VENOM? I THOUGHT WE SAW THE LAST OF HIM AFTER THAT WHOLE MESS WITH JONAH!
OBVIOUSLY NOT!
RATATATATATATATATATAT!
YOWWW!
PONK!
POIT!
POOT!
PLINK!
DON'T YOU LOSERS EVER LEARN--?

--THAT IF YOU MESS WITH VENOM...
...YOU GET YOUR BRAINS EATEN!!
PETER! THIS IS HORRIBLE!
THEY CAN'T STOP HIM! NOBODY CAN STOP HIM!
PETER--?
YOU'RE WRONG, MJ...
...SPIDER-MAN CAN STOP HIM!
NEXT:
IN FINAL BATTLE!

THE VENOM FAN ART PAGE



X-MAN vs. VENOM
by John Shields Jr.

VENOM! VENOM! VENOM!
by Otis Rue, Age 7

VENOM vs. WOLVERINE
by Rich Griffin, Age 13

VENOM!
by Robby Lutostanski

MARVEL COMICS
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!
VENOM
FINALE
DEC
#2
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
HAMA
BAJARILLO
EKLUND
YOU'RE ONE SECOND AWAY FROM THE ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®/ VENOM® CLASH!

THIS IS TRISH TILBY REPORTING LIVE FROM THE LATVERIAN AMERICAN DAY PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE...
...WHERE VENOM HAS SURFACED THROUGH A MANHOLE COVER, PURSUED BY AN ARMED PARAMILITARY FORCE--
MS. TILBY-- HE'S RIGHT ON TOP OF US!!
IVAN, IF YOU STOP SHOOTING, I'LL HAVE YOU DEMOTED TO SNAPPING I.D. PHOTOS IN PERSONNEL!
HI, MOM!
TRISH TILBY
MNNEWS

SLAUGHTER ON FIFTH AVENUE

HEY, LOOKIT US! WE'RE SEAN PENN!

DO YOU HAVE A BACK-UP CAMERA, IVAN?

IN THE TRUCK, TRISH!

DO WE STILL HAVE SOUND, HIROSHI?

HOO HA!

EXACTLY WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO DISCOURAGE THE SALACIOUS SCRIVENERS OF THE FOURTH ESTATE?

WE'RE ROLLING!

Script-LARRY HAMA
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Lettering-KEN LOPEZ
Editor-TOM BREVOORT
Editor in Chief-BOB HARRAS

1997
Ms. Latverian
American

YOU KNOW, TILBY-- YOU'VE GOT GREAT BIG BRASS ONES!
THEY'RE STAINLESS STEEL, VENOM--
SO WHAT'S THE STORY?
IS THERE ANYTHING TO THE RUMOR THAT YOU'RE NOW AN AGENT FOR A TOP SECRET GOVERNMENT COVERT OPERATIONS GROUP?
I CAN TRUTHFULLY SAY THAT THE PSYCHOTIC SYMBIOTE KNOWN AS VENOM IS NOT CURRENTLY CARRIED ON THE TABLE OF ORGANIZATION OF ANY UNITED STATES SECURITY AGENCY, COVERT, SUB-ROSA OR OTHERWISE!
NOW, MS. TILBY, IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO STEP ASIDE AND CLEAR A FIELD OF FIRE, MY TROOPS WOULD LIKE TO PROCEED WITH OUR LITTLE EXERCISE IN CONTAINMENT AND INTERDICTION!
THAT'S SPECIAL AGENT SMITH! HE'S THE POINT MAN FOR A TRIO OF FEDERAL PUZZLE PALACE PUNDITS KNOWN AS THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE!
THEY THINK THEY CAN COVER UP THEIR NASTY LITTLE SECRETS BY PLANTING ME NEXT TO JIMMY HOFFA IN THE MEADOWLANDS!
THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
IVAN! WHERE'S THAT SPARE CAMERA??
WE'RE LOADED UP AND ON OUR WAY BACK, TRISH!
MNN

MEANWHILE, IN THE QUEENS APARTMENT OF PETER AND MARY JANE PARKER...
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PICTURE? THEY HAD BETTER GET BACK TO BROADCASTING BEFORE PETER GETS THERE AND TAKES CARE OF VENOM.
WE APOLOGIZE FOR THE INTERRUPTION OF OUR TRANSMISSION. WE NOW RETURN YOU TO OUR LIVE COVERAGE OF THE BREAKING STORY ON FIFTH AVENUE.
WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU MEAN BY THE "BACKSTABBING GOVERNMENT SECRET INTELLIGENCE AGENCY" THAT HAS BEEN EXPLOITING YOU AND TRAMPLING YOUR RIGHTS AS A CITIZEN??
THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE CONSISTS OF ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL VIVIAN RAINTREE, WHITE HOUSE AIDE PARKER HOLDSWORTH, AND MAJOR GENERAL ARLEN DUNLEAVY.
THEY SICCED US ON THAT AIRLINER THAT WAS HIJACKED BY THOSE RIGHT-WING CRACKPOTS, AND THEY SENT US TO FOIL THE PLOT OF DR. YES TO INFECT THE WHOLE WORLD WITH HIS PLAGUE TOXIN! *
* IN VENOM: LICENSE TO KILL.--TOM
SO, AFTER SAVING THE WORLD, DO YOU THINK WE GET A MEDAL OR EVEN A NICE LUNCH ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN?
NOOOOO! WHAT WE GET IS A THERMITE BOMB IMPLANTED IN OUR CHEST!
HOW CAN THEY DO THIS TO US, WHEN ALL WE ARE TRYING TO DO IS THE RIGHT THING?
CAN'T WE JUST GET ALONG??
THIS IS PRETTY HARD TO TAKE.
I WISH PETER WOULD JUST GET THERE AND PUT HIM OUT OF HIS PAIN!

IN THE WAR ROOM OF THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE...
SMITH? THIS IS RAINTREE! WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?? THAT LOOSE CANNON IS BLABBING OUR SECRETS TO THE WORLD!! YOU SHUT HIM DOWN THIS INSTANT!!
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, WALK UP AND POP HIM IN THE HEAD WHILE I'M WEARING MY UNIFORM?
TELL ME HOW THAT IS GOING TO PUT A POSITIVE SPIN ON THIS CLUSTER FOUL-UP!
GET THAT NEWS COW AWAY FROM VENOM AND HAVE SOMETHING DENIABLE AND FATAL HAPPEN TO HIM!!
YOU TELL HIM, VIVIAN!
I WARNED YOU THAT TERMINATING VENOM'S CONTRACT WAS INADVISABLE!
DENIABLE AND FATAL? WE DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A GRASSY KNOLL HANDY, DO WE?
GEE--I WONDER HOW FAST PETE CAN ACTUALLY GET TO MANHATTAN IN HIS SPIDER-MAN TOGS?
HE CAN'T EXACTLY BE HAILING A CAB--

ON THE APPROACH TO THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE...
HITCHING A RIDE ON RAPID TRANSIT IS JUST TOO SLOW, BUT IT SURE BEATS WEB-SWINGING THROUGH QUEENS!
--LIKE THAT ONE, WEAVING IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC AT A MADCAP CLIP!
WHAT I NEED IS A FAST-MOVING VEHICLE--
NOTHING ON FOUR WHEELS FASTER THAN A NEW YORK CITY TAXI INBOUND TO MANHATTAN FROM THE AIRPORT!
SLOW DOWN, WILL YA! I JUST HEARD SOMETHING LAND ON THE ROOF!

OKAY, INTERVIEW TIME IS OVER.
LOOK, EDDIE, YOU CAN'T BE COMPROMISING NATIONAL SECURITY LIKE THIS. IT'S--WELL, IT'S TOTALLY UNPATRIOTIC.
UNPATRIOTIC??
YOU HAVE THE UTTER GALL TO CALL US UNPATRIOTIC???
DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT SOME JERK IN A CAPE IS DESCENDING UPON US!
WHO IN BLUE BLAZES ARE YOU AND WHO INVITED YOU TO THIS BROUHAHA?
UNTIL JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO, I WAS AN ORDINARY UNDERPAID SOUND ENGINEER...
...BUT NOW, I HAVE DEVOTED MYSELF TO GOOD DEEDS AND SAVING THIS WONDERFUL CITY FROM THE HEINOUS CRIMINAL ELEMENTS WHO WOULD OTHERWISE RUN RAMPANT!
NO PARKING
TO THAT END, I HAVE DEVISED THIS COSTUME THAT INCORPORATES NANO-TECH AMPLIFIERS WHICH CAN BOOST MY VOICE TO EAR-SHATTERING VOLUMES!
NOW I AM STENTOR, MASTER OF AMPLIFICATION AND MODULATION!
OH, BROTHER! THIS IS ALL WE NEED--ANOTHER SELF-STYLED PROTECTOR OF THE WEAK AND DOWNTRODDEN!

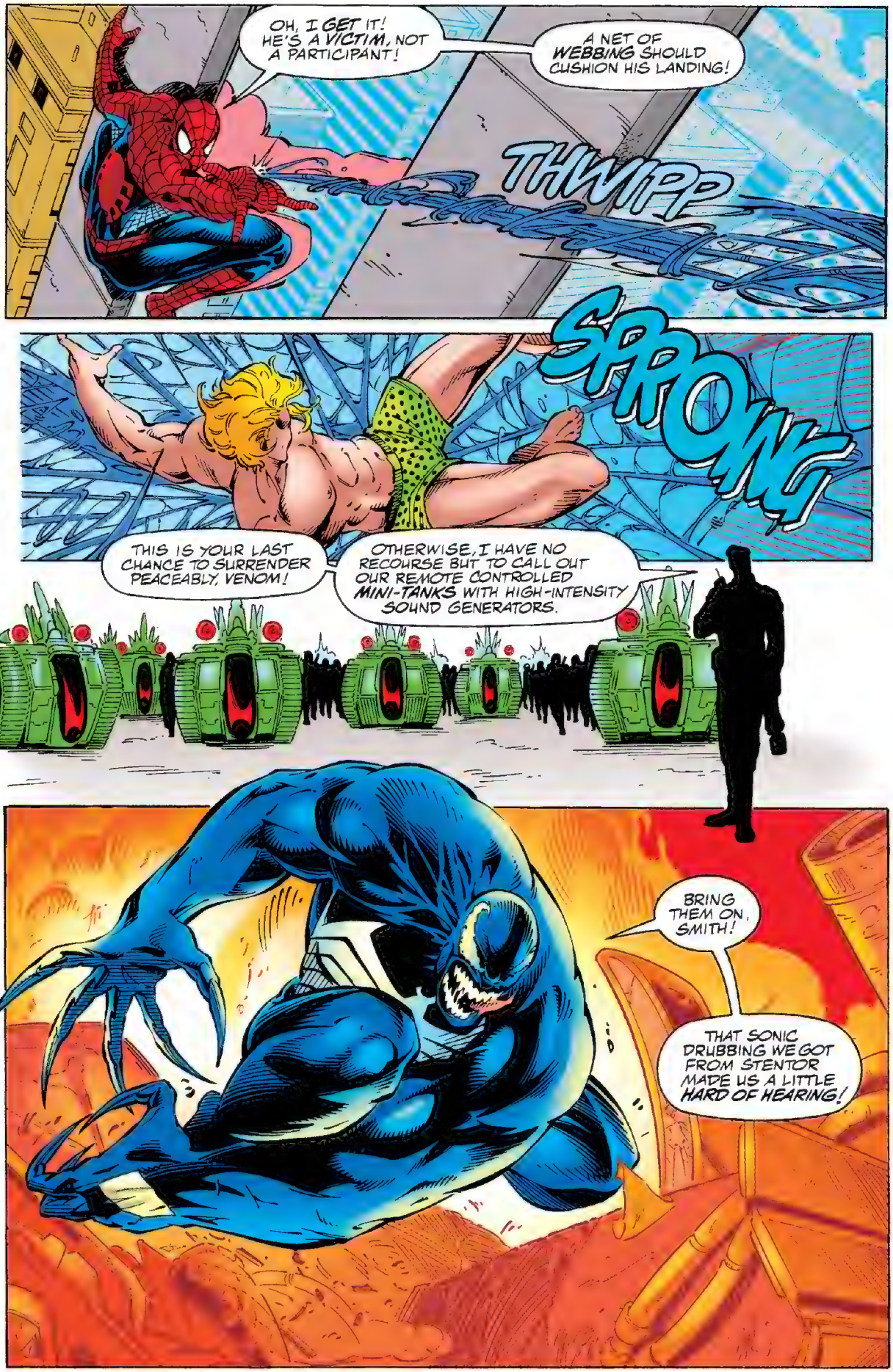
EXCUSE US WHILE WE COLLAPSE IN A PAROXYSM OF HYSTERICAL HILARITY.
WHAT, PRAY TELL, ARE YOU GOING TO DO, YELL AT US?
AWOOOOOO
HOO-HA! THE BOY HAS LUNGS!

OH, MAN! HE CRACKED MY LENS!
YO, WE GOT ANOTHER SPARE IN THERE, 'ROSH?
MNN
COMING RIGHT UP!
DON'T LOSE THE PICTURE NOW--
--IT'S JUST BEGINNING TO GET INTERESTING!
OKAY, NOW THAT I'M IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, I CAN MAKE SOME REAL TIME, SWINGING FROM SKYSCRAPER TO SKYSCRAPER!
THIS ENVIRONMENT IS NOT HEALTHY FOR ALIEN SYMBIOTES AND OTHER AUDIO-SENSITIVE ORGANISMS!

LISTEN, STINKO, YOU MIND GIVING VENOM ANOTHER ZAP WITH YOUR SOUND BLASTER JUST TO MAKE SURE?
IT'S STENTOR, AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL MY SUIT CAPACITORS RECHARGE.
ARE YOU READY FOR MY INTERVIEW NOW, TRISH?
HEY!
YOU ARE NOW IMPINGING ON OUR AIR-TIME, WHICH WE NEED TO CLEAR OUR SULLIED NAME!
YOU HAD BETTER DO SOMETHING ASAP, STIMPY, OR YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME DECIDEDLY NEGATIVE NEWS COVERAGE!
OH, VERY WELL...
...HE'S PROBABLY STILL SO DISORIENTED FROM THAT LAST SONIC BLAST THAT I CAN SIMPLY PUNCH HIS LIGHTS OUT.
TAKE THAT, YOU LAWLESS MISCREANT!
YOU MISSED, DUMMY!

WHY YOU--
YOU GET AN "A" FOR EFFORT, BUT GOOSE EGGS FOR ACCURACY!
NOW IT'S OUR TURN!
WE'RE ALL SET TO ROLL, TRISH!
GET ALL OF THIS IN THE CAN!
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO WATCH.
SHHRRRIIIIPPTTTT!
YOU'RE UP, TOUGH GUY!
URK!
HEEEEELP!
COME BACK HERE, LOUD-MOUTH!

SO YOU WANT TO BE A SUPER HERO, EH?
FIRST YOU NEED SOME FLYING LESSONS!
FLAP YOUR ARMS! KEEP YOUR FEET TOGETHER! THINK GOOD THOUGHTS!
EEEEYYAAAAA!
I'M LOSING AUDIO ON HIM, TRISH!
I WISH I HAD A TELEPHOTO LENS!
I HOPE THAT GUY'S INSURANCE IS PAID UP.
WHOA!
THERE WASN'T ANYTHING ABOUT FLYING GUYS IN UNDERWEAR ON THAT NEWSCAST--
HELP ME!!


OH, I GET IT! HE'S A VICTIM, NOT A PARTICIPANT!
A NET OF WEBBING SHOULD CUSHION HIS LANDING!
THWIPP
SPROING
THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO SURRENDER PEACEABLY, VENOM!
OTHERWISE, I HAVE NO RECOURSE BUT TO CALL OUT OUR REMOTE CONTROLLED MINI-TANKS WITH HIGH-INTENSITY SOUND GENERATORS.
BRING THEM ON, SMITH!
THAT SONIC DRUBBING WE GOT FROM STENTOR MADE US A LITTLE HARD OF HEARING!

MAYBE YOU SHOULD PRACTICE AT HOME A LITTLE LONGER BEFORE YOU TAKE YOUR SUPER HERO ACT OUT ON THE STREET...
...AND I WOULD THINK ABOUT GETTING A MORE MODEST COSTUME!
YO! IT'S GEORGE OF THE BUNGLE!
I HAD A TERRIFIC OUTFIT, BUT THAT PSYCHO-SYMBIOTE SHREDDED IT RIGHT OFF MY BACK!
THOSE SHORTS ARE CHUMP! GO COP SOME CALVINS, DUDE!
EXCUSE ME, KIDS--
--I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS!
WAS THAT THE REAL SPIDER-MAN?
NO WAY! TOO SHORT!
TIME FOR THE MAIN EVENT, VENOM!
TIME TO GET BODY-SLAMMED IN THE FACE...
...BY YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN!
KA-THOOM!

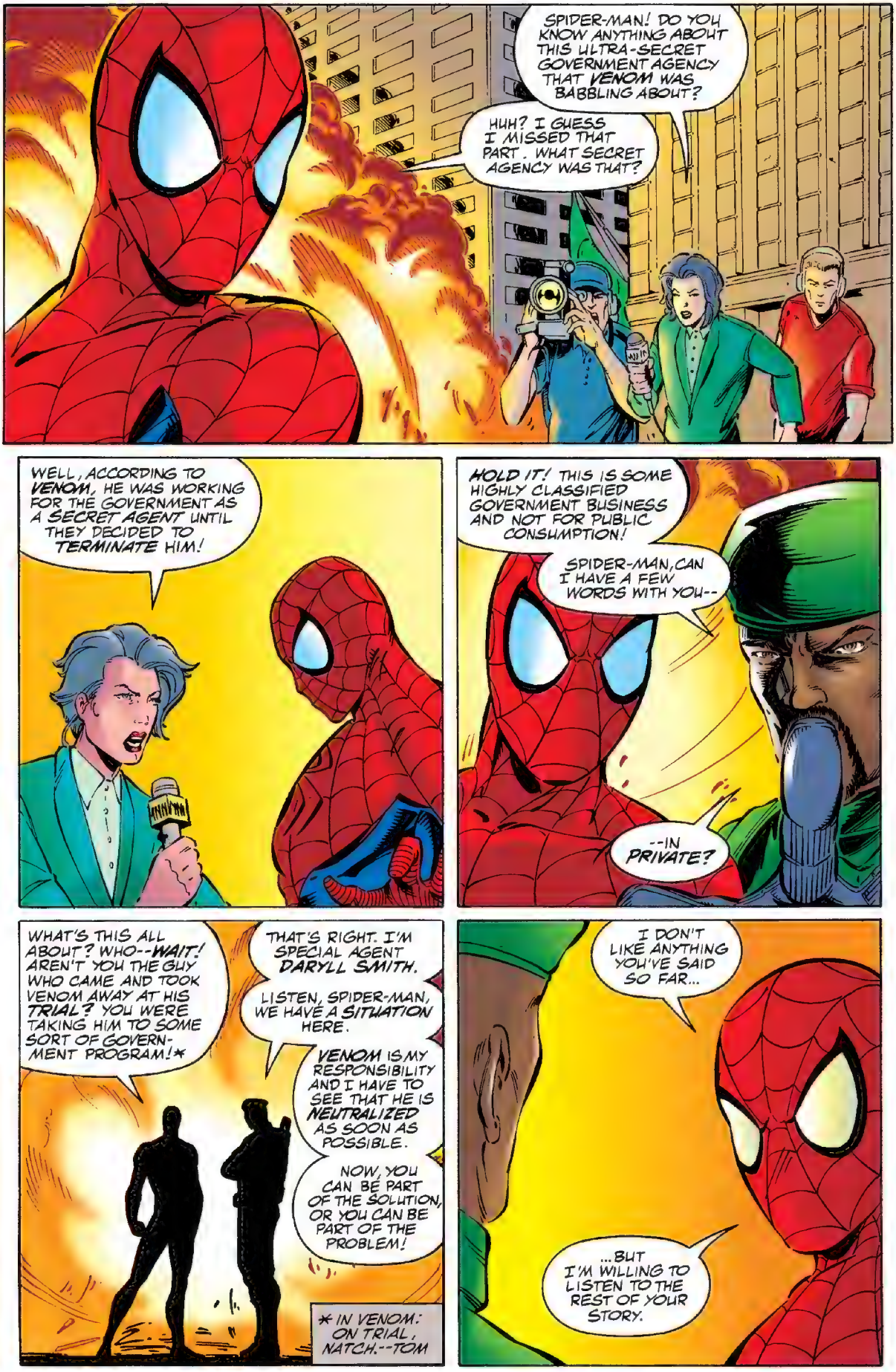
SPIDER-MAN?! WHAT IS THIS, A CONVENTION?
THWIPP!
SPLOOT!
GO CHOMP ON SOME FLIES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!
KA-SLAMM!
KA-PONK!

WHEW! GUESS THAT BLOW TO THE NOGGIN HE TOOK...
...DIDN'T LOUSE UP HIS STRENGTH AS WELL AS HIS MEMORY!*
HOO-HA! DIDN'T PUT ENOUGH ENGLISH ON THAT THROW!
* IN THE SPIDER-MAN/VENOM ONE-SHOT, ON SALE NEXT MONTH!--TOM
GUESS WE HAVE TO SQUASH THIS BUG ONCE AND FOR ALL!
HOLY SMOKES! IF THAT HITS THE BUS, PASSENGERS ARE GOING TO GET SERIOUSLY HURT!
THWIPP!
JUST HOPE I CAN SQUIRT ENOUGH WEBBING OUT THERE TO ABSORB THE IMPACT!

PA-THONK!!
OH, WE GET IT!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A PARODY OF US!!
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT, SOME SORT OF MECHANICAL WEB-SHOOTER?
WE'RE GOING TO EAT YOUR BRAINS!
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE REALLY LOST YOUR MEMORY, OR YOU'VE JUST BEEN FAKING IT...
...BUT EITHER WAY, YOU'RE STILL A CRAZY MENACE WITH AN ALIEN SYMBIOTE--
WHOOMP
--AND YOU ARE GOING DOWN!
THWAM

WE DON'T HAVE THE TIME OR THE INCLINATION TO STAND HERE ALL DAY TRADING PUNCHES WITH GEEKS IN TIGHTS!
HERE, CHEW ON THIS!
OH, MAN-- THE SPARKS HAVE SET THE GAS TANK ON FIRE!
SKREEE
STILL, EVEN EN FLAMBÉ, THIS IS A SNAP TO AVOID--
--EXCEPT, THOSE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS AREN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO AVOID IT AS EASILY AS I DID!

GOTTA SNAG IT WITH MY WEBBING!
THWIPPP
WE'RE OUT OF HERE, SPIDER-JERK!
WE EVER SEE YOU AGAIN, YOUR MEDULLA OBLONGATA IS GOING TO BE HORS DOUEVRES!
THAT STOPPED THE CAB. NOW TO SMOTHER THE FLAMES--
--THE SAFETY OF CIVILIANS COMES BEFORE PURSUING VENOM.
...AFTER A SPECTACULAR BATTLE WITH VENOM, SPIDER-MAN HAS PREVENTED A MAJOR CATASTROPHE BY STOPPING THE HURTLING TAXI, AND HE IS NOW USING HIS WEBBING TO PUT OUT THE FIRE--
WAY TO GO, PETE!


SPIDER-MAN! DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS ULTRA-SECRET GOVERNMENT AGENCY THAT VENOM WAS BABBLING ABOUT?
HUH? I GUESS I MISSED THAT PART. WHAT SECRET AGENCY WAS THAT?
WELL, ACCORDING TO VENOM, HE WAS WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT AS A SECRET AGENT UNTIL THEY DECIDED TO TERMINATE HIM!
HOLD IT! THIS IS SOME HIGHLY CLASSIFIED GOVERNMENT BUSINESS AND NOT FOR PUBLIC CONSUMPTION!
SPIDER-MAN, CAN I HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU--
--IN PRIVATE?
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHO--WAIT! AREN'T YOU THE GUY WHO CAME AND TOOK VENOM AWAY AT HIS TRIAL? YOU WERE TAKING HIM TO SOME SORT OF GOVERNMENT PROGRAM!*
THAT'S RIGHT. I'M SPECIAL AGENT DARYLL SMITH.
LISTEN, SPIDER-MAN, WE HAVE A SITUATION HERE.
VENOM IS MY RESPONSIBILITY AND I HAVE TO SEE THAT HE IS NEUTRALIZED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
NOW, YOU CAN BE PART OF THE SOLUTION, OR YOU CAN BE PART OF THE PROBLEM!
* IN VENOM: ON TRIAL, NATCH.--TOM
I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE SAID SO FAR...
...BUT I'M WILLING TO LISTEN TO THE REST OF YOUR STORY.

DEEP BENEATH THE CITY...
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT SPIDER-GUY!
HE SETS OFF THIS WEIRD SENSE OF DEJA VU--
--LIKE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM...!
AHH! WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER. WHAT'S IMPORTANT NOW IS GETTING EVEN WITH THE FEDS FOR WHAT THEY TRIED TO DO US--
--AND WE KNOW JUST HOW TO GET OUR REVENGE!
NEXT: LAST STAND!

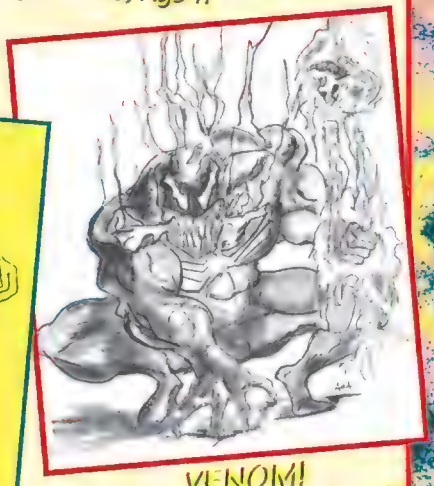
The VENOM Fan Art Page

A GALLERY OF AWESOME ART, SUBMITTED BY LOYAL FANS OF VENOM!

VENOM!
by Andre Dahmani, Age 9

VENOM: LETHAL PROTECTOR!
by Andy Nichols, Age 11

VENOM!
by Michaeal Amacio
Age 8 →



VENOM!
by Arturo Navarez, Age 13

← VENOM!
by
Jonathan
Cone

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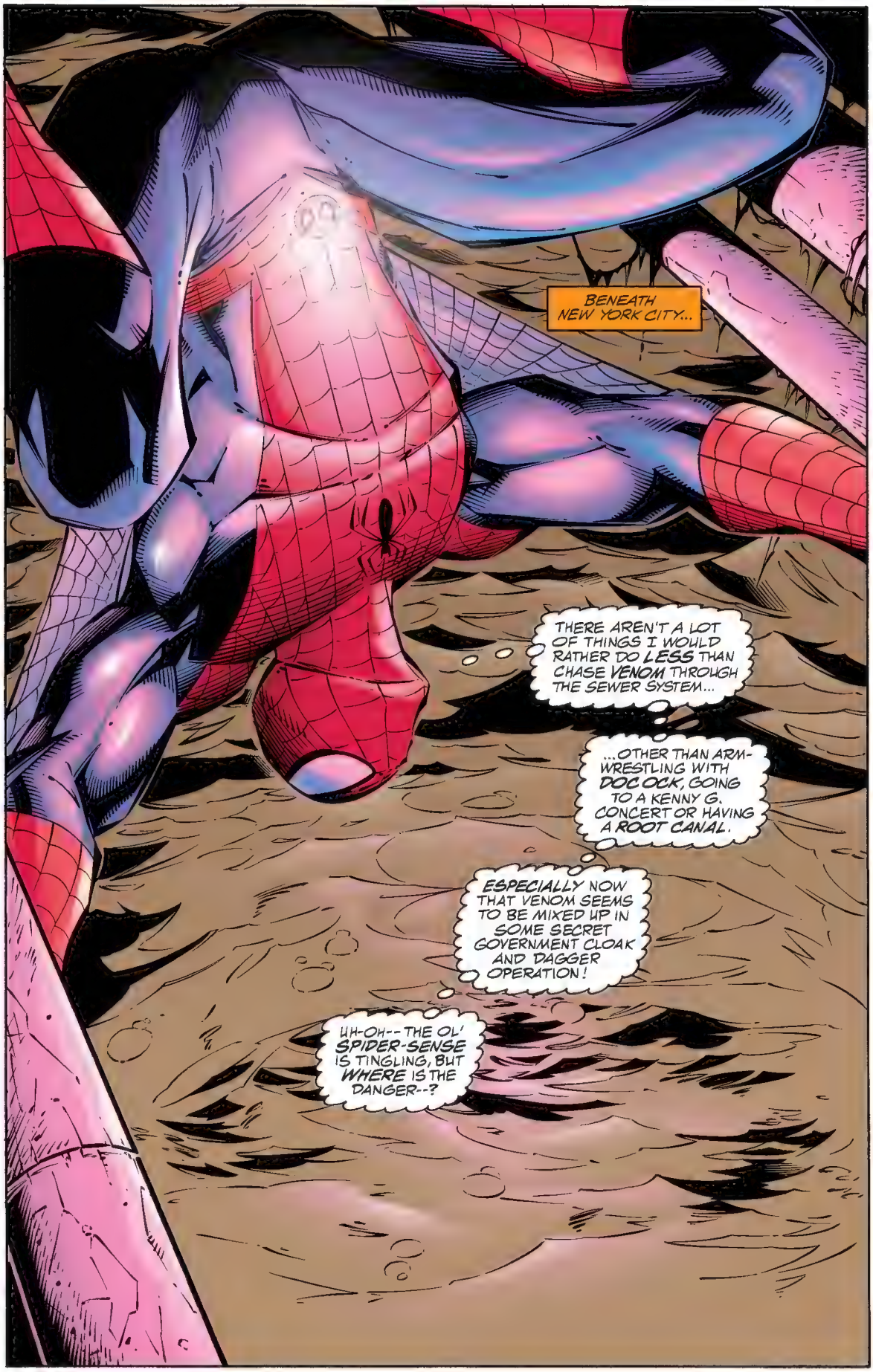
MARVEL COMICS
VENOM
FINALE
JAN
#3
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
HAMA
PAJARILLO
JONES
IT AIN'T OVER TILL IT'S OVER!


BENEATH NEW YORK CITY...
THERE AREN'T A LOT OF THINGS I WOULD RATHER DO LESS THAN CHASE VENOM THROUGH THE SEWER SYSTEM...
...OTHER THAN ARM-WRESTLING WITH DOC OCK, GOING TO A KENNY G. CONCERT OR HAVING A ROOT CANAL.
ESPECIALLY NOW THAT VENOM SEEMS TO BE MIXED UP IN SOME SECRET GOVERNMENT CLOAK AND DAGGER OPERATION!
UH-OH-- THE OL' SPIDER-SENSE IS TINGLING, BUT WHERE IS THE DANGER--?

WHAT COUNTS IN THE END
HOO HA!!
THOUGHT YOU COULD SNEAK UP ON US, DID YOU?
JUST WHAT IS IT WITH ALL THESE SPANDEX-CLAD WEIRDOS WHO HAVE BEEN PERSECUTING US LATELY?
WHERE ARE ALL THESE COSTUMED STUPID-HEROES COMING FROM?
IT'S REALLY TRUE! VENOM'S MEMORY OF ME IS TOTALLY SCRAMBLED!
script-LARRY HAMA pencils-MARK PAJARILLO
inks-ROBERT JONES coloring-TOM SMITH
lettering-KEN LOPEZ editor-TOM BREVOORT
editor in chief-BOB HARRAS

YOU WOULDN'T KID ME, WOULD YOU--
--YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?
OTHER THAN BEING THE YAHOO I SMASHED THROUGH A BUS AN HOUR AGO?*
* LAST ISSUE!--TOM
GOOD! THEN YOU DON'T REMEMBER THAT I CAN DO THIS!
THWIPP!
THWIPP!
ARRRGH! WE CAN'T SEE!
AWWW! AIN'T THAT A KICK IN THE FACE?
THWAMM!
GOING TO EAT YOUR BRAINS, ARACHNID!
YOU CAN'T MUNCH ON MY CEREBELLUM UNLESS YOU CATCH ME, YOU KNOW!

OH, WE'RE GOING TO CATCH YOU, ALL RIGHT...
...AND THEN WE'RE GOING TO SUCK YOUR BRAINS OUT THROUGH YOUR LEFT NOSTRIL!
OOOOH, I'M SO SCARED!
HELP, MOMMY!
SARCASM WILL ONLY SERVE TO INCREASE YOUR FINAL TORMENTS, SPIDER-MAN!
HELP! HELP! THE BIG BAD SYMBIOTE IS AFTER ME! HAR HAR!
YOU'RE JUST MAKING IT HARDER ON YOURSELF, SPIDER-MAN!
SPIDER-MAN--
--WHY IS THAT NAME SO HAUNTINGLY FAMILIAR??
IT'S ALMOST AS IF--

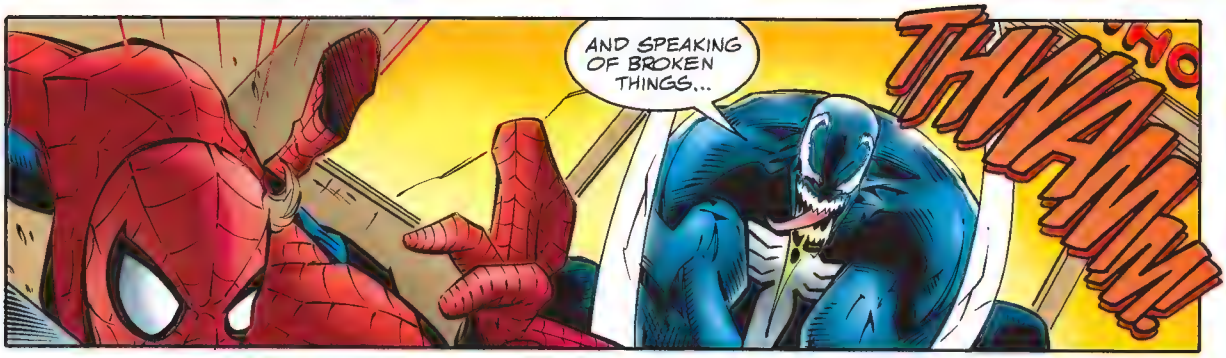
WHAT IS THIS, A ROCK CONCERT?
THE ONLY ROCKS YOU'RE GOING TO SEE ARE THE ONES YOU'RE GOING TO BE BREAKING WHEREVER THEY LOCK YOU AWAY!
HE'S ALL YOURS, SPECIAL AGENT SMITH!
THANK YOU FOR LEADING VENOM INTO OUR TRAP, SPIDER-MAN!
HEADS UP, TROOPS! CRANK UP THAT GENERATOR AND POWER THOSE GIANT SPEAKERS!
Coca-Cola
AWOOOOOO
ARRRRGH!
INTENSE SOUND! THE ONE THING THAT CAN DEFEAT MY ALIEN OTHER!
WELL, LET'S SEE HOW MANY DECIBELS THOSE SPEAKERS CAN PUMP OUT WITHOUT ANY POWER!
WHIZZZZ

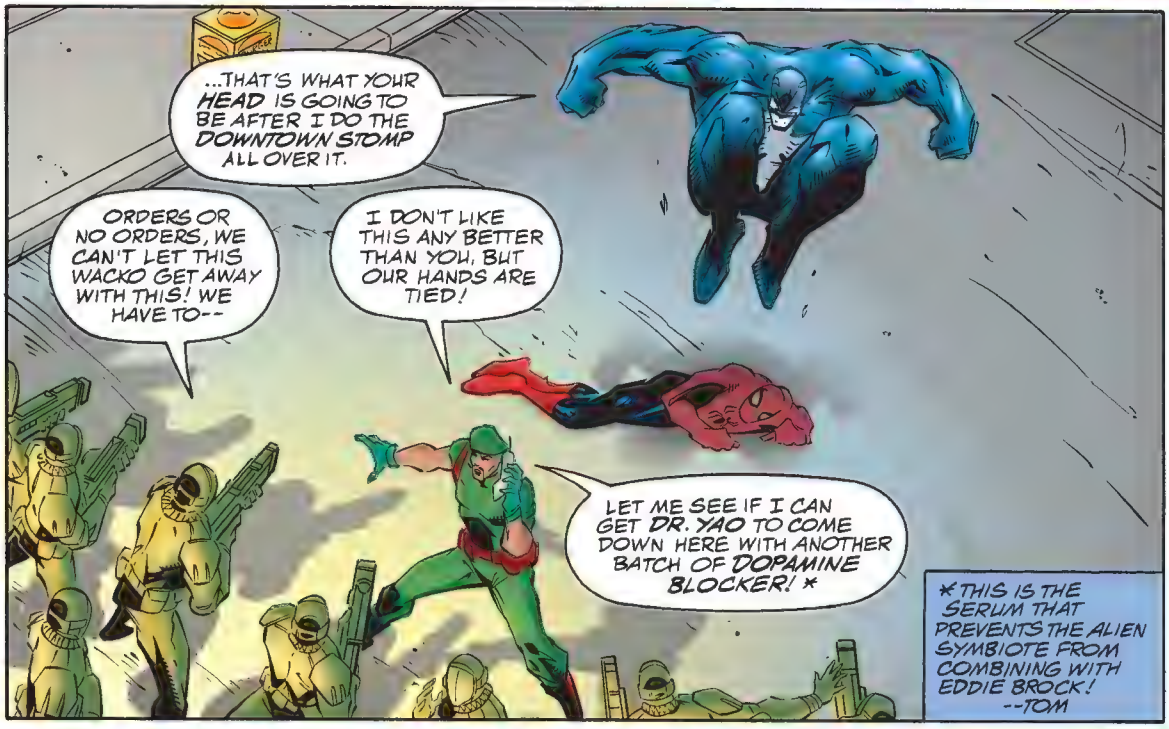
PA-THOOM
HE KNOCKED OUT THE GENERATOR WITH A SEWER-COVER DISCUS!
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A BACK-UP POWER SOURCE?
NOT HARDLY.
OKAY, SPIDER-CREEP--
--NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!
OH, WHY DON'T WE DISPENSE WITH THE MELODRAMA AND FACE THE FACTS.
THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY THIS TIME, SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST GIVE UP PEACEFULLY?
THAT WAS A JOKE, RIGHT?
NO, BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR TRYING.
YES, WE CAN.
I WAS AFRAID OF THAT.

BRING UP THOSE SONIC BLASTERS AND BE READY TO FIRE WHEN--
AGENT SMITH, SIR--
--IT'S ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL RAINTREE OF THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE ON THE SECURE CHANNEL.
BACK OFF, SMITH! LET THE FREAK IN THE TIGHTS HANDLE VENOM.
BUT, MA'AM--
THAT'S AN ORDER!
THE POLITICAL FALLOUT FROM ANY COLLATERAL DAMAGE INFLICTED ON PRIVATE PROPERTY AND CIVILIAN LIVES DURING THIS OP WILL BE INTOLERABLE.
BETTER TO BE ABLE TO BLAME IT ALL ON SPIDER-MAN--BUT BE PREPARED TO JUMP IN AND TAKE THE CREDIT IF HE SUCCEEDS!
KA-SLAMM!
HEY, SMITH!
I WOULDN'T MIND EVEN A TEENSY BIT IF YOU HAD YOUR BOYS GIVE ME A LITTLE HAND HERE--

IT APPEARS THAT SUCCOR IS NOT FORTHCOMING, SUCKER!
NEWSPAPERS
SMITH! TELL THE TROOPS TO START BLASTING!
HAR!
SMITH SOLD YOU OUT, JUST LIKE HE DID US!
WE WERE UNDERCOVER FOR THE OVERREACH COMMITTEE.
WE SAVED THE WORLD FROM A MANIAC WITH A PLAGUE TOXIN AND A GRUDGE!
BUT WERE THOSE BELTWAY BUREAUCRATS GRATEFUL?
NOOOOO! THEY TRIED TO INCINERATE ME WITH THE THERMITE BOMB THEY HAD IMPLANTED IN MY CHEST!
GOTTA OUT-THINK THIS PSYCHO IF I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!
IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT QUITE A CASE THERE!
WHY DON'T WE--
NO YOU DON'T!
WELL, YOU CAN JUST SHOOT IT SOMEWHERE ELSE!
YOU WERE TRYING TO TRICK US AND GUM US UP WITH THAT WEB-SQUIRTER OF YOURS!

THWIPP!
THANKS! THAT'S JUST WHAT I WANTED, BRER VENOM!
HUH?
SNAGGED ME A SONIC BLASTER!
AND NOW I'M GOING TO ROCK YOUR SOCKS OFF--!
WITH WHAT, SPIDER-DWEEB--
PA-THOOK!
SKRUNK
--THIS BROKEN THING?


AND SPEAKING OF BROKEN THINGS...
THWAAM!

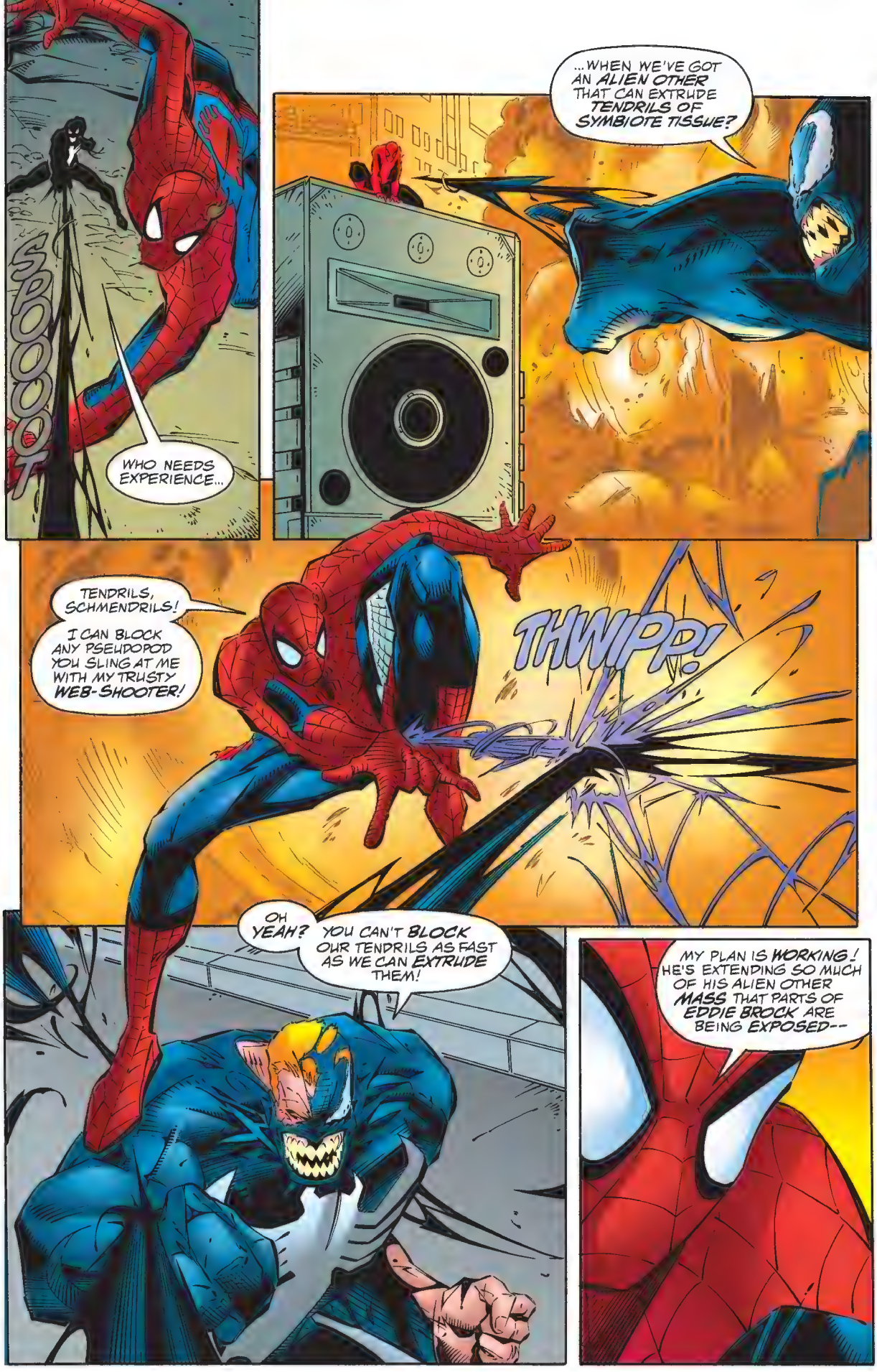

...THAT'S WHAT YOUR HEAD IS GOING TO BE AFTER I DO THE DOWNTOWN STOMP ALL OVER IT.
ORDERS OR NO ORDERS, WE CAN'T LET THIS WACKO GET AWAY WITH THIS! WE HAVE TO--
I DON'T LIKE THIS ANY BETTER THAN YOU, BUT OUR HANDS ARE TIED!
LET ME SEE IF I CAN GET DR. YAO TO COME DOWN HERE WITH ANOTHER BATCH OF DOPAMINE BLOCKER! *
* THIS IS THE SERUM THAT PREVENTS THE ALIEN SYMBIOTE FROM COMBINING WITH EDDIE BROCK! --TOM

MISSED ME!
YOU CAN'T DODGE US FOREVER!
WHUMP!

WANNA BET?

YOU MAY BE BIGGER AND MORE POWERFUL...
...BUT I'VE GOT THE EDGE OF YEARS OF EXPERIENCE!
BURGER QUEEN
HOME OF THE WHOMPER

HOO HA!
PSHUNG!


SPOOOOT
WHO NEEDS EXPERIENCE...
...WHEN WE'VE GOT AN ALIEN OTHER THAT CAN EXTRUDE TENDRILS OF SYMBIOTE TISSUE?
TENDRILS, SCHMENDRILS!
I CAN BLOCK ANY PSEUDOPOD YOU SLING AT ME WITH MY TRUSTY WEB-SHOOTER!
THWIPP!
OH YEAH?
YOU CAN'T BLOCK OUR TENDRILS AS FAST AS WE CAN EXTRUDE THEM!
MY PLAN IS WORKING! HE'S EXTENDING SO MUCH OF HIS ALIEN OTHER MASS THAT PARTS OF EDDIE BROCK ARE BEING EXPOSED--

--MAKING HIM VULNERABLE!
THWAMM!
KA-THOOM!
YOU'RE SPIDER-MAN, THE CREEP WHO RUINED OUR LIKE!
THE BUSYBODY INTERLOPER WHO'S THE STUMBLING BLOCK IN THE PATH OF OUR LIFE AND THE BANE OF OUR EXISTENCE!
UHHHHHH...
HIT THAT TRUCK... WITH NO PROTECTION ON MY HEAD... FROM MY OTHER...
FEELS LIKE... A CONCUSSION... FEELS LIKE...
I REMEMBER!

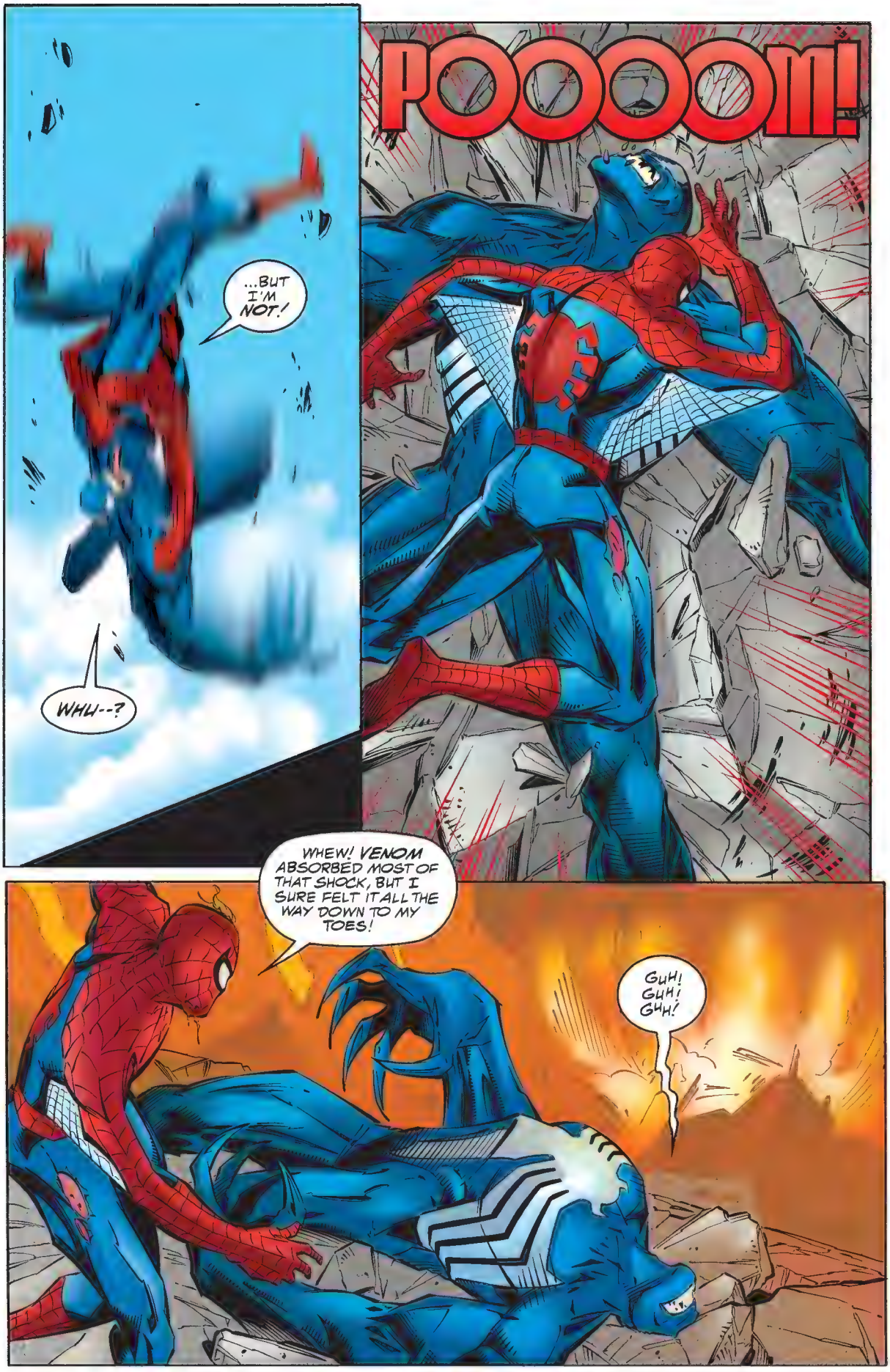
NOW YOU MUST DIIIIIIIIIIIE!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
GOTTA COME UP WITH ANOTHER PLAN!
WHOOM!
TOO MANY CIVILIANS AND TROOPERS AROUND HERE!
GOTTA MOVE HIM SOMEPLACE WHERE THE COLLATERAL DAMAGE CAN BE KEPT TO A MINIMUM!
WHAT OTHER TRICK CAN I COME UP WITH?
SURE CAN'T LURE HIM TO A DESERT ISLAND AND CONVINCE HIM THAT SPIDER-MAN IS DEAD AGAIN!*
YOU CAN RUN, SPIDER-MAN...
...BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE!
*AS SPIDEY DID IN AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #345. --TOM

ENTERPRISES
SAY, CAN WE TALK?
MAYBE IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO WORK THINGS OUT?
IT WAS TOO LATE WHEN YOU TRASHED EDDIE BROCK'S CAREER AS A REPORTER!
PA-THOOM!
IT WAS TOO LATE WHEN YOU GOT US CONFINED TO RAVENCROFT!
TALK???
WE'RE GOING TO TALK, ALL RIGHT...
...AND YOU'RE GOING TO LISTEN!
SCHRRAAMM!
OWWW!
AT LEAST HE STILL DOESN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER THAT I'M REALLY PETER PARKER!

THE RECORD OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP TO US HAS BEEN A CATALOGUE OF TRICKERY!
YOUR NASTY LIES COST EDDIE BROCK A POSSIBLE PULITZER AND HIS JOB!
SH-POOM!
YOUR TRICKERY DUPED US INTO WASTING PRECIOUS TIME ON A PILE OF ROCK AND SAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN!
YOU NEVER HAD THE GUTS TO FIGHT US LIKE A MAN!!
PA-SHOOOM!
HE'S RIGHT!
ALL I EVER DID WAS TRICK HIM TO DEFEAT HIM!
I NEVER TRUSTED IN MY OWN STRENGTH AND SKILL TO DO THE JOB!
PA-THUD!
YEAH. BRILLIANT DEDUCTION.
WHAT A FLASH OF INSIGHT AS I GET BEATEN TO BLOODY AND INERT PULP!
MAN, THIS HURTS--BUT, YOU KNOW...
PA-SHOOM!
...HE CAN'T HURT ME ANY MORE THAN HE ALREADY HAS...

WHERE'S THE SNAPPY REPARTEE, SPIDER-CHUMP?
GOTTA GET UP!...
THWAM!
SYMBIOTE GOT YOUR TONGUE?
THOOOM!
GOTTA GET ON MY FEET!
NO TRICKS THIS TIME, SPIDER-JERK?
NO CHURCH TOWER FULL OF BELLS?
NO DESERT ISLAND?
HA-THWAM
BAP!
NO TRICKS, VENOM...
...JUST YOU AND ME, MANO A MANO!
NOW THAT YOU GOT A HOLD OF US, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
YOU COULDN'T PUSH US BACK AN INCH IF YOU TRIED!
I WANT YOU TO RESIST MY PUSH...

URK!
...BECAUSE WHAT I INTENDED TO DO WAS PULL!
DUMB MOVE, SPIDER-CRETIN!
WE'RE SO HIGH UP...
...THAT WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO RIP OUT YOUR SPINAL CORD BEFORE WE IMPACT THE MACADAM!
BUT ON SECOND THOUGHT, WE'D MUCH RATHER WAIT AND WATCH YOUR EYEBALLS POP OUT WHEN THE PAVEMENT GOES THROUGH THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD!
NOT GOING TO HAPPEN, BUDDY.
LOOKS LIKE A GIVEN TO ME, SPIDER-SPLATTER!
IT WOULD BE, IF I WAS THE ONE HITTING THE SIDEWALK FIRST...


...BUT I'M NOT!
WHU--?
POOOOM!
WHEW! VENOM ABSORBED MOST OF THAT SHOCK, BUT I SURE FELT IT ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MY TOES!
GUH! GUH! GUH!

GUH!
STILL GOT SOME FIGHT LEFT IN YOU, HUH?
I'M READY TO GO ANOTHER TEN ROUNDS WITH YOU!
Enjoy
I'M--
SHLUMP!
YOU PUT HIM DOWN FOR THE COUNT, SPIDER-MAN!
NOW IT'S OUR JOB TO PUT HIM AWAY.
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE--!
I'M GIVING HIM A TRIPLE DOSE OF DOPAMINE BLOCKER JUST TO MAKE SURE!
I DON'T RECOMMEND EXCEEDING THE DOSAGE BY THAT MUCH, SMITH! IT'S DANGEROUS!
SO IS VENOM!
I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! MAYBE A MEGA-DOSE OF BLOCKER WILL FORCE THE ALIEN OTHER AND EDDIE BROCK TO SEPARATE!
FUMP
FUMP
FUMP

EEEEEYAAARRRGHH!
AAAARRGH! THE PAIN! THE PAIN!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, SMITH!
THE ALIEN SYMBIOTE IS SO CLOSELY JOINED TO EDDIE BROCK THAT THE FORCED SEPARATION MAY PROVE LETHAL TO BOTH OF THEM!
THAT'S THE CHANCE WE HAVE TO TAKE, DOC!
GAAAAAAA!
WATCH OUT!
BROCK IS EXPELLING THE OTHER!
FSSSSSSS
UHHHHH...

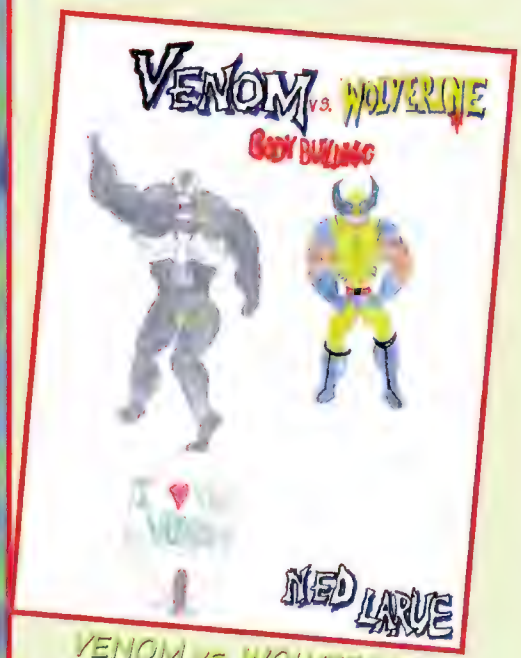
MY ALIEN OTHER...
...IT'S DEAD!
I'M ALL ALONE!!!

JUST LIKE THE REST OF US, EDDIE.
CLICK!
POOR EDDIE BROCK...
...HOPEFULLY, NOW, HE CAN FIND SOME PEACE WITH HIMSELF!
AND HOPEFULLY, THE REST OF US HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF VENOM...
"...BUT SOMEHOW, I DOUBT THAT!"
HOWARD JOHNSONS
BURGER QUEEN

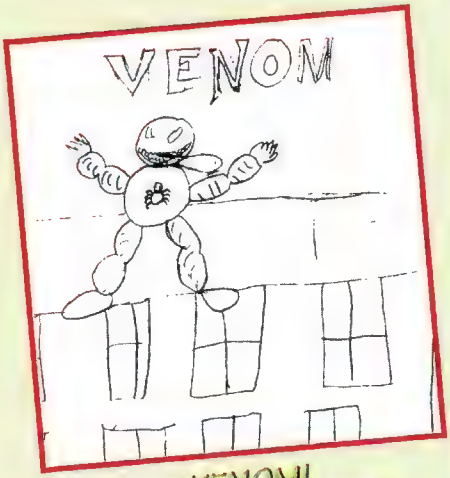
The VENOM Fan Art Page

BLUE VENOM
by Matthew Jang, Age 9

VENOM!
by Tristan Perez



VENOM vs. WOLVERINE
by Ned LaRue



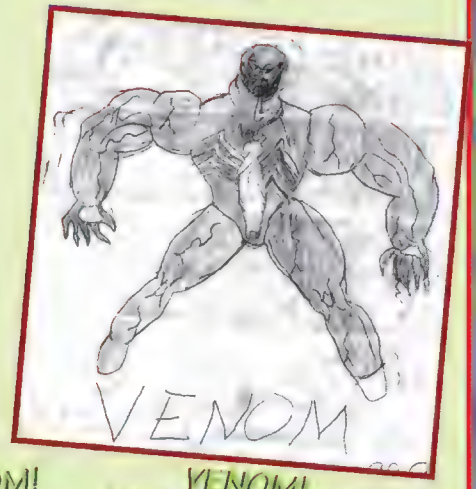
VENOM!
by Sandra Alfano, Age 13

The VENOM Fan Art Page

A GALLERY OF AWESOME ART, SUBMITTED BY LOYAL FANS OF VENOM!

VENOM!
by Ryan Milbourne, Age 9

VENOM!
by Joseph Nieves



VENOM!
by Adam Phillips, Age 9

VENOM!
by
Artist
Unknown

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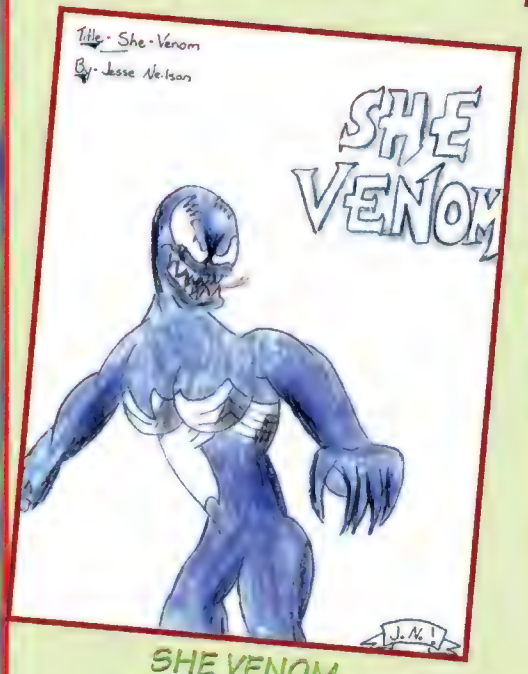
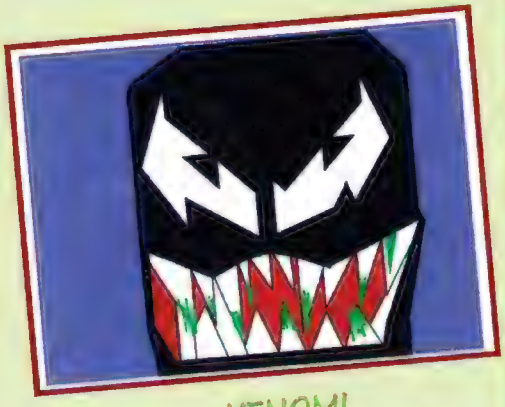
The VENOM Fan Art Page

VENOM!
by Nick Lorenz, Age 13

VENOM!
by Chad Sinner



SHE VENOM
by Jesse Nellson

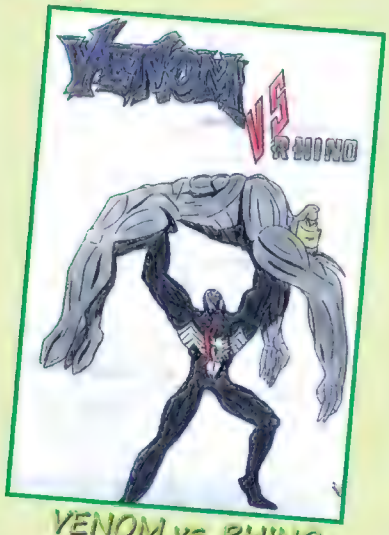


VENOM!
by Omar Mothersill, Age 11

The VENOM Fan Art Page

A GALLERY OF AWESOME ART, SUBMITTED BY LOYAL FANS OF VENOM!

VENOM
by David Ellisor



VENOM vs. RHINO
by Malcolm Young

VENOM!
by
Mario
Mora

SPIDEY vs. VENOM!
by Eduardo Andrade

BLUE VENOM!
by Christopher Mashburn
Age 14

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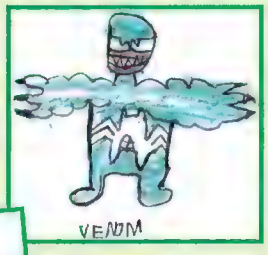
A GALLERY OF AWESOME ART, SUBMITTED BY LOYAL FANS OF VENOM!

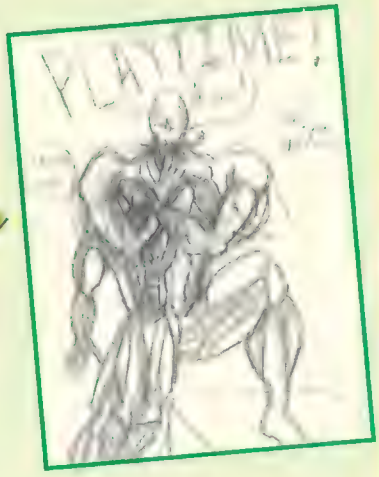
VENOM
by Alec Charalambous

VENOM
by Amanda Sabo, Age 12

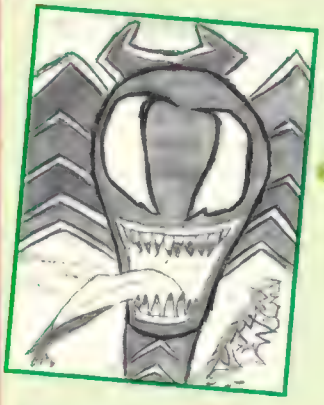


← VENOM
by Jack Logan

← VENOM vs. THE BUGLE
by Philip Sanderman, Age 12



PLAYTIME
by
Eric Spitler →



← VENOM
by Rodolpho Gutierrez
and
Felix C. Miranda

If you'd like to contribute to the Venom Fan Art Page, just send your drawings to: ***Eddie's Clubhouse, c/o Marvel Comics, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.*** Please note that all artwork submitted becomes the property of Marvel Comics. We can't promise to print everything we receive...but we'll sure try!

Venom: On Trial #1 *unused cover art by Dietrich Smith*

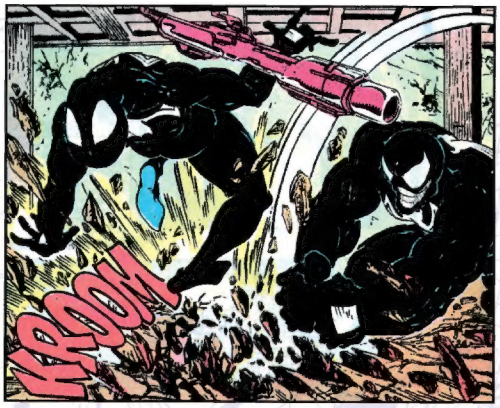
SPIDER-MAN VERSUS VENOM

He's the kinda guy you want to take home to meet mother. As a matter of fact, in the past, he's even charmed sweet old Aunt May. He knows what he wants and once he sets his mind on something, watch out! Runaway train! Ruggedly handsome, built like a tank, resourceful and currently a secret agent to boot, the man has a definite sense of what's right and wrong. Too bad those perceptions are as twisted as a pretzel.

With a ruthlessness on a par with Sabretooth, he's not afraid to take on anyone, whether friend or foe. And if you tick him off, you can kiss the whole breathing thing goodbye. Sounds perfect for an elite member of a suicidal squad section of the government. So why don't they want him anymore? Well, because his name is Venom, as in Spider-Man's deadliest enemy, and he's just plain PSYCHO! But the symbiote-alien-sporting-villain better wipe that evil cheshire grin off his face because beginning this September in VENOM: FINALE, a three-issue limited series by Larry "WOLVERINE" Hama and Mark "SUPREME" Pajarillo, his days are numbered!

"It's the resolution of the Venom/Spider-Man conflict," promises Hama. "Venom won't exist after this. That's what we mean by the finale."

What, no more tongue lashings from our obsidian frighthouse? How's that possible? Venom has gone head to head with Spider-Man, Daredevil, the Avengers, Quasar, the Black Cat, the Human Torch, and a



slew of other do-gooders. What happens this time that is so different?

"Essentially, he's been recruited into this black ops agency as a way out from the death sentence he was under," explains editor Tom Brevoort. "The OverReach Committee has come to realize that Venom is too much of a loose cannon to be doing this stuff. Even for the stuff they are engaged in, he's too dangerous, too uncontrollable, so they figure they'll put him on ice and things go from there."

For readers born in a galaxy far, far away, Venom started out as The Daily Globe's star reporter Eddie Brock. During the Sin-Eater's rampage, Brock wrote an exclusive on the killer's identity, claiming it was Emil Gregg who had confessed to the crimes. During a battle royale, Spider-Man and Daredevil discovered in actuality it was Stan Carter. As a result, Brock was humiliated and shunned by his profession for having reported false information. For him, his life was over until he bonded with an alien symbiote outfit that Spider-Man had brought back from the Beyonder-created planet. Endowed with even greater powers than the webslinger, he dubbed himself Venom and had only one agenda: to kill Spider-Man for ruining his life. The two have slugged it out numerous times but reached a truce when Spidey saved Venom's ex-wife. However, the agreement was soon terminated and these adversaries have been at each other's throats every time they've bumped into one another since. Recently, the Lethal Protector has been playing on the side of the angels as a secret agent but Brevoort remarks he's always been a villain, just one in sheep's clothing.

"Venom is a hero in his own mind," stresses Brevoort. "He believes he's the only force actively working for what's right, what's just and everything else is just an impediment or an obstacle. He's completely nuts but that's his outlook. To him getting this job was a complete exoneration of everything he believed. 'See, I was a hero all along, I've been screaming at the top of my lungs and Spidey and everyone was jealous of me.'"

It all finally hits the fan when instead of severing all ties with this maniacal menace, the OverReach Committee decides he is too dangerous to be walking around with all this knowledge of their activities. As a precautionary measure when they first recruited him, Venom had a thermite bomb implanted in his chest which could be triggered by a touch of a button. On his last mission, Venom messed up so badly, they have secluded him underground in a cell especially designed for him. In the first issue of the limited series, KABOOM, major chest pains for Venom as the bomb explodes. Bye-bye Venom. Surely after that, not even all the king's horses and all the king's men will be able to put poor Brock and the alien costume back together again. Sigh. The Committee should have known it wouldn't be that easy.

"Venom has been wondering how to escape and realizes gee, I have a thermite bomb in me and all I have to do is get it out," reveals Hama. "So he operates on himself, cuts himself open and pulls out this dripping bomb which is still connected to him."

Unfortunately for our villainous friend, there's an anti-tampering device on it which he holds in place with his tendrils. Once positioned on the door and Venom is on the other side of the room, he can proceed to let go and say hasta la vista to his cell door. But before he's a safe distance away, the Committee pushes the button and it blows the lock instead of Venom. From there on, he is the fugitive.

As it turns out, this installation is underneath Rockefeller Center and using the ventilation system, he pops up through a manhole and finds himself smack in the

middle of the Latverian American Day Parade. The Beast's reporter girlfriend, Trish Tilby, is there covering the event which is how Peter Parker discovers Venom is on the prowl. In the meantime, a self-proclaimed super hero by the name of Stentor shows up to deal with the looming threat. With a suit designed to amplify his voice to an incredible level and knowing Venom's delicate ears when it comes to sounds, this should be a snap. However, Venom does what he does best and Stentor may require more than a lube job by the end. He may need a bodybag.

"It ends up Venom is at large, very publically, on the run, in Manhattan, taking on all comers, and all comers will include Spider-Man, the police and the army. It will be an escalation of carnage," reports Brevoort. "It's a good thing for Venom all the other heroes are presumed dead or they would be showing up for this."

One thing you can expect is the ultimate knock 'em, sock 'em, no-holds-barred fight between Venom and Spider-Man. You better believe there will be no ear biting here! Instead, Hama has something planned which in his opinion is long overdue. "Every time Spidey has defeated Venom it's been through some stupid trick. It's been set up that way so Spider-Man can't beat Venom and I don't think it's true. I think with his powers, resources and experience, he could beat him. No tricks. Just tooth, fang and webbing."

The end results may surprise collectors as this limited series also marks the last one with Venom as the lead character. For Brevoort, the difficulty with Venom-related projects has been in expanding on a villain who should have remained true to his dark nature. "At one point, when he was created, Venom was a very straightforward, very simple character," he says. "He was almost a flat character in that he had one motivation: I want to beat up Spidey and kill him. His motivation was so simple in one storyline, thinking he had accomplished this, he decides to stay on a desert island for the rest of his life. That's a fine enough character to be a Spidey villain but not to be a protagonist of a comic book because every issue would be Venom picking his teeth on a desert island and eating coconuts."

So this is it. The last swan song. The curtain falls here. But for fans panic stricken that their favorite white-eyed, jaw-clamping, drool-fest, tendril-spawning Venom is no more, just a simple reminder. Thanks to Spider-Man, Brock is once more imprisoned and his hatred for the wallcrawler now flows deeper than the River Styx. Revenge burns in his thoughts. There is no doubt we haven't seen the last of Brock. As for the alien symbiote, it was once thought dead but returned to create Venom. Even as you read this, it is probably slithering through the city, seeking out a new host. Any takers? This may be the finale, or it could be the beginning of something much, much worse.

—Bryan Cairns

VENOM AND WOLVERINE ENTER THE JAWS OF DEATH!

When the two lethal heroes are thrown into an unwilling interdimensional adventure, you'll hear the screams even in space! Then, the law finally catches up with Eddie Brock — and Venom goes on trial! But even with Matt "Daredevil" Murdock on defense, what possible verdict could hand Venom a license to kill?! That's right: Venom becomes a hired gun for the government! But when he targets Ghost Rider and J. Jonah Jameson, Spider-Man must intervene! The bitter feud between Peter Parker and Eddie Brock is reignited — but can Spidey finally bring about Venom's big finish?

COLLECTING *VENOM: TOOTH AND CLAW #1-3, VENOM: ON TRIAL #1-3, VENOM: LICENSE TO KILL #1-3, VENOM: SEED OF DARKNESS #-1, VENOM: SIGN OF THE BOSS #1-2, SPIDER-MAN: THE VENOM AGENDA AND VENOM: THE FINALE #1-3* — WRITTEN BY LARRY HAMA, LEN KAMINSKI AND IVAN VELEZ; AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOE ST. PIERRE, JOSHUA HOOD, DEREC AUCOIN, JAMES FRY, TOM DERENICK, TOM LYLE AND MARK PAJARILLO.

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